

That Mysterious Major...

...BY...
ETHEL A. SOUTHAM

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"Dropped it! You do not mean to say that the letter is lost?" exclaimed Falkland, starting forward with a look of terrible anxiety on his face. "Really, Miss Luttrell, how very—!" But, discovering Miss Luttrell's gaze concentrated upon him in absolute amazement, he seemed suddenly to bethink himself, for, leaning back against the cushions, he folded his arms with an air of calm complacency and laughed indolently. "It is so annoying, I always think, to lose one's correspondence; one never cares to have one's private affairs published from the house-tops. But, great heavens, why are we stopping here?" Falkland sprang up from his seat and let down the window with a bang as the train began to slacken speed.

"Why, what do you mean? We stop at Redhill, of course; this is where Parker will be waiting with the luggage," and Evelyn commenced rubbing vigorously at the window nearest her, at the same time peering out anxiously through the dimmed glass in the hope of catching a glance of the missing maid.

But Falkland, who had his head half way out of the window as the train came to a standstill by the side of the lamp-lit station, all at once drew back into the carriage and brought up the window again with a resounding bang.

"Redhill, Miss Luttrell? Oh, did I not explain?" As he turned his face toward her Evelyn noticed that he was deadly pale. "This train was not down on the time table to stop here. Lynwood is the first stopping place; so that it will be the next station where Parker is to be found."

"Are you sure?" Evelyn bent forward anxiously. "Had you not better ask somebody to make certain? Yes, here comes a guard; ask him."

She had risen to her feet and was

likely," was the major's reply in a voice which made Evelyn survey him in silent wonder, what Falkland's face became simply livid. "Only, as it happens, it was fully ten minutes to nine when I took my departure from the hotel; and I can assure you that barely two seconds before I was in your aunt's room, talking to Lady Howard herself!"

"At ten minutes to nine you were talking to Aunt Lydia at the 'Royal George!' What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, Miss Luttrell; and, if it is true that you are now off to join her in London—because this is the express, which does not stop before you reach town—I am afraid you are the victim of another forgery and some vile scheme concocted simply with an idea of inveigling you away." And, having so delivered himself, the major folded his arms and, with an air of studied calmness, stood looking from one to the other of the two horrified countenances.

CHAPTER XIV.

There was an awful silence, and then Evelyn passed her hand with a gesture of dazed bewilderment across her eyes and slowly recovered herself.

"A forgery—that letter!" she gasped. "Oh, surely, you are mistaken! It—it cannot be!"

Yet, even as she spoke, even as her eyes rested for one brief moment upon the major's face, a terrible fear took possession of her, and, starting to her feet, she made one quick movement toward the door. Instantly, however, a hand was laid upon her arm.

"Miss Luttrell, what are you doing? Are you mad? Have your senses forsaken you?" expostulated Falkland, with a sudden vehemence, "that you can believe such an absurd, really outrageous fabrication?"

steadily at Falkland. "You may never have seen me before—I do not suppose so, or you would hardly have behaved as you have—but I once had the pleasure of seeing you. Possibly," he continued, "you may recollect the time of which I am thinking. It was at Monte Carlo, just before the notorious forgery affair was made public. But perhaps my name is not altogether unfamiliar to you. Most likely—and he pulled out a case of cards and handed one across to him—"you will recognize it."

A deathly paleness came over Falkland's face.

"Sir Adrian Beauchamp indeed!" he muttered, flinging the piece of paste-board to the ground in a sudden tumult of wrath. "Who do you suppose would be fool enough to be taken in by such a piece of trickery as that?" "Yet the mere question of identification becomes the simplest matter in the world," was the major's reply, as he gave one swift, furtive glance in Evelyn's direction, a smile involuntarily crossing his face. "The difficulty has been to remain incognito all this time. As for you, I suppose you would prefer to sail along under false colors as long as possible. As Gilbert Falkland you have more scope altogether—a better chance, in fact, of claiming an acquaintance with the absent relatives of any of your fellow travelers—than as plain, unvarnished Samuel Cripps, the forger."

"You blackguard—you—" "Pray do not forget that Miss Luttrell is present," interrupted the major in low, concentrated tones. "But it is useless to attempt to argue the point. Your guilt is now thoroughly established. That check, which fortunately fell into my hands last night, also a few lines of your writing and the impression of the forged signature upon a piece of blotting paper, are all the proofs that were needed to join the links in one long chain of evidence; and, since the whole affair rests with the authorities at Scotland Yard, you will very speedily have an opportunity of explaining anything that you wish to be made known to one of their representatives."

