HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER VII.-(Continued.) We moved away from the window of the staircase and went downstairs to-

dear?" Meg questioned, still with gentleness. "I didn't mean it. In my heart I like John very much-all except-well, all except the speckled beard. If I laugh at him sometimes, you won't mind, will you? It's my way-I laugh at everything-when one doesn't laugh one's spirits get so low! Shall I tell you what mamma is doing in the drawing-room? She is secretly whispering the good news to every one. Every one has come, and every one is duly impressed by your good fortune, Kitty. Now for the congratulations! Oh, poor dear, I pity you for the next few hours!"

But the next few hours, bad as they were, were over at length. The plane was silent again; the gas in the drawing-room was turned frugally low behind the last of the departing guests. Only John Mortimer remained behind. He drew me close to him where he stood, and looked at me with a questioning, very gentle glance.

"You do not regret what you promised me this evening?" he queried. "Do you regret what you asked me?" I said.

Neither question was answered. But were looking eagerly at one another, and presently our eyes smiled, and that seemed all the answer we required.

"Good night, Kitty," said John. "Good night," I answered; and he

bent and kissed me. John was gone, Aunt Jane was looking round at the disorder of the drawing-room, smoothing away the creases in an antimacassar that had suffered in the revelry.

which called him there; and, before September was a fortnight old, John and I were married. Aunt Jane had got rid of me forever-got rid of my "You don't mind my laughing, hats and gowns and gloves and shoes from all future bills, got rid of the price of my appetite at breakfasts, lunches, teas, and dinners henceforth and for evermore.

> We were married very quietly. I wore a little gray bonnet and gown of Aunt Jane's choosing, a bonnet and gown so mature that they seemed to reprove my 17 years. I had no cake, no cards, no wedding breakfast, no wedding favors, no rice, no satin slippers-"in every way," said the girls, "It was a hole-and-corner, mean, unromantic, perfectly dull and detestable sort of wedding!"

> I never agreed with them. Except for Aunt Jane's presence, I would not have had one circumstance of my wedding different. Even the grimy, outof-the-way liftle London church seemed lovely-the only fit church to be married in.

Our honeymoon was as prosaic, in the girls' eyes, as our wedding had been. We went away for two short weeks to a quiet little country place beside the sea-not a fashionable resort, but a little outlying seafaring hamlet where John and I were the only visitors.

Before September was over we were at home in London-at home for the first time in my life. The words had a sweet meaning for me. We had a small house near Hyde Park, near the larger, much finer house that John had taken for Madame Arnaud and his sister. It had a homelike look. As we drove up in the gray, misty September evening there was a bright ray of light falling across the pavement from the "So we're going to lose you, Kitty," open door; gaslight shone through the

can't bear to think of my old self. I'm GERMANY IS ANXIOUS at at at so sorry for her. Poor old self, she was so miserable, so very miserable; but she didn't know."

"Don't speak of that old self as dead and gone, Kitty. I won't have it, 1 have a very tender feeling in my heart that old self that I fell in love

"So have I, because you fell in love with her; I wonder why you fell in love with me-I'm glad you did." I was sitting on the rug now beside

his chair. I looked up at him with a happy little smile. He smoothed back my hair slowly with a caressing touch. "Are you glad I fell in love with you?" I asked, still smiling softly,

"Do you want me to answer that question, Kitty?'

"No; I ask silly questions, don't I? I'm going to ask one more question, John, a serious question: Were you happy, really happy, before you knew

"When I knew you first, Kitty, I'm afraid you didn't make much difference to my happiness," he replied, banteringly, and a little evasively.

"No, I know, You knew me first so many years ago! You knew me in my perambulator. You've seen me in a high chair eating soup. Oh, John, I can't bear to think that you knew me when I was such a silly little thing! I wonder when you first began to love me. I wonder when I first began to care for you. Were you happy before I loved you-ever-ever, John?"

I scarcely knew why I spoke so earnestly. I had been speaking lightly enough a minute ago; but some passing expression on his face, some momentary embarrassment caught my attention and gave my tone a sudden eagerness.

"I suppose you were often happy?" I added, after a moment, resignedly, yet regretfully. "But it was different. You were never quite as happy, John, as you are now?"

"No; not as happy as now, Kitty." he said; but his air was a little abstracted as he spoke, and somehow his assurance did not satisfy me.

