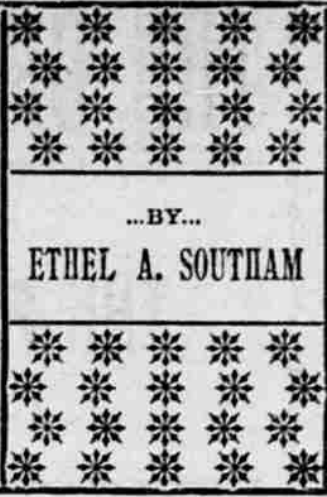


That Mysterious Major...



...BY...
ETHEL A. SOUTHAM

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

In an instant, however, she had recovered herself. Quick as lightning, she turned to the table again, seized the china sloop basin, and, raising the cup, was just about to empty the whole of the contents, when, as though detecting her intention, a detaining hand was laid upon her arm, and Falkland, in his suave tones, said—

"Ah, that is for Major Brown! Will you not give it to him?"

"Oh, do not trouble, please, Miss Luttrell!" exclaimed Brown, who at that moment appeared in the window. "Let me fetch it myself!"—and before Evelyn was even aware of what was happening he had taken the cup of coffee from her hand and, turning to the sugar basin, was carefully searching for a piece of sugar of the exact size he required.

"You—you will not like that!" gasped Evelyn, making a quick movement forward, with an expression of absolute perplexity upon her face. "Let me get you another cup—that is not strong enough!"

"No, certainly not, thank you! This is delicious!" declared the Major, helping himself to some cream; and, before she had even time to utter another word, Evelyn saw him pass out on the veranda and, to her horror, actually raise the cup to his lips.

It was too terrible! She made one despairing effort to reach him, one vain attempt to dash the cup from his hand. But what was it seemed suddenly to hold her back, to rise up like a cloud before her eyes? She passed her hand in a dazed, bewildered manner across her forehead, made one staggering step forward, and then, with an instinctive sense of preservation, grasped hold of the arm of a chair and sank back among the cushions perfectly unconscious.

CHAPTER XII.

"Yes, Evelyn—it is quite true. I never saw you looking so pale before."



"BEG PARDON, MISS, IS THIS FOR YOU?"

That affair of last night has quite upset you. You had better take Sambo for a good run this morning, in the hope of bringing back some color to your cheeks; and, as Mrs. Courtenay has just told me that her husband has been called suddenly to London and will not be able to accompany her to the theater to-night, I shall send to say you will be delighted to accept the offer of the ticket if only she will be so good as to chaperon you. I believe, child, a little excitement will do you all the good in the world."

Evelyn's only answer was a faint sigh as she leaned back in her chair and clasped her hands above her head. At that moment, with her head throbbing continuously and the feeling of utter weariness, which was the result of a sleepless night and hours of inexplicable worry, the very idea of play was intolerable to her. She seemed to have lived days instead of hours since the events of the previous evening—since that terrible moment when she had suddenly lost consciousness, to remember nothing more until she found herself lying on her own bed, with her aunt's maid, who had evidently been left to keep watch, fast asleep in a chair by her side.

And then how utterly helpless she had felt when vivid recollections of all that happened rose up in horrible distinctness before her mind! What could she do? Alas, nothing—nothing whatever! She had no actual knowledge that Falkland had administered anything to Major Brown. She could give no reasons for supposing that the coffee which he had handed to him had been drugged. If she roused the whole hotel she could not possibly state anything for a fact. Yet at the same time she was haunted by the

thought of the fearful alternative—the thought that even then Major Brown might be lying under the influence of some frightful narcotic, perhaps perfectly unconscious.

As long as she lived never would she forget the wretchedness she endured as hour after hour she lay awake, watching wearily for the first streaks of dawn to break through the closely-drawn blinds. Still, when even eight had been struck in muffled tones from the depths of the little leather traveling case—even then, what was there to be learned?

Parker looked thoroughly puzzled when questioned for news of Major Brown.

"Major Brown, miss? Why, there is nothing amiss with him!" she had returned decidedly. "He looked as well as anybody need last night when I saw him fanning you down stairs."