Here a warning shriek from the engine made him suddenly stop short and, with an anxious glance at the advancing porter, turned hurriedly to Evelyn.

"Miss Luttrell, what can I say for myself? You have heard both Falkland's statement and my own. Which do you believe? I am afraid that my story sounds almost as suspicious as his. In fact, you know less of me. But, on my honor, I assure you that Lady Howard is now at the hotel! If you can trust me—with a supplicating look that was far more potent than words—"come! I will take you straight back to her at once."

Already the train was beginning to move. The porter had actually reached the carriage; his hand was on the door. For one instant Evelyn hesitated, whilst her gaze wandered from the cold, cynical countenance of Gilbert Falkland to the dark, handsome one of Major Brown, and then, with a little shiver, she thrust out her hand to the one held out to her, and answered in a low, hurried tone—"I will come!"

And the next moment she was standing on the platform watching the crimson lamp of the departing train rapidly disappearing in the gathering mists of the summer evening, alone with the man whom for the past four-and-twenty hours she and her aunt, and even Falkland himself, had been regarding in the light of the most notorious criminal.

A few minutes' conversation with one of the porters elicited the fact that there was no train back to Saltcliffe that night. There was, however, a gig available which would convey them the eight miles to their destination.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIANITY IN BUSINESS.

Its Principle Applied to Commercial Affairs Would Work a Glorious Revolution.

"There is not the least question that as the commercial world is organized and run today it is run at a fearful loss along the side of money," writes Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," in the November Ladies' Home Journal. "Even the rules of success that business men lay down do not insure success. Perhaps no age has equaled this for disturbance and unrest and warring interests in the business world. If the principles of Christianity were applied to the whole business world it would cause a shock that for the time being would result in what might indeed prove to be the greatest financial panic of the ages. But out of that result would emerge a new order of buying and selling that would result ultimately in more financial success on the part of more people than the world has ever witnessed. Ultimately love will pay in dollars and cents better than selfishness. On selfish principles the business world today does not succeed even in the matter of making money—that is, not for any length of time nor for the masses of the people. Love in business would lose less money, and actually distribute the real earnings of toil among a far greater number of human beings, than is possible now under the present system."

She Didn't Mean It.

Under the impression that he was saying a good thing, he asked his partner why men never kiss one another, while ladies waste a world of kisses on feminine faces. "Because," the lady replied, "the men have something better to kiss, and the women haven't."

LITTLE WILLIE.

"How I do wish we could have a ripple of incident in our daily life!" said Millicent More, closing her book with a sigh.

"Nothing ever happens to us," said her cousin Catherine, with a smile, as she bent forward to pick up a dead leaf off her pet geranium.

Millicent and Catherine More were girls of 22 and 25—"old maids" the 17-year-olds called them—who taught school and supported themselves comfortably by their own unaided efforts. Millicent was pretty, with red lips, a clear, bright complexion and hair touched with the warm auburn gold that artists copy and poets rave of, and Millicent had not quite given up her little dream of love and matrimony, but Catherine never spoke of such things. Catherine was not absolutely a fright, but Catherine was small and plain, with ordinary gray eyes, hair like everybody else's, and not the slightest pretensions to beauty.

But the two cousins were very happy together after their own unpretentious fashion, Millicent supplying the sentimental and poetical element and Catherine contentedly devoting herself out of school hours to the house-keeping.

And upon this particular December afternoon, just as the girls were exploring the monotony of their daily life, the postman tapped at the door with a letter.

"A letter!" cried Millicent.

"For me?" echoed Catherine.

And the cousins read it, with their arms twined about one another and their heads very close together.

"Uncle George is dead in Australia," gasped Millicent.

"Oh, Milly—and he has left an orphan boy!" added Catherine, the tears brimming into her eyes. "We must adopt him, Milly—we must bring him up."

Millicent drew back a little.

"I don't see why," she said, somewhat coldly. "Uncle George never did anything for us."

"We never asked him to, Milly."

"But he knew we were forced to support ourselves!"

"Perhaps, dear, he was even poorer than we." At all events, he is dead now—and this child is left alone in the

world. I'll sit down and write to the lawyer this minute."

"Stop!" said Millicent, compressing her lips. "Do you mean that you really intend taking a great, rough, half-civilized boy into this house?"

"Certainly I do," said Catherine, earnestly. "Oh, Milly—a motherless child!"

