

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

"Now, smile a little, Kitty, and you'll look almost pretty!"

Meg drew back a pace to survey me critically. I sat looking fixedly before me into the little cracked toilet glass, and tried to get used to the new beautified version of myself that I saw reflected there.

My dark hair was all gathered up high on my head, twisted loosely by Meg's deft fingers to lie in soft, graceful coils. Beneath the mass of dark hair my face looked smaller and paler than I had been used to think it; my eyes had never looked so deeply set—they were too large and too dark for the smallness and paleness of my face, and my lips were too grave and too wistful; and yet, on the whole, I was prettier than I had thought myself. For the first time in my life I realized that my head was well set, that my face was delicately shaped, that my chin at least was pretty.

Aunt Jane was giving a party to-night and I was in festive attire—in a white dress of soft muslin that had never been worn by either Meg or Dora—a pretty dress that opened at the throat, that fitted me trimly, and that in some mysterious way made me look slim and tall and not ungraceful.

I put my elbows carelessly upon the grimy little dressing-table, bespattered with London smuts, and gazed longingly into the cracked glass with unblinking eagerness.

"I wish I were pretty!"—and I sighed. "I wonder if I am pretty, rather pretty—am I, Meg? Oh, Meg, I think I would give anything to be beautiful like you!"

"I believe some people might think you prettier," she admitted, with an air of genuine concession. "Not that I can say that I agree with them!" she added at once with laughing candor.

"You are too thin and too white—but you'll do. Here, put in this bit of red

tense voice, without turning my head. "Never! Oh, has he repented? Well, I thought he would."

I returned no answer. "Suppose he does propose?" persisted Dora, lazily. "What are you going to say?"

It was the question I had been asking myself again and again, morning, noon, and night, for the past fortnight, ever since that afternoon when Aunt Jane had talked to me. I had always given myself the same answer—given it resolutely, emphatically—I should refuse him, and refuse him unhesitatingly, in such a way that he should not doubt my firmness, should never think of urging me. And yet, in spite of my decision, again and again the question had come back to me, as though I had never solved it.

"He will not ask me," I said. "If he does—"

"If he does?"

"I shall not accept him," I said, quietly.

Dora tilted her chair backward in a perturbed position, and sat and watched me.

"And what will mamma say?" she asked presently in a comical tone of consternation.

"I don't care—I don't care in the very least!" I said, and this time at all events there was a ring of sincerity in my tone. My fear of Aunt Jane had vanished marvelously in the past two weeks. I seemed to have grown from childhood to womanhood, and Aunt Jane no longer overawed me, no longer held my destiny subject to her frown. My heart sank whenever I told myself anew that I must refuse John Mortimer; but it was not the fear of Aunt Jane that so much oppressed me.

"She would never forgive you," said Dora with easy conviction.

"I know that; I should never ask her. Dora," I continued, turning away from the window and coming back to

heart; it ached at the thought of how short a time was left before my wish must be accomplished. When the time came for us to go Cornwall, the time would come, too, when John Mortimer would go to Brittany, to the sister who thought slightly of girls, and to her friend, that perfect woman, who was as young at 30 as she had been at 20, who would never be old at heart, of whom it was impossible that any one could have spoken in disparage.

CHAPTER VI.

Aunt Jane passed along the passage on her way to her room to dress. She opened my door, which stood ajar, and looked in with her normal air of disapproval.

"Do you intend to come downstairs in that costume, Dora?" she asked, severely, looking at Dora's pretty but much-crumpled pink print. "My dear Kate"—with a still sorer glance at me—"will you try to recollect that your dress will cost at least two guineas and has to be paid for yet? If you bear that in mind, you will perhaps be careful of it all the evening. If you are ready, you can go downstairs at once into the drawing-room."

I went downstairs as Aunt Jane had bidden me. The drawing-room door stood open. I entered, and busily engaged in arranging the little nosegay of red geraniums at my waist, I half-crossed the room before I was conscious that any one was there. Then, as I raised my eyes, I met John Mortimer's grave, frank smile, and I know my face lighted up at once.

He came forward to meet me, his steady gray eyes still constraining me to look at him.

"I came early, Kitty, to see you," he told me, speaking in a very quiet, serious way. "I asked Mrs. Corfield to let me see you for a little while alone."

So Aunt Jane had sent me down to meet him! Why had she not warned me that he was here? Why had she let him surprise me into that swift, tell-tale glance of greeting?