It was perhaps an hour later. We had had our first meal in our new home-I installed in dignity at the head of my table, John facing me at the other end. We had come back into the dainty, pretty little drawing-room to find curtains drawn, the hearth well swept, and shaded lamps casting a soft-colored light around the room. I had brought John a newspaper, looking at him beseechingly even as I laid it down before him, and hoping that he would not read it. He did not see or did not rightly interpret my beseeching glance, and thanked me with a grateful smile. He was soon abscribed in the leading article, and I sat on the floor again beside him and made little efforts every now and then to distract his attention.

Suddenly, as we were so engaged, there came a smart tap at the drawingroom door and at the same moment the door was opened.

(To be continued.)

BATTLE-SCARRED HEROINE. Was Young and Pretty, but Lost Her Leg at Gettysburg.

There is a very handsome young woman in Washington, rather well known in art circles, who had the misfortune to fall down stairs a few years ago, so badly fracturing one of her knees that the limb had to be amputated. The young woman, of course, walks with the aid of crutches. She is not in the least sensitive about the matter, and doesn't mind informing properly introduced people of the nature of the accident which maimed her. She has set a little limit, however, and she was compelled to use it one afternoon last week. She got into an F street car, bound for the hill, and found herself in the same seat with a sharp-eyed woman who seemed to take a whole lot of interest in her and her crutches. She scrutinized the young woman's face carefully for a couple of minutes, then turned her attention to the workmanship of the crutches, which she took the liberty to handle curiously. Then she looked the young woman over again, and leaned over to her. "D'ye mind tellin' me how you lost your leg?" she asked, raspily. "Not in the least," responded the young woman. "I lost it at the battle

of Gettysburg."-Washington Post, Longest Asphalted Street in the World. Philadelphia can boast of the longest asphalted street in the world. Broad street has that unique distinction. First, as already stated, It is the longest asphalted street in the world; secondly, it is the only street which is of even width for eleven miles, and this width is the greatest ever attained by any street for a course of eleven miles. It is also the straightest street, for from League Island to the county line it does not vary an Inch, except where the great city building causes the street to turn around it. Seven miles of the street are asphalted, but the remainder is provided with a roadbed of fine macadam, which is continued by the old York road, which extends for about twenty miles farther on. A carriage can drive on this street and road and make only one turn in thirty-one miles. Broad street is 113 feet wide and measures sixty-nine feet from curb to curb, and thirty-five men can walk abreast of it.

Consistent Christian Scientist. Hicks-Is your wife any better since she went to Dr. Nihil, the Christian scientist? Wicks-No. The fact is, he with you, too John, before before you is the most consistent scientist I ever encountered. He not only denies that there are such things as pain and disease, but he declares there are no such things as cures .- Boston Transcript,

Last but not least-the one used by

WORRIED BECAUSE OF AMERI-CAN TRADE RIVALRY.

Gradual Loss of the Big United States Market and Our Successful Competition in the Markets of the World Begin to Attract Attention.

The German chambers of commerce are manifesting deep concern on the subject of the outlook for trade with the United States, Our vice consulgeneral at Frankfort, Mr. Hanauer, has transmitted to the state department several reports of these commercial bodies which betray not a little anxiety at the prospect of losing the biggest of all markets for German products. The Frankfort chamber of commerce draws attention to the fact that-

"Today the United States looms up as the greatest producer of breadstuffs, and with all the factors of gigantic development in metal production. It has already attained such a position in all branches of industrial power as to enable it to boldly take up the gauntlet of competition in the international arena. Germany has no special treaty with the United States; the most-favored-nation clause is the basis of the mutual trade, but this presupposes that both nations maintain toward each other such tariffs as not to make the exchange of goods prohibitory. The Dingley tariff has affected German exports inimically. Germany's imports from the United States in 1898 exceeded those of the previous year in twentyfive leading lines, whereas she exported to the United States considerably less in twenty important lines than in 1897. The question arises, Is the mostfavored-nation clause without a tariff reduction on the part of the United States of any value to us?"

The Dresden chamber of commerce notes the fact that, owing to the advantages enjoyed in specializing and subdividing the manufacture of articles, in the immense capital employed in every branch of trade, and in the cleverness of American consular officials, "the United States is enabled to sell at lower prices, though paying higher wages than its European rivals," and adds:

"The opinion is prevalent in various quarters that if the present tariff continues we must familiarize ourselves with the thought that our export to the United States will some day cease altogether, and that if we want to do business with that country we must establish branch factories there."

