

# MRS. HAROLD STAGG.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

Twenty-four hours later Emma and her husband were in the train on the way to Chicago. Harold, though still by no means enlightened to his own satisfaction as to the exact meaning of the dialogue which had taken place in his niece's parlor, was, nevertheless, very well pleased at her determination to accept the presidency. Nevertheless, he had not been able to explain to himself how he or Emma had been of assistance to Eleanor in making up her mind or why it had been necessary for them to visit her. There was, obviously, some mystery which Emma appeared to understand, the solution of which was for some reason withheld from him. Moreover, his wife, contrary to expectation, had seemed eager to avoid further discussion of the matter when they were alone together; so much so that she had neglected to call his attention to the fact that she had prophesied that there was a man at the bottom of it. The only further reference made to it by Eleanor had been a promise made by her on the way to the station, whither she accompanied them, to write full particulars of the inauguration ceremonies, the date for which would be fixed as soon as her letter of acceptance of the office had been sent to the trustees.

Five minutes after the train was under way, however, Emma, who had been sitting lost in contemplation, sighed, and with a sympathizing shake of the head, said:

"Poor child! I am sorry for her."

As she spoke she cast an interrogative glance at Harold, who answered, somewhat doggedly, "What is the matter now, Cherub?"

"Nothing is the matter; but when a girl is in love with a man it is always hard to give him up. For once in her life Eleanor, however, seems to have acted with discretion."

"Do you mean that she was in love with that man she mentioned, Prof. Struthers?"

"Why, certainly, dear."

"Why, didn't she say so, then?"

"She did, as plainly as it was possible for her to do, considering that she was not going to marry him."

"I suppose that she decided not to accept him because she did not love him," Harold said. "To tell the truth, though, I was pretty well in the dark all through."

"I saw that you were, dear, and I was rather thankful, for a word of the wrong sort from your lips might have spoiled everything?"

"How do you mean?"

"If you had given her any encouragement I am afraid she would have married him."

"I thought you were anxious to have her married."

"So I was—to the right man. But this would never do."

"Why not? This Prof. Struthers is a very decent fellow, and a very able one from all accounts. His invention is already very successful, and he is sure to be rich, and I understand that he has taken out patents for the introduction of electricity as a motive power in moving railroad trains. He is a rising man, I should say, and if Eleanor is in love with him, I think she had better have married him, even if she were obliged to give up her presidency in order to do so."

"It is a little late now," said Emma, majestically. "You should have said so at the time."

"But I tell you I had no idea she was in love with him."

"That was not my fault."

"Pshaw! It's an outrage, Cherub. You oughtn't to have let her do it."

Emma coughed uneasily.

"I don't mean that she was desperately in love with him. Of course if she had been she would have accepted him very likely, without asking us anything about it. What I mean is that she liked him just well enough, so that, others things being equal, she would have married him. But they weren't equal, and she knew it. He wanted her to give up her position."

"Of course he did. Any man would; and if he had given up his own in order to marry her he would have been a fool. Well, as I said at the time, women are beyond me. Apparently, I am in the position of having advised her to accept the presidency at the cost of her affections."

Emma pursed her lips disdainfully.

"As I said before, if she were to marry him, and they were to live out here, it might not have been such a very bad idea if Eleanor had been seriously bent on it; but if she had come to live in New York, he would have been a white elephant on our hands. He knows nobody; in fact, they neither of them know anybody now. What would they have done?"

"Died from sheer lack of companionship in a city of over a million inhabitants. Cherub, you are superb!"

"Laugh if you like, Harold. I am right. She is very much better off as she is. People have got used to thinking of her as a blue stocking and it will be rather a feather in her cap to be known as president of a college, even if she is described in the newspapers as 'Lady President.' But to marry a man who is wrapped up in batteries, and whom no one ever heard of before he invented this machine, or whatever it is, would be neither one thing or another. Unless I were to take them in hand and push them hard, they would have no chance of getting on; and I doubt very much if everything I could do would be sufficient, though it is possible that the

great interest which there is in electricity at the moment might save them from falling flat. But I am thankful that I have not got to try."

## CHAPTER XX.

Harold was silent for some moments.

"I am not sure, Cherub," he said, "that I shall not write Eleanor a letter, telling her that I did not understand the real facts."

"What facts will you tell her you did not understand?"

"That she loves that man, of course."

"She will scarcely thank you for that, my dear. Girls do not care to have it said to them that they are in love with men whom they have refused."

"But you said she admitted it."

"What I said was that any one could have told she was in love with him. She never said so, in words, of course."