He drew forward the only easy-chair the room contained—a chair sacred to the service of Aunt Jane—and seated himself near me on the green red sofa by the window. He eyed me with a somewhat puzzled glance.

"Are you wondering what has happened to me?" I asked.

"You are looking very green up," he answered, smiling. "And very pretty," he added, after a moment, in a quiet tone.

In spite of myself my eyes smiled into his. I drew a deep, contented breath. He thought me pretty—all the rest of the world might think me plain, and I should not care! I should never bemoan again my paleness, my dark eyes, which would not sparkle as Meg's blue eyes sparkled when they smiled.

"I have a new dress," I explained, shyly—"a new dress which is quite my own. Do you like it?"

"Very much. I always like your dresses, Kitty!"

I looked at him wonderingly.

"What—always!" I echoed. "Not always!" I echoed. "Not always?"

"Always!"

"The old linsey-woolsey I was wearing last winter, with the sleeves half-way up my arms, and the skirt above my ankles, and the black braid all turned green and the elbows threadbare! You didn't like that dress?"

"Yes, I did."

"It was hideous! Meg and Dora were always bantering me about that dress. It was the ugliest dress that was ever seen."

"Was it?"

"And how it wore!" I said, sighing. "It wouldn't wear out. I thought it would last till doomsday. Do you know, I don't think much of your taste in dresses."

He smiled at me in his grave way; and let my slighting opinion pass unchallenged. His eyes, even while they smiled, were looking at me with a strange earnestness. He bent forward a little, facing me.

(To be continued.)

A Queen Who Does Washing.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis News says that when the town of Boerne, near San Antonio, Tex., was settled in 1845, by a colony of Germans, the settlers were told they could live as they wished, provided they were good, industrious citizens. They selected from their number "a man and his wife of mental as well as physical weight" as their king and queen, whose edicts and commands they agreed to obey to the letter. They were much astonished several months later to learn that this state of things would not do in this country, and the king and queen were deposed. The king is dead, but the ex-queen still lives. She is worth \$100,000, and owns one-third of the town, but takes in laundry work and bends over her tub six days in the week. Her word is still law with the older people, and some of the younger ones.—New York Tribune.

A Cow for Sale.

The late Bill Nye once advertised a cow for sale as follows: "Owing to ill-health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range according to government survey, one pluck, raspberry colored cow, aged eight years. She is a good milker, and is not afraid of the cars or anything else. She is of undoubted courage, and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form, she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, but she will be sold to any one who will use her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barreled shotgun, which goes with her. In May she generally goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall red calf with wabbling legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

FIGHTING PROTECTION

DEMOCRATS WILL MAKE THE TARIFF AN ISSUE.

Its Repeal or Modification Demanded on the Pretext That in This Way Alone Can the Trust Problem Be Successfully Solved.

Will the tariff be made a conspicuous issue among the questions to be submitted to public adjudication in the presidential campaign of 1900? Opinion varies widely on this point. By many the belief is expressed that in the light of the splendid prosperity that has followed the restoration of the protective policy, and in view of the enormous extension of our foreign trade that has taken place concurrently with the unrestricted operation of that policy, the Democratic party in its next national platform will not have the hardihood to reopen the tariff question, but will discreetly refrain from any agitation thereof. Among those who hold to this belief we find the New York Sun very positive and emphatic. After pointing to the splendid showing made in the statistics of our exports of domestic manufactures—wherefrom it appears that, after deducting the exports of mineral oil and copper from the unexampled total of \$338,667,794 for the last fiscal year, the net exports of products in which labor cost forms a higher percentage than in these relatively crude articles reached in 1899 the sum of \$252,000,000, a gain of \$165,400,000 in ten years—the Sun announces this conclusion:

"The prosperity of our manufactures, indicated by these statistics, removes the tiresome and mischievous tariff controversy from the field of politics, for the time being at least, and relegates it to the purely academic discussion where only it has always belonged in this country. It did not appear in the campaign of 1896, and it will not appear in the campaign of 1900. The ridiculous and disastrous result of it after the campaign of 1892 has warned the Democratic party to let it alone."