But what small comfort poor Evelyn derived from this information was speedily destroyed by the maid's announcement a little later that the major had evidently overslept himself that morning, as, in passing down the corridor, she had noticed that long after the usual time his door was closed, and his boots and hot water were waiting on the mat outside.

It was thus that Evelyn, in a state of strange hopelessness, had dressed and gone downstairs. She had prepared herself for the worst. She felt she would not be astonished then whatever happened, and yet every step which sounded on the corridor, every time a waiter entered the room, she started up as white as ashes, dreading the news that might come.

It was, therefore, almost as great a shock when, chancing to look out of the window, she beheld, strolling leisurely across the lawn, a tall, well-built figure, which she recognized at a glance as the major's. And this had been the cause of Lady Howard's remark concerning the necessity for some little

her eyes upon the stage, where they remained for the rest of the scene.

She had held herself aloof from him most carefully all the day, never venturing downstairs at any time when he was likely to be about, and, though in one instance she had had the misfortune to encounter him, she had preserved the strictest silence regarding the previous night's proceedings, not even asking if he had managed to secure the forged check, nor evincing any curiosity as to the means he had adopted.

"Beg pardon, miss, but is this letter for you? A messenger has just brought it from the 'George,' and asked for it to be given to you immediately."

The words borne to Evelyn's ears above the strains of one of Sullivan's most popular airs made her look up in surprise, to find herself confronted by a small program boy, who was holding out for her inspection a note directed in her aunt's handwriting to "Miss Luttrell—Stalls, No. 14."

"Dear me, I hope there is nothing wrong!" murmured Mrs. Courtenay in agitated tones.

(To be continued.)

TOLD OF ANIMALS.

The two zebras sent by the emperor of Abyssinia to Queen Victoria have reached England, to the climate and fare of which the zoological gardens is now doing its best to accustom them.

Here is a dog story. A short time ago a sheep dog owned by a person at Robin Hood's bay, near Whitby, England, was dispatched by train to Liverpool and from there was removed to Egremont, where it was housed in the back yard of the residence of Mr. Coulson. The following morning the dog had disappeared, and notices which were distributed about Liverpool, Birkenhead and district elicited no response. Rover, however, arrived in a week or so at Robin Hood's bay, weary and lame, and bearing an unmistakable appearance of having had a long journey. The dog had jumped a high wall in order to escape and afterward crossed the Mersey, and subsequently traveled 170 miles in order to reach his destination.

A remarkable case of animal eccentricity has been discovered near Cayuga lake, New York state. In a high tree a large white cat, which would weigh probably twenty-five pounds, has taken up its abode, and from all observation has been there for several years. It is seldom seen in daylight, but prowls about at night after food, living on birds, squirrels and other animals that it can master. It is shy of any of the human kind, and cannot be approached. In its midnight peregrinations it visits the cottages and anything eatable left outside generally disappears. A few days ago the cat was seen lying stretched out on a limb, like a squirrel, and when a stone was thrown at it the animal rose up and jumped, like a flying squirrel, from limb to limb and tree to tree, until it disappeared.

Not Beecher's Prayer.

One of the older newspaper men told a story the other day. "Browning was one of the best reporters to get out of work that ever broke into the business," he said. "The city editor sent him down to report Henry Ward Beecher one time, and he came in about 11 o'clock with his 'stuff' ready for the printer. He had taken no notes, but had made a running long-hand report. He told how the church looked, who were on the rostrum about the pulpit, and how Mr. Beecher rose and lifted his hands and said, very solemnly: 'After this manner, therefore, pray ye.' Then Browning added, in parenthesis, 'Turn rule for Lord's prayer.' He meant to copy that verbatim from the office Bible when he got to his desk, but forgot it, and the parenthesis was only to guide the printer. So the paper came out in the morning with a good picture of Brooklyn's famous preacher, and his impressive manner of saying, 'After this manner, therefore, pray ye. Turn rule for Lord's prayer.' Which really wasn't what the eloquent orator had said at all."—Chicago Post.

Don't Cry.