"In that case," said Millicent, "I shall not remain here. If you choose to open a gratis orphan asylum it is no reason that my slender income should be squandered to feed your fancies!"

"But, Milly, your salary is larger than mine!"

"And I do not mean to scatter it for a mere chimera. This child has no sort of claim upon either of us. Let the Australian authorities provide for him."

And Millicent More could not be persuaded to take any other view of the question than this. The next day she told her cousin that she had made arrangements to secure a home with Miss Keturah Bayley, who took "a few select boarders," in the next street.

And then Catherine sat down to consider ways and means. She had taken the house for a year—there was no receding from the rent question.

"I'll let the lower story to Mrs. Hopper, the milliner," said she to herself. "I never used to like the idea of living in half a house, but all pride must be laid aside now. I will take the back bedroom myself and little Willie shall have the front room that looks out on the street. I shall have to do without my new silk dress and to countermand my subscription to the 'Illustrated Encyclopedia,' but I shall not mind that; I'll discharge Hannah and engage little Dorcas Brown, who is so fond of children and has such a winning way with her. And I know we shall get along splendidly—though, to be sure, I shall have to ask Lawyer Goodale for copying to do at home in the evenings, for I must be laying up a little something against Willie's future education."

For it never occurred to Catherine More that she was doing a brave and heroic thing in denying herself for the benefit of one whom she deemed yet poorer and more helpless than herself—nor to Millicent that she was acting the part of a recreant.

The little room in the front of the cottage second story was fitted up prettily for the orphaned Australian boy—Catherine had sold her cabinet organ to buy the furniture—and Dorcas in a clean white apron and ribbons was bustling around, while Mrs. Hopper had already arranged her stock of bonnet frames, ribbons and artificial flowers in the lower windows.

It was a lovely June day, with the sky blue and clear as a baby's eyes and the air full of scents from the blossoming buckwheat fields. Catherine More, having, not without difficulty, obtained a temporary substitute in her school, went to New York to meet her new charge in the steamer Harvest Lass, which had been telegraphed from Sandy Hook the day before.

"Little Willie will know me," she said to herself, "because I sent my photograph by the last mail. I wanted my face to seem familiar to him, poor lone lamb."

She stood on the pier eagerly scanning the countenance of every child that landed, her face brightened once or twice as she saw a boy whom she thought might be Willie, when all of a sudden a hand was laid lightly on her arm and she found herself looking up into a handsome, bronzed face far above her.

"Sir!" she cried, starting back.

"I beg your pardon," said a frank, pleasant voice. "I did not mean to alarm you. But is this Miss More?"

She inclined her head.

"I am your cousin William."

And this time Catherine started back in more surprise than ever.

"Sir," she said, "you are mistaken. William is a little boy."

"Hardly," returned the tall stranger, "unless you would call me a little boy. Dear Cousin Kitty, no one ever told you I was a child or poor. It was your own inference. Thank heaven, I am independent and wealthy, and, as I have come to man's estate, I think it is rather my duty to take care of you than to allow you to take care of me."

Catherine looked at her handsome cousin in mute amazement. This grand upsetting of all her theories and ideas was more than she could comprehend just at once.

"But, Will—"

"But, Catherine, Nay, my dear little gray-eyed cousin, the lawyers have told me how willing you were to adopt and care for the homeless orphan, and how my Cousin Millicent shrank from the task. And from the bottom of my heart I thank you for what you are ready to do."

How Dorcas started when she saw what sort of a fellow "little Willie" had proved to be. How Mrs. Hopper giggled behind her bonnet frames when she thought of the little child's crib and the picture books up-stairs.

"Of course, such an elegant young gentleman as that will go to the hotel," said Mrs. Hopper. But he did not. He stayed at the cottage, sleeping on the back parlor sofa until other accommodations could be provided for him. And when Millicent came over with her prettiest smile and outstretched hand the young Australian received her with an odd, curt coldness that made her feel excessively uncomfortable.

"You see, Cousin Milly," said he, "you didn't want to be bothered with me; you thought the Australian authorities ought to be compelled to provide for me."

And when Mrs. Hopper heard that little Catherine More was to marry her rich cousin she wasn't at all surprised.

"It's the most natural thing in the world," said she, "only it's a pity that Cathie isn't a little prettier."

But Catherine More was satisfied with her lover's declaration that to him her plain face was the sweetest in all the world.

The Pendulum.

