

In the Desert

A Story Illustrating the Horrors of War

By H. B. WELSH...

CHAPTER III.

Three days later James Crawford was committed to the grave, where all the sins and crimes of his past life were to be forever hidden. And Margaret heard the stern command which all mourners have to hear sooner or later—"Turn thee, and try to work."

Word had come to her on the second day after her father's death that she had passed her "final" with honors. She was free to enter on her life-work—that life which she felt must now be devoted to one end, that of making restitution, so far as she was able, to John Cleland's son.

It was a work which could only end with her life—she was sure of that. However successful she might be, it seemed extremely improbable that she should ever be able to pay back anything like the sum of money which her father had stolen from Paul Cleland's dead father.

She did not think it necessary to publish her father's crime and disgrace by confessing to Paul Cleland what he had done. It seemed that Cleland himself was against of the sin that he had vicariously borne, and therefore it would be cruel to him, as well as the dead, to expose the wrong.

But she felt that never again should she dare to look on Cleland's face. She, who for one brief moment had been inside paradise, and had seen the beauty and joy of it, had been thrust forth, and could not hope to return again, because the angel with the flaming sword on which was written in letters of fire, "Thou shalt not," barred the way.

She could not go back to Edinburgh. She felt that her only safety lay in putting a distance between herself and Paul Cleland. It seemed as if it was in answer to her prayers that at that very time, before she even wound up her father's affairs, an offer should come to her from the professor whom she was relying upon to help her of an assistantship in a small private hospital in a northern town. In a few weeks Margaret found herself stationed there under the newly-bestowed title of "Margaret Crawford, M. B., C. M."

She wrote Paul Cleland a brief, cold little note, which wrung her heart to write, merely stating that she had received an appointment in a country town—she did not say where—and would not likely be back in Edinburgh, thanking him for his past kindness and help, and adding that, since her father's death, she had made up her mind to devote herself entirely to her career as a life-work.

No answer was possible, for she gave no address; and none came.

She was busy at St. Fillan's, and the time passed quickly. When autumn came she had a fortnight of holidays; and, while she was hesitating as to where to spend them, a little scented note came from an old school friend, whom she had occasionally corresponded with since school days: "I have heard where you are from Mrs. Douglas of the Bughts, St. Fillan's, who is an old friend of the master's. If you have holidays, won't you come and spend them with us—part of them, at least? We are staying near Pen-y-Gant, and it is a magnificent place for holidays. Do come! I wish to see a real, live lady doctor. Yours ever, FLO WYNTER."

She was a little butterfly of a creature, surrounded by luxury and all that she could desire; but Margaret felt somehow inclined to go. She was strangely lonely and friendless in St. Fillan's, and longed for a little human companionship. And she could not think it was necessary that she should quite cut herself off from that because of that terrible phantom of the past that must walk beside her forever.

So she went to Greystoke. Florence Wynter herself drove to the station to meet her, looking very fresh and charming in her dainty fawn-colored driving coat, and hat with drooping feathers. She was a pretty little creature, golden-haired and blue-eyed. "I'm so glad to see you!" she said, embracing Margaret with effusion. "And you don't look a bit like a lady doctor, I declare! You don't wear spectacles! And that style of wearing your hair is certainly very becoming to you"—reflectively—"though I don't think it would suit me. You've a kind of grotesque appearance, you know, Margaret."

She chattered gaily as she held the ribbons and her greys pranced along the high road, through a fine country of woodland and wild, with the peak of Pen-y-Gant forever facing them.

"You know, I did want you so much to come! There are only a few people staying with us just now—two married couples, and two men who are unmarried. One of them is rather a bore. He will attach himself to me, and"—blushing a little—"the truth is I—well, I very much prefer the other. So I hope, dear Margaret, you'll act as a true friend's part to me, and allow me to have a little pleasure sometimes."

Margaret smiled a little at the naïveté of the way in which the young lady showed her purpose of inviting her old schoolmate to Greystoke; but it would have taken more than Flor-

ence's little selfishness to have annoyed her then. A great sorrow makes one almost indifferent to the pinpricks of petty annoyances.

They were at Greystoke presently, and Margaret found herself in due course in the drawing room. A few people were in, and Margaret was introduced to them.