The mere giving away to tears, or to the outward expression of anger, will result for the moment in making the inner grief or anger more acutely felt, says Prof. James of Harvard. There is no more useful precept in one's self-discipline than that which bids us pay primary attention to what we do and express, and not to care too much for what we feel. If we only don't speak the complaining or insulting word that we shall regret as long as we live, our feelings themselves will presently be calmer and better, with no particular guidance from us on their own account. Action seems to follow feeling, but really action and feeling go together; and by regulating the action which is under the direct control of the will we can indirectly regulate the feeling, which is not.

His Misfortune.

Teacher—Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it? Bobby Smart—Yes, ma'am. Teacher—Now, what was Milton's great misfortune? Bobby Smart—He was a poet.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

To dread danger from the progress of any truth, physical, moral, or religious, is to manifest a want of faith in God's power, or, in His will to maintain his own cause.

TRUSTS AND PARTIES.

RECORD SHOWS WHO HAS FAVORED THEM.

An Anti-Trust Campaign on the Part of the Democrats with Clevelandism Thrown In, Would be a Laughing Stock.

The Examiner, after quoting the statement of ex-United States Senator W. D. Washburn of Minnesota that the Republican party ought to put forth its full strength and legislate against trusts, remarks that Mr. Washburn and his friends do not say how they are going to do this and at the same time train under the leadership of Hanna. It would indeed be difficult for any party, under any leadership, to mark out a lawful plan of attack upon the trusts, but not more so for the Republicans than for the party of Calvin S. Brice, Coal Oil Payne, William C. Whitney, J. Pierpont Morgan and the late Roswell P. Flower, to say nothing of Richard Croker, whose interests are almost as securely wrapped up in trusts as they are in thieving. We might add that remarks about the leadership of Hanna come with bad grace from a newspaper which favors the election for governor of Ohio of John R. McLean, who is the richer man of the two and was mainly instrumental in foisting Joseph Hadley, a trust lawyer, and Henry B. Payne of the Standard Oil company, upon the Ohio governorship and senatorship respectively. If Hanna is indeed for trusts it is not for the western organ of John R. McLean to think any the less of him because of it.

Criticisms of Senator Hanna do not conceal the fact, however, that during the past few years the Republicans have been more active against trusts than the Democrats. The Fifty-third congress, Democratic, did not move a finger against them, and it was left to a Republican congress to pass the Sherman anti-trust law. Last winter and spring the most drastic laws for the suppression of these great combines were passed by Republican legislatures, the one exception, proving the rule, being the legislature of Texas. As a matter of fact, there is no politics in trusts. They are no more Republican and no less Democratic than partnerships are. What are the politics of the Anaconda Copper company, the Standard Oil, the Sugar trust and the Diamond Match company?

The Examiner lays especial stress not only upon Hanna, but Griggs. But what is the offense of the Republican attorney general? He refused, as in duty bound, to make a federal matter out of a wrong which could look for lawful redress only in state courts. His Democratic predecessor, Richard Olney, did worse, as we shall show by a quotation from the Examiner itself of a past date:

"It is probable that the indifference or hostility of the attorney generals of the United States to the anti-trust laws has had something to do with failure of the statutes to accomplish anything. Attorney General Olney frankly stated his belief that the Sherman law was unconstitutional, and the remarkable decision of the Supreme court in the Sugar trust case has the effect that the power of the United States over interstate commerce applied only to persons and corporations whose principal business is handling goods for sale and not to those whose principal business is manufacturing, and that the sugar trust's business was mainly manufacturing and not selling sugar, seemed to support it."

How can Republican Attorney General Griggs' attitude compromise his party any more than Democratic Attorney General Olney's?

It is idle and in some degree vicious to talk of trusts as the wards and pets of parties. They are no more so than corporations. If they are harmful the damage falls alike upon the Republican and Democrat; if advantageous the profits and rewards are common to both. Only demagogues seek to create a contrary impression.—San Francisco Chronicle.

GOVERNMENT REVENUES.

Splendid Showing of the Dingley Law Confounds Free Traders.

At the risk of appearing to display excessive brutality toward a foolish and ignorant contemporary, we invite attention to the government finances for September. The revenues have been so large that the month probably will show a surplus of \$7,000,000, and the first quarter of the fiscal year a surplus of more than \$2,000,000.