The chamber of commerce of Hagen, a center of iron and steel manufacturing, puts forth a dismal wail regarding the strained conditions which exist in the wire and wire-tack trade, all because of the competition of the United States:

"The iron trade there has developed in a stupefying manner, making the country a productive power of the first class. The condition of this trade in Germany has, during the last year, grown more and more unfavorable, because the Americans have steadily taken possession of the markets in Japan, China and Australia, which heretofore had been supplied mainly by German products. The prices abroad have at the close of the year declined so low that even German works that produce rolled wire have to give up taking contracts, on account of the cost of the raw material. Nor is the outlook for the lately established wire-tack trust at all auspicious, as it must submit to heavy sacrifices in order to snatch at least a few orders from the claws of

American competition." Solingen's complaint is that its cutlery industry is in a bad way, "because, owing to the closing of the American market, the competition at home has become so intense as to undermine prices, diminish profits and produce a decline in the quality of the goods made. The manufacture of scythes, it is noted, was sufficiently active; but in the future this branch is threatened by the increasing import of American

grass mowers." Thus we find that in many lines of Industrial activity German producers suffer seriously because of the competition of the United States-first, in the invasion of the German home market; second, in the invasion of competing markets upon which Germany has heretofore had a firm hold; and, third, in the diminished demand for many of Germany's products in the valuable American market. It is a condition not likely to be improved by any reciprocal treaties which the United States will be willing to make, and still less prospect of relief is apparent in the direction of tariff modifications. The United States some time ago ceased making tariffs for the benefit of foreign competitiors. There is, however, one possible help for Germany-that suggested in the report of the Dresden chamber of commerce-viz., to establish branch factories in the United States. Many European manufacturers have already yielded to this necessity, and more are coming.

INSTRUCTIVE COMPARISON. What the Fear of a Democratic Ad-

ministration and a Cheap Dollar Will Do. A comparison of the present prosperous times with 1896 will show what the fear of a Democratic administration and a cheap dollar will do for a prosperous country. Then everything was in doubt; business was at a standstill; no one engaged in a new enterprise (unless it was some charitable assostarted a new soup house to feed the starving); capital sought places of made these hard times in 1898? There Ottawa (Iil.) Republican Times.

was a possibility of electing Bryan and changing the monetary system from the gold to the cilver standard. Not a bank would loan a dollar on ninety days' time one or two months before the election, it made no difference what the security was. Why? Because every bank knew that if the change came it meant a panic and "runs" would be made on all banks and that the worst panic that ever swept over this country would follow quickly the news of Bryan's election, and bankraptcy would be general. Having passed through these distressing times and having seen the sudden change for the better on the announcement of McKinley's election; having seen these banks open their doors within a week after the election and but recently refused; having seen the times grow gradually better until today the whole country is happy, prosperous and contented; isn't it strange to see a party clamoring for the same man and the same policy that produced so much alarm, distress and hard times in 1896? Of course there is no one alarmed now, because it would be hard to find a well-posted person that believes that Bryan has a ghost of a chance to be elected to the presidency in 1900; but we want to remark right here that if from any reason it should appear in the fall of 1900 that Democracy and free silver had a chance of success you would see the same close times you saw in the fall of 1896. -Benton (Ill.) Republican.

Self-Dependent.

American agricultural implements occupy the whole field in the Australian trade. If any one had predicted this a century ago, when this country was struggling to make its independence of Great Britain industrial as well as political, or even fifty years ago, when the free trade Walker tariff had the country in its crippling grasp, the prophet would have found no be-Hevers.

A century ago the supporters of the policy of free trade, the very few persons who then believed in that fallacy, were content to have the United States continue indefinitely to be an agricultural nation. Fifty years ago the supporters of the Walker tariff were content to have the United States stand still so far as manufacturing was concerned, and to remain a practically non-manufacturing nation. They were beginning to argue along the line so much in evidence during recent years -Viz., that of "buying where you can buy the cheapest." Had their policy triumphed, we would still be industrially dependent on England. It is to the policy of a protective tariff that we owe it that other nations are dependent on us industrially, and that we are dependent on no one but ourselves.



Reports of the German chambers of commerce disclose a condition of general anxiety regarding the successful competition of the United States in the world's markets.

The International Trust.