Harold squirmed in his chair disgustedly, and spreading out with a jerk the newspaper which he had just bought, he said:

"If people expect others to give them good advice, they should speak out plainly, instead of beating about the bush. I believe in calling a spade a spade."

Thereupon he relapsed into dignified silence behind the expanse of newspaper, which Emma did not see fit to interrupt until the train stopped for refreshments, an hour or so later.

The Staggs, after visiting Chicago, went to several other cities, so that it was over a fortnight from the date of their departure from Clavering before they reached home. As Emma ran her eye over the packet of letters awaiting them on the hall table, she exclaimed:

"Here's one from Eleanor! I suppose the inauguration must have taken place."

Harold, who was removing his overcoat, heard her gasp a moment after, and looking up, perceived that her eyes were greedily devouring the contents of an open letter with an expression of horror.

"What is it?" he asked.

"All I can say is she is a perfect fool!"

"Who is?"

"Your precious niece, Eleanor Baldwin."

"What has she done now?" he said, as he approached his wife and looked over her shoulder. "I say, who authorized you to open my letter?"

"Don't be foolish, Harold. Take your old letter. I might have known I couldn't trust her. Why didn't I stay until the ceremony was over?"

"The ceremony? Why, is Eleanor married?" he asked, as he received the letter from her hand.

"The inauguration ceremony, goose."

Harold went into the library, and seating himself near the window to catch the waning afternoon light, read as follows:

"Dear Uncle Harold:—You will think me a regular Reuben, I dare say. 'Unstable as water thou shalt not excel.' Well, I have no wish to excel after this in anything but the homely duties that belong to a purely domestic life. I have told him that I would marry him, Uncle Harold. Prof. Struthers I mean. I thought when you were here, that I was settled in my mind that it was best to give him up; but after you and Aunt Emma were gone I felt so miserable that I went up to my room and had a good cry, and then I knew that I had been trying to deceive myself. There is no use in disguising it, dear Uncle Harold. I love William Struthers and he loves me; and I have written to tell him that I will marry him as soon as he wishes. One of us must give up, and I cannot let him, can I?"

At this point in the letter Harold paused and gave vent to an explosive: "Hooray! Of course she can't let him!" Whereupon he glanced triumphantly at Emma, who, seated, and rocking herself nervously in a little gilded rocking chair, was watching him read. The letter continued:

"I could not bear to have him give up the position which he holds in order to gratify my ambition, so the only way is for me to give up everything for his sake. I did not believe that I could ever do it for any man, but love is a wonderful persuader, dear Uncle Harold."

"I do hope that you and dear Aunt Emma will not feel very badly. I am sure that you will love my husband when you know him, and I am confident that, when you think the matter over, you will agree that, great as was the honor I am renouncing here, true love ought not to be gainsaid for any honor in the world."

Again Harold paused and ejaculated:

"Hooray! That girl is a trump!"

"Have you finished?" Emma asked, jolly.

"Not quite, Cherub. Listen to the last page."

"I have written to the trustees to decline the presidency of the college; and it seems best to me—to William also—that the wedding should take place as soon as possible. I have decided, too, that I should like to be married here, from the college where the last five years of my life have been passed. In asking your permission for this I am not unmindful that you will be sure to wish to have me

married from your own house; and such would have been my wish, too, except that by being married here I can give pleasure to a large number of the students who are dear to me, and who could not possibly come to New York. Moreover, if I were married from your house a simple wedding would be almost out of the question, and neither William nor I would like a fashionable ceremony. But if you would prefer it otherwise, we shall give up our own preferences. And now, dear Uncle Harold, let me thank you from the bottom of my heart, and thank Aunt Emma, too, for all the love and kindness you have lavished on me—love and kindness greater than which you could not have shown to any child. Indeed, I feel myself to be your child, and it is with the assurance that you feel similarly toward me that I sign myself

Your loving

ELEANOR.

Harold folded up the letter with a beaming expression, but tears in his voice restrained him from speaking for a few moments; then he said, happily:

"What do you think of that?"

"I am not trying to think of it," Emma replied in a sepulchral tone. "I suppose you will aid and abet her, as usual?"

"To the extent of telegraphing her my congratulations and high approval of everything she has decided upon, if that is aiding and abetting," he answered, seating himself at his desk and searching for a blank.

"She will probably be married before a justice of the peace," groaned Emma.

"Nonsense. What if she is?"

"No proper ceremony; no suitable dress; no invitations; no wedding-cake, I dare say," she murmured, as she rocked herself to and fro.

"You can send her a wedding cake, you know," hazarded Harold.