Possibly our readers may recall that at the end of July, the first month of the fiscal year, we took the New York World to task for the most remarkable exhibition of stupidity about government finances or the most reckless perversion of facts which we had observed in a long time. What the World did was to take the July deficit, and, using that as a monthly average of deficit, figure out and solemnly predict for the fiscal year a deficit of more than \$100,000,000. At that time we explained to our ignorant contemporary that July deficits always were enormous owing to the excessive expenditures which the government is compelled to make in the opening month of its business year. Also, we warned that Democratic organ, which is the fiercest enemy of the Dingley tariff and the most ardent champion of Aguinaldo, that the July showing was in reality a very fine one, as the deficit of that month was smaller than it had been for many years and that it boded well for the future.

The September figures show whether we were right or not, and they teach so emphatic a lesson that we are hoping that even papers so reckless or ignorant as the World may bear it in mind when discussing the tariff, Federal

revenues and other questions of government and administration. According to the World, we should have had for September a deficit of more than \$8,000,000, and for the quarter just ending a deficit of more than \$25,000,000. The facts which hit the World in the pit of the stomach are that we shall have for September a surplus of \$7,000,000, and for the first quarter a surplus of \$2,000,000. Need anything more be said?—New York Press.

FATHER OF THE TRUSTS.

Lack of Competition Would Prove Their Most Potent Ally.

That the tariff is the father of the trusts has been asserted by Mr. Have-meyer, but it has been disproved. That prosperity is the father of the trusts has also been asserted. Prosperity has been the cause of the organization of a large number of trusts, but it is the enemy of trusts that attempt to advance prices and reserit the price of labor. This has been illustrated in the past few months to the satisfaction of all who have kept posted in regard to the progress of trusts and combinations. No sooner than an industrial combination has attempted to advance prices beyond a reasonable profit than competition has sprung up. When "good times" prevail capital is on the alert for opportunities for investment, and when any combination like the Sugar trust begins to make large profits by advancing prices, this capital is available for the organization of competing corporations, which bring down prices to a reasonable basis.

In the hard times brought about by the Wilson free trade law the trusts enjoyed immunity from such competition, for there was no money to invest in the building of competitive mills and factories.

Then the trusts easily controlled the markets, while now at the first evidence of unusual profits there springs up a competitor which serves as a balance wheel to prices.

These facts show that hard times are the best aid to trusts, and that neither the tariff nor prosperity are to be held responsible for the crimes that are committed in the names of the trusts. —Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

"It Is a Wise Child," Etc.



Uncle Sam—"What is the matter, little boy?"

Little Boy—"I'm looking for my father and mother. Nobody can tell me who they are."

Uncle Sam—"Never mind, little boy. In your case it isn't so much a question of parentage as of proper discipline and restraint. We'll look after you all right."

Let Well Enough Alone.

The south and west are not looking to the east to furnish them money with which to move their crops. These sections are now better off financially than they have been for years.—Arkansas Gazette.

In other words, "General Prosperity," of whom Colonel Bryan was wont to make facetious remarks a short time ago, is becoming tolerably well known to the voters of the west and south. When the leading Bryan organ of Arkansas concedes that prosperity has come it may be taken as a tacit confession that all of Bryan's calamity prophecies in the campaign of '96 were mere hush to fool the voters. It also may be taken as an honest but sly warning to the voters of Arkansas to prepare for the ravings of windy calamity howlers of the Bryan stripe, who will soon be abroad in the land appealing to them to vote against the party of "imperialism and corruption." In short, the Gazette's prosperity item may be taken as advice to the people to let well enough alone.—Little Rock (Ark.) State Republican.

The Greater Evil.

"By removing the high tariff," says the New York Journal, "the power of the trusts would be greatly curtailed and competition could no longer be restricted. Neither the producer nor the consumer would be forced to contribute to capital unjustly." No doubt, so far as Americans are concerned, for the contributions would go to foreign capital, which is employing pauper labor. Even with the evils made by the trusts, they are a thousand times less than the results of free trade. A comparison of present condition, with a large number of trusts in operation, with the terrible effects of free trade on the people of this country, will speedily convince any reasonable man that we much prefer the trusts than to restricting or even abolishing them by any such remedy, which would be as fatal to our national prosperity as it would be to the trusts.—Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

No Inquiries.