Almost at the identical moment when the Sun writer was engaged in recording the conviction that the facts of trade and commerce and the disasters which resulted from the campaign of 1892 would compel the removal of "the tiresome and mischievous tariff controversy from the field of politics, for the time being at least," and would "relegate it to the purely academic discussion where only it has always belonged in this country," a body of orthodox Democrats were holding their state convention in Iowa. In the platform adopted by this body of orthodox Democrats, without a dissenting vote or voice, we find the following:

"We view with alarm the multiplication of those combinations of capital commonly known as trusts, that are concentrating and monopolizing industry, crushing out independent producers of limited means, destroying competition, restricting opportunities for labor, artificially limiting production and raising prices, and creating an industrial condition different from state socialism only in the respect that under socialism the benefits of production would go to all, while under the trust system they go to increase the fortune of these institutions. These trusts and combinations are the direct outgrowth of the policy of the Republican party, which has not only favored these institutions, but has accepted their support and solicited their contributions to aid that party in retaining power which has placed a burden of taxation upon those who labor and produce in time of peace and who fight our battles in time of war, while the wealth of the country is exempted from these burdens.

"We condemn this policy, and it is our solemn conviction that the trusts must be destroyed or they will destroy free government, and we demand that they be suppressed by the repeal of the protective tariff and other privilege-conferring legislation responsible for them and by the enactment of such legislation, state and national, as will aid in their destruction."

Does this look as though the tariff controversy was going to be lifted out of politics and relegated to academic discussion? The Iowa Democratic state convention did not think so. We would gladly share the confidence of the New York Sun as to the disappearance of the tariff from among the live issues of the campaign of next year, but the facts and probabilities wholly fail to justify that agreeable anticipation. On the contrary, the facts and probabilities point unerringly toward a savage and determined attack on the tariff all along the Democratic line. At the present writing nothing appears more certain than that from this time on every Democratic state convention will present the Iowa declaration in some form or other, and that the repeal or modification of the Dingley tariff will be demanded in the national Democratic platform.

Hard Times for One Class.

The effects of a protective tariff are probably felt nowhere in the country more than in Pittsburg. Consequently the following statistics, compiled by the New York World, are of more than passing interest: Area of Pittsburg's industrial Klondike, 180 square miles; number of industries being operated on full time, 118; number of men employed in these, embracing all classes, 270,000; average wages per day, \$2.15; range of wages, \$1.75 to \$7 per day; number of idle men, none, except from sickness; number of mills and factories unable to run full time by reason of scarcity of labor, 60; railroads unable to move freight promptly because

the traffic is 30 per cent larger than all the freight cars in service; gross daily value of trade in industrial Klondike, \$6,000,000.

When it is remembered that the foregoing statements are published by a journal that has lost no opportunity for denouncing and ridiculing the Dingley tariff bill, they form pretty good evidence that there is more comfort in the present situation for industrial toilers than for free-trade theorists. And it should also be remembered that most industries throughout the country are nearly if not quite as active as those of Pittsburg. These are hard times only for those who are hunting anti-tariff arguments.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

The McKinley Policy.

It is American first, last and all the time. It never halts, never hesitates, whether the question be the defense of American industries or the defense of American dignity. McKinleyism and Americanism are synonymous terms. The one involves the other. Listen to what the president of the United States said in his address before the Catholic summer school at Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1899:

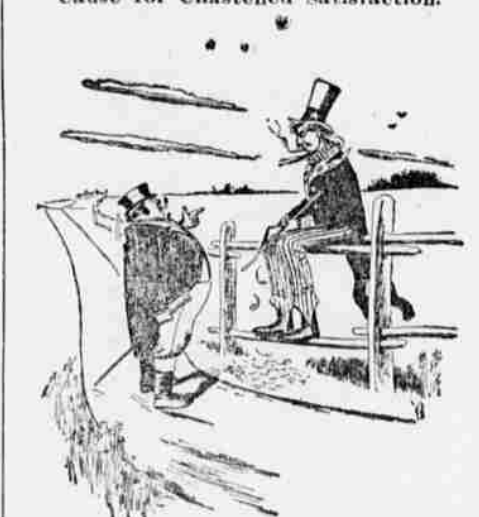
"The flag symbolizes our purposes and our aspirations; it represents what we believe and what we mean to maintain, and wherever it floats it is the flag of the free, the hope of the oppressed; and wherever it is assailed, at any sacrifice it will be carried to a triumphant peace."

This utterance was greeted with ringing cheers all the reports agree in saying. Its lofty purport appealed instantly to the intelligent minds to which it was addressed. It appeals to every true American throughout the country consecrated to freedom and progress. It ought to make the small coterie of "fire-in-the-rear" anti-Americans feel smaller and smaller.

They Will Be Regulated.