"Some women would be thankful to be free from the bother of it all," she continued, without regard to his remark; "but there is a right way and a wrong way of doing everything. And," she added, with a dreary sigh, "if there is a wrong way, Eleanor always chooses it. Of course, she can do as she sees fit, and of course, when she comes to New York I shall have to do what I can for her, Harold, because she is your niece; but it is perfectly certain that she and I are fated never to agree on any possible subject—never—never—never!"

"Poor Cherub!" her husband answered, with genuine commiseration, looking up from the telegram he was composing, for he was touched by the melancholy in her voice. "And yet I know," he continued, "that as soon as she comes here, there is nothing you will not do to make her comfortable and happy."

"I suppose I shall be just fool enough," she answered, with mournful emphasis.

For some minutes she rocked herself with folded arms, while Harold wrote and rewrote his telegram.

"Harold," she said, finally.

"Well, dear?"

"I have been thinking what we shall give them for a wedding present. They will probably get very little silver, and I think we had better give them spoons and forks. It may take some time to have them marked properly, so the sooner I order them the better."

"Just the thing, I should say," he replied, as he rose from the table, and he stooped to kiss her, exclaiming with proud fondness: "There is no equal to you, Cherub, in the whole world."

Emma received his embrace with pleased complacency. Then she looked up at him and said, before reading the telegram he had dropped in her lap:

"Do you know, Harold, I sometimes think that if I had not married you, you might have done something very foolish."

The End.

## AN ODD ODD FELLOW.

Paid to Learn the Signs and Was Kicked Down Stairs.

"Of all the mean swindlers I ever observed," said an Odd Fellow, "the meanest was one down in Texas a couple of years ago. I was living there at that time, and one of my neighbors was a little German saloon-keeper. He wanted to join our order the worst way, but he didn't like putting up the initiation fee."

"One day while the little fellow was dealing out beer in his place a seedy-looking individual entered and asked him if he was an Odd Fellow."

The saloon man said he wasn't, and then the seedy-looking chap offered to tell him of all the inner workings of the order for \$5.

"You look like a pretty good fellow," said the visitor, "and as long as I don't attend lodge meetings very much any more, I'll give you the grip and all of the secret passwords, so that you can attend the next session held here."

"The saloonkeeper put up the five, and the seedy-looking man explained a queer grip to him and told him of all sorts of queer notions to make with his hands as soon as he entered the lodge hall."

"Well, on our next meeting night up came the little German. When the doorkeeper stopped him he grabbed his hand and began going through all sorts of antics. Then he put his thumbs to his ears and began wiggling his fingers."

"At this stage in the proceedings the doorkeeper threw him down stairs. When he learned how he had been swindled he swore out a 'John Doe' warrant for the arrest of the man who taught him the 'signs,' but that individual never appeared in town again."

## The Curate Scored.

A late lamented and popular Dean had, even when a curate, a pretty turn of wit, and hardly ever failed to make his mark in encounter with his clerical brethren. Speaking on the marriage laws at a rural-decanal meeting, presided over by an archdeacon, he remarked that "it was not generally known that a man could not marry his widow's cousin."

"Widow's sister, you mean," corrected the president.

"No," replied the youthful cleric, "I mean widow's cousin."

The archdeacon was on his feet in an instant. His law must not be challenged by a curate, "I tell you," he rejoined, "that a man may marry his widow's cousin, but not his widow's sister. You must really," he continued, amid murmurs of "Hear, hear," from the clergy around, not one of whom saw the point, "allow me to know, and I suggest that you examine more closely the tables of affinity in the Prayer Book."

"But," persisted the future dean, "how can a man do anything in the way of marrying when his wife is a widow?"

It was some minutes before order was restored.

## Was There All the Time.

"Negroes generally have funny answers for almost every question," said L. W. Mitchell of Atlanta to a group of comrades at Camp Roosevelt during the Grand Army encampment at Washington. "You have heard, perhaps, of the fellow who was visiting at the scene of the battle of Antietam and met an old woolly-headed African, who took pleasure in explaining to the visitor all 'facts' about the engagement there. The negro was asked if he was present when the fight took place and his answer was: 'Sartinly, sah; sure, wuz right heah.'"

"Guess you saw the whole thing, then?"

"Deed I did, sah; an' it wuz right billious times, sah."

"What position did you occupy?"

"I wuz down in de cellar, sah. I got down dar to keep out de way of de Yankees, case I knowed dat I would be blegged ter whoop fer dem, an' I knowed dat Marsa Bob Lee didn't see dat of me, so I jis got own in de cellar an' let 'em fight it out."