Without the interposition of protective laws, there would be such a struggle for mastery that international combinations would inevitably result. That there would be no special difficulty in the way of owners of large masses of capital living in different countries and carrying on an industrial rivalry reaching an agreement has tion are devoted to this mighty taskalready been demonstrated. The success of the Standard Oil company abroad is notorious. The facility with bring the product within the reach which it induced the English house of commons to refuse the necessary legislation has been the burden of recent review articles, and all the Orient knows of the perfect understanding that exists between the Russian oll producers and those who control the American trade. It has been possible in England for the steel rail manufacturers to agree on a price; does any one fancy for a moment that if they were approached by an American combine with a proposition to divide and respect territory they would not eagerly accept it?-San Francisco Chronicle,

Will Not Be Fooled Again. The country is experiencing even

greater prosperity than it did the first years of the McKinley tariff, and it is evident that the Democracy will make a poorer showing in next year's campaign than it did in 1896. There will be absolutely nothing for it to stand upon in its appeals to workingmen. Laboring men of all kinds are in demand and wages are high and advancing. The country is being scoured for skilled help, and common everyday laborers are sought for without the demand being supplied. The coke regions want 15,000 men; every shipyard is straining its resources to keep ciation in some of the large cities up with contracts; cars sufficient to carry coal from the bituminous regions cannot be obtained; the iron compasafety and was afraid of investment; nies are rushed beyond all reason, and labor was thrown out of employment, shops of all kinds and railroads are and the industries of the country were crowded with business. Workingmen idle or running on half time. Why all were fooled in 1892 by a clamor for a this stagnation in business? What change, but they will not be in 1900 .-

CAMPAIGN ISSUES.

Secretary Hay's Letter to Chairman Dick of the Ohio Republican Committee.

Our opponents this year are in an unfortunate position. They have lost, for all practical purposes, their political stock in trade of recent years, Their money hobby has collapsed under them. Their orators still shout 16 to 1 from time to time from the force of habit, but they are like wisdom crying in the streets, in one respect at least, because "no man regardeth them." With our vaults full of gold, with a sufficiency of money to meet the demands of a volume of business unprecedentedly vast and profitable, with labor generally employed at fair wages, with our commerce overspreadmake extensive loans that they had | ing the world, with every dollar the government issues as good as any other dollar, with our finances as firm as a rock and our credit the best ever known, it is no time for financial mountebanks to cry their nostrums in the market place, with any chance of being heard.

> It is equally hopeless to try to resuscitate the corpse of free trade. The Dingley tariff, the legitimate successor of the McKinley bill-that name of good augury-has justified itself by its works. It is not only true that our domestic trade has reached a proportion never before attained, but the American policy of protection-the policy of all our most illustrious statesmen, of Washington and Hamilton, Lincoln, Grant and McKinley-has been triumphantly vindicated by the proof that it is as efficacious in extending our foreign commerce as in fostering and stimulating our home industries.

Our exports of domestic manufactures reached in this fiscal year the unexampled total of \$360,000,000, an amount more than \$200,000,000 in excess of our exports ten years ago. These figures sing the knell of those specious arguments which have been the reliance of our opponents for so many years, and which are only fruitful in times of leanness and disaster.

What is left, then, in the way of a platform? The reign of trusts, which the Republicans themselves manage, having all the requisite experience both of legislation and business; and finally, the war, which, it seems, was too efficiently carried on, and has been too beneficial to the nation to suit the Democratic leaders. We have been able to give in our time some novel ideas to the rest of the world, and none more novel than this, that a great party should complain that the results of a war were too advantage-

Our trade is taking that vast development for which we have been preparing through many years of wise American policy, of sturdy American industry, of thoughtful invention and experiment by trained American intelligence. We have gone far toward solving the problem which has so long vexed the economists of the world-of raising wages and at the same time lowering the cost of production-something which no other people have ever accomplished in an equal degree. We pay the highest wages which are paid in the world; we sell our goods to such advantage that we are beginning to furnish them to every quarter of the globe.

We are building locomotives for railways in Europe, Asia, and Africa: our bridges can be built in America, ferried across the Atlantic, transported up the Nile and flung across a river in the Soudan in less time than any European nation, with a start of four thousand miles, can do the work. We sell iron ware in Birmingham, carpets in Kidderminster, we pipe the sewers of Scotch cities, our bicycles distance all competitors on the continent; Ohio sends watch cases to Geneva.