General Prosperity, wearing gold epaulets, is visiting Nebraska for the benefit of the Pops, who said there was no such person. Calamity orators have not inquired for him lately.—Erie (Pa.) Dispatch.

OUR LUMBER TRADE.

How the Tariff Has Thrown Open New Markets.

It is admitted that the farmers are more prosperous now than in any previous year of the decade. This statement or fact is resented by the free traders, who insist that the prosperity of the farmers is in no way related to the tariff and that the heavy sales or exports of agricultural products are not necessarily an index to the prosperity of the country at large. But if the farmers are prosperous they are heavier purchasers than when farming is depressed. They purchase more agricultural implements, more clothing, more organs and pianos, more furniture for their houses, and more building materials for new houses, and in so doing contribute to the demand that induces activity in all manufacturing establishments.

In an interview published in this newspaper recently it was shown that the tariff on Canadian lumber opened New England and other sections to American lumber manufacturers. It was shown also that in spite of the advance in prices farmers and others are doing so much more building that there is a greatly increased home demand. In addition to this it was stated that the foreign demand for American lumber was never so great as now. Most of the lumber shipped to Europe now is sold before it reaches the point of consignment, and prices of American lumber have advanced from \$3 to \$6 per 1,000 feet in the last two years. The tariff on Canadian lumber threw open the New England markets to western lumbermen and prices advanced. At the same time new markets in Europe were opened to American lumber and prices advanced there. These facts tell their own story.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Piquette.

A consular report to the state department contains some interesting facts about a new French drink called "Piquette." It is brewed from low-grade American dried apples, including skins, cores, worms, etc., together with raisins, and as the brew acquires through fermentation just enough of alcohol to give it a piquant taste, but not enough to intoxicate the drinker, it is becoming very popular among Frenchmen. Last year they drank 60,000,000 gallons of Piquette at 2 cents a glass.

It is said that the French people have taken kindly to the new tipple, because of the vast amount of adulteration practiced in the production of cheap French clarets, and that Piquette, being too cheap to be adulterated, is steadily growing in favor. Frenchmen do not like to be poisoned in their drink. It is only Americans who persist in preferring deleterious concoctions bearing foreign labels to the pure and wholesome wines of American makes. They would rather drink foreign stuff, real or alleged, drugs and all, than patronize a perfectly honest and in all ways a better article made in America. Some day American wine drinkers will wake up to the folly of this sort of thing.

What Ails McLeansboro?

There is prosperity in the country, but unfortunately it is confined to the men with money. Those without it have seldom, as a whole, been worse off. Even if they are employed the cost of living is great, so disproportionate to the scale of wages paid that they find it almost impossible to make ends meet. These men begin to anxiously ask what is to become of them.—McLeansboro Times.

We are sorry to hear that the laboring men of McLeansboro are in such a condition. Here in Benton they have work and seem happy and contented. In fact, it is hard to get hands when you want something done. This same report comes from almost every locality in the state, and we can't see what is the matter with McLeansboro. We are inclined to think that the only thing the matter is that Brother Daniels needs a dose of paregoric. Possibly he is vexed at having to change a five or ten dollar bill every time a farmer pays his subscription.—Benton (Ill.) Republican.

Free Trade and Protection.

Under free trade the masses must get poorer, because they get less employment. If our protective system is so terrible, and their free-trade system so beneficial, why do foreigners flock here in such numbers? How many of them return to their free country? Did workingmen ever emigrate to a free-trade country? Where are the best markets in the world? Where the people have the most money to spend. Sir Robert Peel was not a protectionist when he uttered the words that England must make her people work cheaper, if they controlled the markets of the world, than the laboring people of the country where they sold their goods. He was the free-trade leader of England, but was manly enough to acquaint the English people of what they had to contend with before they made the leap to a policy which has proven disastrous to them.—American Shipbuilder.

Has Lost Its Charm.

Col. Bryan, like the funny man on the American stage, makes "local hits." When he is in the east, the heart of America's commercial life, he lets silver alone and talks on something more to the eastern taste. When in the south among his silver-plated followers, he talks free silver. In the west he used to whang away on this one "silver string," but the prosperity of the west under a protective tariff and a gold standard has caused the silver tune to lose its charm for the westerners.—Tiffin (O.) Tribune.