## Railroad Rolling Stock.

Last year 164,547 railroad cars were built, including cars for use on elevated railroads, but exclusive of street and other electric cars. This is considerably the largest record which has ever been made in the country, and exceeds by 25,542 the output for 1901. These figures, of course, do not include cars built by railroads at their own shops. Of the cars recorded approximately 162,599 are for freight service and 1,948 for passenger service; 161,747 are for domestic use and 2,800 are for export. In 1901 the total number of cars built was 144,267, which exceeded by 20,161 the recorded output for the year 1900. The 1901 figures included also 5,262 street cars. During last year 4,070 locomotives were built at the various locomotive plants in the country, as against 3,384 in 1901. The real meaning of this figure is perhaps best realized by calculating the expenditure involved, which would be nearly \$48,000,000, if the average cost per locomotive is assumed to be \$12,000.

## A Courtly Prelate.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, took tea on one of the warships engaged in the sham battle off Newport during her visit to America last summer. A young naval officer narrated the other day a story told him by the duchess on this occasion.

"She said to me," he began, "that the custom of saying grace before meat seemed to be dying out everywhere, and she added, apropos of this, that she had entertained a bishop shortly after her settlement in England, and the question of the omitted grace perplexed her not a little. However, at the first meal which the bishop partook of at Blenheim palace so grace was said. The duchess apologized for this, but the prelate, smiling and bowing, said:

"Your grace is sufficient."

## Gen. Hooker's Statue.

The equestrian bronze of "Fighting Joe" Hooker by Daniel C. French will be unveiled on the grounds of the statehouse in Boston on June 15. In order to make the ceremony more striking it is proposed to have the regular field day of the troops of Massachusetts coincide with the date of the unveiling. Gen. Sickles and Gen. Miles will be present and veteran organizations will attend with the old battle flags. A prominent place will be given the survivors of Hooker's old brigade.

# THE TRUST BILLS

WHAT ATTORNEY GENERAL KNOX HAS TO SAY.

## ADMINISTRATION IS SATISFIED

The Legislation Will Give Opportunity to Test Many Points and Obtain Useful Court Decisions Without Harming Country's Industry.

WASHINGTON—Attorney General Knox, who is known to have proposed many clauses of the anti-trust bills recently passed, being asked the administration's opinion on the legislation, said:

The legislation affecting the trusts passed at this session of congress is satisfactory to the administration and the prompt response to the president's requests is highly gratifying. A long stride in advance has been accomplished and the promises of last fall have been made good.

The giving and taking of railroad rebates is now prohibited by a law capable of effective enforcement against corporations as well as individuals, and the courts of the United States are clothed with jurisdiction to restrain and punish violations.

The act creating the department of commerce vests in that department complete authority to investigate the organization and business methods of corporations engaged in interstate and foreign commerce, and, to that end, to compel the testimony of persons having the desired knowledge.

The legislation is concise in its terms, but comprehensive in its scope. Under its provisions a fair opportunity will be afforded to test the effect upon the tendency toward industrial monopoly of its guarantees of no favors for the great producer as against the small one.

Discretion is lodged in the president as to the publication of facts useful to the public and a wise administration of the law promises much that is helpful and nothing that is harmful.

The law to expedite the hearing of cases and giving an appeal directly to the supreme court from the court of first instance assures, within a reasonable time, authoritative decisions upon important questions on the knowledge of which future legislation, if necessary, can be confidently framed.

Upon the whole, the situation is eminently satisfactory and is the result of concessions, modifications of views and forms of expression upon the part of many earnest and thoughtful men who have endeavored, within a brief session, to meet a rational public demand in a rational and effective way.

## The Child Saving Institute of Omaha.

The child saving institute of Omaha is distinguished from other organizations in that this institution in some cases allows parents and relatives to know where the children are placed. Some years ago an appeal was made to another society to take charge of a little girl nine years of age, whose mother had died in Omaha. The grandmother of the child, who was 70 years of age and very feeble, was anxious to know where the little girl would be placed. This society said "No, you can never know her location." The grandmother was anxious to receive occasionally little letters that her granddaughter might write. Being refused, an appeal was then made to the Child Saving Institute of Omaha and the little girl was placed in a home near Fullerton, Neb., since which time she has written many comforting letters to the old lady in her declining years. It does not appear to this institution that any harm was done to the child nor any one else, in allowing her grandmother to know her whereabouts. There are many similar cases.