All this is to the advantage of all parties; there is no sentiment in it; they buy our wares because we make them better and at lower cost than other people. We are enabled to do this through wise laws and the Amerigan genius for economy. Our working people prosper because we are all working people; our idle class is too meager to count. All the energies of the nato insure to labor its adequate reward and so to cheapen production as to of the greatest number for least money.

Loyal Black Men.

The sentiments entertained toward the administration of President Mc-Kinley by the colored people of the United States are indicated by the resolutions adopted by the Iowa Conference of the African Methodist church, in session at Chicago, September 11. With much enthuslasm the conference placed on record its indorsement of the government's policy regarding the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. On the subject of economic policy the resolutions declare:

We would congratulate the country upon the fact that the present wise and economical administration of national affairs has brought a return of prosperity.

Millions of wheels of industry, which two years ago were idle and still, are now rapidly revolving, the stream of commerce is once more flowing throughout the land, and future prospects are bright for increased prosperity in all lines of industry.

Free traders, mugwumps and copperheads are scarce articles among the colored men of this country.

Bad for Calamity Croakers, Scarcity of workmen and high prices for common labor now characterize

the industrial situation throughout the Northwest. Such conditions are not conducive to the agitation of calamity theories. Prosperity is silencing many political demagogues. - Minneapolis (Minn.) Progress,



THE FIRE.

said Uncle Richard, putting his hands | drawn red curtains of one room downkindly upon my shoulders as I stood stairs; in another room, where no gas up to bid him good night. "Kitty is very lucky," sald Aunt gaily,

Jane, raising her hand to turn the gas-

still lower. "A home of her own at her age is more than she could reasonably have hoped for!" "I wish you were a little older," said Uncle Richard, regretfully. "I've been talking to John-he must be pa-

tient and wait. We can't let you run away just yet." "Let the child go to bed, Richard,"

Interposed Aunt Jane. "John's a good fellow, Kitty," said Uncle Richard, in a hasty but kindly way. "I hope you'll be happy, dear," "Thank you," I said hurriedly, and.

disappeared. Meg had left a novel in the drawingroom, and sweetly besought me to return and fetch it. I descended, therefore, after a minute, to the drawing-

room again. Aunt Jane was speaking: She did not see me; she was too busy arrang-

ing the displaced furniture. Waiting is nonsense, Richard, and especially in this case. There shall be no waiting in the matter. If we wait until the winter, Madame Arnaud will be in London. If we wait till then

we may wait forever." I had stood for a minute in the doorway; now I quickly retraced my steps, Meg's novel unfound, my errand, indeed, forgotten. Aunt Jane's words were enigmatical; but they left me with a heartache.

CHAPTER VIII.

Aunt Jane had her way. When, indeed, was Aunt Jane ever known to renounce a plan she had set her heart on? She had determined that John and I should be married without delay, and the weightlest reasons weighed as

nothing against her resolute desire. The plan for summer holidays in Cornwall was forthwith abandoned; John's visit to Brittany was given up-

nation from a construction of the state of t

······ was lighted, firelight was dancing

"Are you happy, Kitty?" asked John as, a few minutes later, we stood together in the pretty fire-lit room, my drawing-room, and I twined by hands about his arm.

"So happy," I answered, "that I am almost afraid."

"Afraid of what, my dear?" he questioned with his slow, grave, tender smile.

"I don't know of what-but afraid. I don't want the days to pass, John; I don't want anything to happen. I think I am growing a coward. I am so afraid of changes!"

"We love one another well enough to trust the future, Kitty." I knelt before the fire and held out

my hands to the welcome blaze. John drew forward a cosy chair and seated himself near me, looking about with an observant islance at all the dainty trappings of the room, and looking still oftener at me.

"It's strange to think of!" I said, dreamily, drawing a long, deep breath, and turning my face toward him.

"To think of what, dear?" "Of dur living here together for years and years-I wonder how many years?"

"Very many, I hope." "Until we're quite old folk, and you wear spectacles, and I wear caps.

John, do you know what I am always wishing now?" "What, dear?" "That the years were longer. Time goes so quickly now, and I used to think it dragged. Used time to drag

married me?? ... oc. 21 03 John's gray eyes were less grave then mine. They twinkled at me.

"Sometimes," he said. "Only sometimes? It seems to me, logking back, that time always dragged some one else undertook the business with me. Do you know, John, that I. a St. Louis shoemaker,