The family of trusts doubtless needs regulation. Provision has already been made to control pools and combinations in restriction of trade and the like, but the problem still to be solved is: What interference can the government interpose against large capitalizations—against the outright purchase of many small concerns for the purpose of concentrating and simplifying management, cheapening production and enlarging trade? Meanwhile the parentage of trusts is still in doubt, even though the protective tariff has been cleared of responsibility for the progeny, but there is reason to believe that trusts are simply the outgrowth of business enterprise.—Kansas City (Kan.) Journal.

Cause for Chastened Satisfaction.



John Bull—We don't worry about merchandise balances so long as our deficit is made good by returns on foreign investments and profits on our ocean carrying trade.

Uncle Sam—Well, if you're satisfied but what is to become of British industries if your American debtors keep on increasing their payments to you in the shape of manufactured goods, in place of raw materials?

Beyond the Argumentative Stage.

Mr. Havemeyer's emphatic assertion that a high protective tariff is the mother of trusts will be seized upon by the Democratic free traders as a choice morsel of wisdom and the other features of his rather noteworthy testimony ignored by them. His view of protection is distinctively Democratic and might have been written by the author of the famous Wilson bill. The value and effectiveness of a protective tariff to the country has got beyond the argumentative stage with the people, who look to results more than to theories, and what Mr. Havemeyer thinks or says upon the subject will have little or no weight with them.—Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

Benefits the Workingman.

It would be as foolish to blame parents who have reared a child in the best possible manner for his turning to evil ways after he has grown to manhood, as to blame the tariff for building up a splendid American industry, giving employment to 30,000 American workmen, because avaricious men secure control of it and enter into a wicked combination. Combination or not, the tin plate trust can make no money without employing the workmen and paying them for their labor.—Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

The Deep, Full Breath.

The year 1899 may be considered as the time of our "second wind." Last year we took a deep breath of protection prosperity and eclipsed all previous records. This year there was nothing to do but to eclipse 1898, and we proceeded to do it. We have taken in the full, deep breath which always carries the runner in a race to victory. Our commercial rivals may as well drop out, for the close of 1899 will see the United States the winner by a good margin in the industrial contest.

The Mother of Industry.

If Mr. Havemeyer had called the protective tariff the "mother of industry" instead of the "mother of trusts," he would have been stating a truth instead of putting forth a lie. The number of factories which have been reopened after years of idleness, the number of plants which have been extended, the number of mills which have been enlarged in the brief time during which the Dingley law has been in operation are beyond computation. The number of new mills opened, of new business enterprises started and of new industries established can only be estimated. The full number will never be accurately counted. And the showing of this short time has been but a brilliant repetition of the history of the two short years during which the McKinley law was in full force and effect.

To go further back than that, practically every industry in the country owes its existence to the policy of protection. When the colonies separated from Great Britain there was not a single industry of any consequence on this side of the ocean, thanks to the policy pursued by the ruling country. There never would have been any industries established if early American statesmen had been of the stripe of Bryan, or Cleveland, or other free traders. American enterprise would have had no show at all against the well-established and powerful industries of England. But through the adoption of the policy of a protective tariff American industries were established; through that same policy they have been developed to their present unrivaled proportions; and through it American industries are today being extended and increased, and the United States is fast increasing the lead which it already has in commercial affairs over all the other nations of the world.

Northwestern Harvest Haul.

The farmers of the Northwest are kicking again, but it is a different kind of a kick from that of three years ago. In those days of '96, when lamentations for the crime of '73 filled the air of the Northwest, the burden of complaint was scarcity of work, scarcity of dollars and the too large purchasing capacity of the dollar when acquired because of the cheapness of everything. This year the times are out of joint for the farmers because of the scarcity of men to work in the harvest fields. Wages are offered ranging from \$2.50 a day and board for common harvest hands to \$6 a day for threshing machine engineers, and even at these figures it is well nigh impossible to get men enough to do the work. Every body able to work seems to be having something else to do that is more congenial or more profitable than harvest field work. If Brother Bryan would make a tour of the Northwest at this time he could expound 16 to 1—16 jobs looking for every idle man, and his explanation of the phenomenon would be interesting in view of the doctrines he preached in the last campaign year.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

A Transient Commercial Craze.

If we believed that the creation of trusts would be a permanent feature of our economic system, we might share in the alarm expressed by some timid persons. We do not; we regard them as a merely transient commercial craze, which will die of exhaustion. The commerce of this country is altogether too great to be kept under control by any one set of men acting upon a single industry. The trade of the United States has passed that stage just as it has passed the stage when the wheat product of this country can be cornered.—Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

Work Seeks the Man.