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## New Greek Letter Fraternity.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A new secret letter fraternity named the Sigma Nu Phi, designed to embrace chapters in all the law schools of the United States, has filed articles of incorporation here. Members of other fraternities will not be admitted. The membership will be confined entirely to undergraduates of law schools and alumni associations and their faculties. It is proposed ultimately to own a fraternity house in Washington and to publish a paper here. The incorporators are members of the faculty and under graduates of the National University School of Law.

## EARTHQUAKES IN MEXICO.

Houses Thrown Down in Several Towns.

MEXICO CITY—The state of Guerrero continues to report many and somewhat alarming earthquakes. Chilpancingo, which two years ago was almost destroyed by an earthquake, now reports another, which threw down houses, as also happened in the towns of Chilapa, San Diego and Mexical.

## WAS NOT LOOKING FOR WAR.

Uncle Sam Will Have Vessel on the Scene.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Although it was recognized here that the feeling between several of the Central American republics was at high tension because of the political conditions existing there, yet the officials were not prepared for reports that war had been declared. No later than Saturday last Senor Lopez, the Salvadorean minister, had reassuring advices from his government which indicated that the people were for peace. Secretary Hay has been exerting his influences, merely in the capacity, however, of a good friend, to prevent the outbreak or hostilities in Central America.

The United States will soon have naval representation on the Pacific coast, as Admiral Glass is about to leave for Amalapa Island, off Honduras.

## CONFESSES TO THE HOLD UP.

Two Men Arrested at Butte for the Burlington Job.

BUTTE, Mont.—George Cole, under arrest here, has made a confession of the Burlington hold-up of Wednesday and implicates George Howard, alias Joe Kirby. He says they sent a boy to hire a rig at Morrow's livery stable on South Main street about 9:30 Tuesday night. They drove to the scene of the hold-up and held up the train. Kirby had two guns, but was too drunk to use them. Kirby is the man who jumped on to the engine as the train was nearing Homestake and compelled the engineer to stop and made the fireman get down. But for Kirby's drunken condition, Cole says, they would have met with better success. Cole and his companion were arrested because they had just come to town and answered the general description of the two hold-ups.

## HIS ANSWER IS EVASIVE.

Cleveland Does Not Say that He is Not Candidate for President.

CINCINNATI—In response to a direct inquiry as to whether he was a candidate or will accept another nomination for the presidency the following has been received from former President Grover Cleveland:

"PRINCETON, N. J.—To the Editor of the Times-Star, Cincinnati: Dear Sir—I have received your letter of the 4th inst., asking on behalf of the Times-Star for an expression regarding my intentions as related to the next democratic nomination for the presidency. I cannot possibly bring my mind to the belief that a condition or sentiment exists that makes any expression from me on the subject of the least importance. Yours very truly, 'GROVER CLEVELAND.'"

## HE RETURNS TO MISSOURI.

Cole Younger Goes to the Scenes of His Earlier Life.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—Cole Younger, the pardoned bandit, left St. Paul and Minnesota Saturday for his old home in Missouri, which he has not seen in twenty-seven years, when he left to participate in the memorable Northfield bank raid, which resulted in his arrest and imprisonment.

Younger had planned to leave St. Paul Monday, but he received a telegram Saturday afternoon stating that his sister was seriously ill at Lee's Summit, Mo., and he decided to leave at once. He cannot, under the conditions of the pardon, return to Minnesota. He said he intended to locate in Dallas, Texas, and would probably go into the stockraising business.

## Monster Aerolite Falls.

SALT LAKE, Utah.—A special to the Tribune from Bingham, Utah, says:

"A large meteor struck the earth in the vicinity of this place at 4:04 o'clock Saturday morning. The falling body, when it collided with the earth, caused windows to rattle and the house to tremble, while a sound like a mighty clap of thunder awakened the inhabitants from their sleep. The people thought there had been an earthquake and much alarm was felt until the true nature of the shock was learned."

## To Help the Old Soldier.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Representative Aplin of Michigan introduced a bill Monday granting a pension of \$12 a month to all soldiers and sailors who served at least one year in the civil war. A bill introduced by Representative Marshall of North Dakota permits the free transmission through the mails of pension papers mailed by pensioners to pension agents.

## Idaho Memorializes Congress.

BOISE, Ida.—In the house Monday Representative Jenkins, the republican leader, introduced a joint memorial to congress asking for anti-trust legislation. Congress is urged to adopt the regulations of President Roosevelt on trusts.

## Many Cattle Are Perishing.

BONESTEELE, S. D.—Stockmen from the range country report that cattle are perishing by hundreds. A Tripp county man lost over 300 steers.

Next Week The Lion's Whelp A Story of Cromwell's Time BY AMELIA E. BARR A splendid Romance of the middle of the Seventeenth Century. Next Week