By a curious coincidence I had read Poe's story of "The Pit and the Pendulum" that morning under a tree in Sussex, says Kenneth Herford in the Detroit Free Press. "Get your hat," said my host after luncheon, "and we'll drive over to Rye." In that quaint little old-world town, one of the cinque ports of England, you remember, there stands a moss and ivy covered church, tucked away between the houses, and surrounded by the yard filled with tipping, tilting tombstones, from whose faces time has erased the written words. It was inside this church I saw the pendulum. I had never thought Poe's affair could have been genuine, but the Rye church pendulum is its counterpart. The clock to which it is attached hangs against a beam away up in the arch. The face is no larger than the bottom of a pail, but the arm of the pendulum stretches down to within two feet of the people's heads. It must be twenty-eight feet in length. As it swings it marks an arc of the width of the nave by one great swoop, like that of a huge bird. The ticks of the clock are forty seconds apart and loud enough to break up a political meeting. Tourists are constantly visiting the old church just to see the pendulum, and the caretaker told me that not one out of ten of them but had been drawn there to confirm the story of Poe's pendulum.

The Schoolboy's Postscript.

When Dr. Temple (now Archbishop of Canterbury) was the headmaster of Rugby, a boy came up before him for some breach of discipline, and the facts seemed so against the lad that he was in imminent danger of being expelled. He had a defence, but being neither clear headed nor fluent in the presence of the head-master, he could not make it clear. He therefore wrote home to his father, detailing at length his position and his explanation. His father very wisely thought the best thing he could do was to send the boy's letter as it stood to Dr. Temple, merely asking him to overlook any familiarity of expression. Apparently the father had not turned over the page and seen his son's postscript, for there Dr. Temple found the following words: "If I could explain it would be all right, for though Temple is a beast, he is a just beast." The bishop, in telling this story, is accustomed to say that it was one of the greatest compliments he has ever received in his life.

TOMAHAWK OF TECUMSEH.

Famous Indian Carried in Battle of the Thames in 1812.

Sarah L. Russell, who lives with her daughter, Mrs. E. H. Bettis, at 1413 East Sixteenth street, Kansas City, has the tomahawk carried by Tecumseh, when he was killed at the battle of the Thames in October, 1812. Col. William Russell, the founder of Russellville, Ky., who commanded the Kentucky contingent of that famous battle, was permitted by Gen. Harrison to remove the tomahawk from the dead body of Tecumseh and retain it, and it has been in the possession of the Russell family ever since. It was made in England, and presented to Tecumseh by the British commander at Detroit. Several hundred tomahawks were made in England and sent to the British commanders at Detroit for use among the Indians whom the British endeavored to induce to drive out the white settlers of Kentucky, Indiana and Michigan. With few exceptions these tomahawks were made rather rudely of iron, with the handles bound with bands of the same metal, but the one owned by Tecumseh was made of highly polished steel, with silver bands encircling the handle. It can also be used as a pipe for smoking, the blunt end of the blade being made like the bowl of a pipe and the handle answering the purpose of a stem. The British commander had several of them made after the pattern, which he presented to Tecumseh, the prophet (a brother of Tecumseh), Ketopah and Topanabee, celebrated Indian warrior chiefs, who bore a conspicuous part in the battles of Tippecanoe, the siege of Fort Harrison, the battle of the Raisin, and other noted battles which took place in Indiana and Michigan and along Lake Michigan while the British held possession of Detroit and were using the Indians as their allies in the endeavor to hold the west and north-west country. The Tecumseh tomahawk is the only one known to have been preserved. Mrs. Russell has had many offers to part with it, but the relic will probably remain with her descendants for many years to come. Mrs. Egbert Russell, soon after it came into the possession of her husband, showed it to Blue Jacket, a well-known Shawnee chief, who was then over 80 years old. The old chief went into ecstasies when told that the relic was taken from the dead body of Tecumseh. He kissed it and pressed it to his bosom and told Mrs. Russell he was too young to follow his grand chief, Tecumseh, in the warpath, but he well remembered how proud Tecumseh was with that tomahawk belted about his waist.—Kansas City Star.

PROVISIONS AGAINST FIRE.

The Restrictions to Be Enforced at the Paris Exposition.