The following advertisement appears conspicuously in a leading northwestern newspaper of recent date:

"Wanted—Laborers are needed in the harvest fields of Minnesota and especially in the Dakotas. Harvest will soon begin, to be followed by threshing. Good wages are offered and low rates of transportation are offered by the railroads. Here is an opportunity for all that are unemployed.—St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer-Press."

This is a time when work seeks the man, and no man need search for work. It is a time of McKinley and prosperity.

Two of a Kind.

The devil rebuking sin and Mr. Havemeyer, the president of the sugar trust, rebuking trusts, are two of a kind. When the devil is recognized as authority in ethics Mr. Havemeyer may be recognized as authority on trusts. Not until then will intelligent American voters be influenced against a protective tariff by the railing against trusts by the president of one of the greatest trusts on the American continent.—Freeport (Ill.) Journal.

Well Done!

The Iowa Republicans took no backward step when they indorsed in decided fashion the administration of President McKinley and the colonial policy. Sound money was placed in the foreground, the Dingley tariff approved, and the trusts denounced. When the roll of all the states has been called, it will be a unanimous "well done" which he will have received.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

A Typical Contortionist.

The free trader is a nimble insect. He formerly told us that "if you have a protective tariff you can't sell to foreign countries." He now says: "The fact that we are selling so many manufactured goods abroad proves that we do not need a protective tariff." Some circus ought to have this contortionist.—Benton (Ill.) Republican.



HE CAME FORWARD TO MEET ME.

geranium! Yes—you'll do. Now I'll run away and get dressed myself. Are you coming, Dora?"

But Dora sat still. "Kitty, you're getting vain!" she said with a laugh, as Meg went tripping away.

"Vain!" I echoed dismally. "I wish I could be vain! I never used to care about being pretty; I suppose it comes with growing up. I wish my hair curled, Dora!"

"Curly, dear."

"I wish I were like Meg!"—and I sighed again.

"Meg's prettiness won't wear," said Dora, in a judicial tone. "By the time you're 40, Kitty, you'll be much better looking than Meg."

"But I'm not 40," I exclaimed, half-laughing, half-petulant. "I don't care how I look at 40. I care how I look now—not at 40 or 80, but now!"

Dora leant back in her chair, and, with a little smile, surveyed me lazily.

"My dear little Kitty," she said, after a minute, "do you know what any one who saw you and heard you at this moment would imagine?"

"What?"

"You to be in love, my dear. You have all the symptoms—and more. Who is it, Kitty? Break it to me gently."

I took my elbow from the table and rose hastily, with a sudden sense of irritation and impatience.

"One needn't be in love," I declared, moving away from Dora to the window. "Just because one wishes not to be a fright. I'm not in love!"

"Well, it would be difficult," said Dora, with a yawn—"unless you fell in love with your poor little herr at your music lessons. Besides the herr, whom do you see? Nobody! Poor child—nobody at all! Oh, I forgot—there's John Mortimer; but John Mortimer doesn't count! By the by, Kitty, when is John Mortimer going to propose to you?"

"No," I replied in a clear, steady,

my seat before the table. "I have been thinking about—about things lately, and I've decided what I want to do. I want to go away now, not away from London perhaps, but away from here. I want to be earning a living of my own, not to be dependent any longer on Aunt Jane's bounty. Some one might have me as a governess, as nursery governess. Do you think that anybody would?"

"And teach horrid little boys and girls their A B C, and see that their sashes are tied straight—and their faces cleanly washed, and that their toes are tucked in at night! I would rather marry John Mortimer if I were you."

"Would you?" I said, dryly.

"Well, no," said Dora, laughing, "on second thought I'm not sure that I would. While one is unmarried, life, even as a snubbed governess in a stuffy schoolroom, has at all events possibilities. John Mortimer is such a grim, unromantic certainty."

"Perhaps he does seem grim to you," I said coldly. "He never seems grim to me."

"He's so—so middle-aged," objected Dora, with another little yawn.

"He's 35!" I said, with a sudden feeling of irritation. "I hate young men."

"What odd taste! And then, he's so commonplace! Not, by the widest stretch of imagination, could I fancy John Mortimer doing anything a little wicked."

"Nor I. I'm glad!"

"Oh, I like a man to have a dash of wickedness!"

"Do you? I prefer a man to be trustworthy, upright and true!"

"My dear Kitty, why so snappish?" "I'm not snappish," I said quickly, with a feeling of penitence. "London's so hot!" I explained somewhat illogically. "One's temper can't be perfect in London in the first week of August. I shall be glad when we get away."

But, even as I expressed this wish, something seemed to tighten about my