Intending exhibitors and visitors from the United States to the Paris exposition in 1900 will be interested in knowing what arrangements and regulations will be made by the French authorities against fire. The Paris exposition administration has taken all the measures possible to afford security to exhibitors and visitors against fire at the exposition. The regulations are rather voluminous, containing thirty-six articles distributed in six chapters. These regulations take up the openings and exits and the stairways and doors of all palaces and buildings. They regulate the width of doors and steps. All exterior doors will open in and out. Doors opening inward must remain open constantly. Emergency doors will bear an inscription stating their purpose, and in all hallways and corridors painted arrows will indicate the direction of the exit. An emergency lighting system for night use will consist of lamps of one-candle power, bearing the distinctive red color. All wood of the framework in the buildings will be covered with an insulating coat of non-inflammable material. All stairways will be of fireproof material. The floors of all buildings, palaces, theater halls, cafes, concert rooms, exhibition places and all railings and balustrades will also be of fireproof material and before accepted will be thoroughly tested at the expense of the contractors. All decorative canvas, awnings and canvas coverings must be fireproof. All electric installation of cables, lamps, wires and conductors in the interior of the buildings must be put up under the supervision of the director of exploitation. All motive power will be admitted only under rigid conditions. The use of celluloid in lamps, globes, balloons and other fancy apparatus for lighting decoration will be forbidden. The regulations for heating and lighting provide that it can only be done by gas and electricity. The use of hydrocarbons, oils and petroleum, acetylene gas and other gases than coal gas is positively forbidden, either for heating, lighting or motive power. The construction of meeting halls, cafes, concert halls and theaters must be of fireproof material, and the theater curtains must be of iron or asbestos cloth. The lighting of such places will be exclusively by electricity. A fire service as nearly perfect as possible will be established, with a water piping and pressure sufficient for firemen's service. The administration assumes the right to enforce any measures that may be deemed necessary to assure safety.—Iron Age.

Consumption of Champagne.

New York consumption of champagne during the past year was the greatest ever known.

Denver a Cycling Town.

Denver, Colo., has more bicycles in proportion than any other city in the country.



"MOST LIKELY YOU WILL RECOGNIZE IT."

about to lay her hand upon the window, but Falkland was before her. He had seized the strap and seemed to be making a vain attempt to let the window down, when suddenly a key was inserted in the lock, the door was hastily thrown back, and the light of a lantern was directed into the carriage.

There was a momentary pause as both Falkland and Evelyn, completely dazzled by the light, stared vacantly at the dark figure before them, and then—

"Great heavens! Miss Luttrell, is that you? I thought I must have been mistaken."

It was Major Brown himself who stood there indistinctly defined in the darkness; and at the sound of his voice Evelyn's heart gave a great bound, whilst every particle of color retreated from her face. Only now did she realize that after that evening she would most probably never see him again—never again! Full of this new thought, she immediately thrust out her hand, forgetting as she did so all terrible suspicions of the past four-and-twenty hours.

"Yes, I am here," she answered; "and, as there can be only a second to wait, I suppose it is—good-by? I am going now," she added falteringly, "to join my aunt, who has hurried off at a moment's notice to one of her boys, who has met with an accident at school."

"I do not understand. An accident? And Lady Howard has left Saltcliffe?"

"Certainly! Lady Howard left by the 5:30 express," supplemented Falkland in a tone of some impatience. "Miss Luttrell had a letter to that effect; but of course, it is quite likely that you have heard nothing. The whole affair has occurred in the space of about an hour."

"Oh, no, of course not—that is quite

"You mean to say—" "That it is a lie—a downright lie," he exclaimed, all his pent-up fury bursting into a flame—"as I myself happened to see Lady Howard passing on her way to the station now more than an hour ago!"

"You saw her driving past?" Evelyn gave one wild despairing glance around.

"And at ten minutes to nine I left her sitting in her own room at the 'Royal George,' Miss Luttrell," declared the major in the same peculiarly calm tone. "Which do you believe?"

"Which? Great heavens, do you suppose there is any question?" interrupted Falkland, with a harsh laugh.

The major smiled.

"Well, perhaps not, when one takes into consideration that on the one hand the statement comes from a man who would stoop to anything in order to secure his own ends—an individual, in fact, who habitually carries about with him a supply of a most dangerous drug, which he administers, as occasion requires, to any passing acquaintance. That reminds me, Mr. Falkland, for the future, a third of that amount which you gave me last night will be quite enough; and even then you will have plenty of time to make a thorough search and disappear, bag and baggage, before your unfortunate victim, whoever he may be, has enjoyed more than his allotted share of dreams; only be quite sure he does drink it—that is all. I had the sense not to do so."

"I beg your pardon, Major Brown, but, if you wish to insinuate—"

"Thank you, I wish to insinuate nothing. I am merely anxious for you to know that you have not been quite as lucky as usual in the choice of your subjects." Here the major raised his foot to the carriage step and looked