She was sitting beside Mrs. Wynter, a gently interrogative person, when the door opened and some one entered. Margaret did not look up until Mrs. Wynter said:

"Ah, there is Dr. Cleland at last! Now, my dear, you will find yourself sustained in your profession."

Margaret looked up, all the blood rushing from her face, her heart suddenly beating fast and loud. Yes, it was Paul Cleland indeed!

His eyes seemed somehow to go straight to the corner in which she was sitting. He started, and a momentary change passed over his face; but he controlled himself in a minute—so quickly that Flo, who swept her elaborate dinner gown up to him, did not notice it.

"Here you are at last, Dr. Cleland! Now, I have some one I wish to introduce you to. Come over to mother's corner with me. Dr. Cleland—Miss, or rather, Dr. Margaret Crawford."

Margaret bowed, feeling his eyes were fixed on her face; then, making a great effort, she extended her hand.

"Dr. Cleland and I have met before, Flo," she said, quite calmly and distinctly. "We met each other at college."

"Oh!" said Florence, in an indescribable tone. An angry little flush rose to her cheeks as she glanced at Cleland's dark, imperturbable face. There was an expression on it now which Flo had never seen upon it when he looked at herself, and her woman's instincts were sharp enough to tell her that, whatever his feelings toward Margaret were, they were not of the ordinary kind.

Yet Paul Cleland made no effort to be near Margaret for the rest of the evening, and Margaret herself rather avoided him than otherwise. Only once his eyes fixed in a strange, intense way on Margaret's face, and the expression of it sent a thrill of angry jealousy through Florence.

That night, when Margaret was at last alone in her own room, she sank on her knees and prayed, through fingers tightly wrung together: "Oh, my God, help me! It is hard—harder than I thought—harder than I thought!"

The days passed somehow. It was the month of September—rich, sweet September—with skies of clear blue—not summer blue, with its depths and softness and sultry heat; but a blue paler, cooler, brighter; fresh, bracing, invigorating September, coming like a breath of cool air after a day of enervating heat. The evenings were beginning to grow longer, and were even now chilly with the first breath of the fall of the year.

The world was fair outside, but Margaret Crawford's heart was in no mood to enjoy it. How she lived through those terrible days she never afterward knew. Seeing Paul every day, talking with him, knowing, above all—what agony the discovery gave her, and yet, with a woman's inconsistency, how sweet the knowledge was to her!—that his love had undergone no change, it was sometimes more than she could bear.

She tried to be cold and distant, and succeeded so well that she managed to deceive Cleland for a time. He began to think that, after all, those had been right who called Margaret Crawford cold and proud. Had she loved him as he did her, he argued, no disgrace on her father's name, no real crime, even had he committed such, could stand between and separate them from each other.

One day Florence Wynter and Cleland were sitting together in the old-fashioned summer-seat at the end of the great rambling garden of Greystoke. Florence had managed to escape from her persistent admirer, who was a good-looking and pleasant enough young fellow named Frank Thorpe, and made some excuse to entice Cleland into the garden.

Presently the figure of Margaret, tall and slim in its dark garments, walked slowly down the garden path. At the same moment a carriage rolled up the drive outside.

Florence started up suddenly. "Isn't it too warm to sit much longer, Doctor Cleland? Let us go in now."

"I find it very pleasant here," Cleland answered eagerly. "You do not need to go in yet, do you, Miss Wynter? Here is Miss Crawford coming down the garden."

"That is Sir Edmund Yorke's carriage, and I must go in and entertain, for mamma is lying down," said Florence. "Do come and help me to make conversation, Doctor Cleland."

"You really must excuse me, Miss Wynter; I'm not a ladies' man, as you know. And besides, you know I offended Lady Yorke hopelessly when she was here before," said Cleland gravely. "I will go in as soon as the guests take their departure."

Florence looked decidedly angry as she walked away. She would have

tried to persuade Margaret to return with her; but she knew Cleland would overhear it, so there was nothing for her but to walk on to the house.

Margaret did not see Cleland until she was close to the seat, and then, with a little start, she would have passed, merely bowing slightly; but Cleland rose at once.

"You meant to take this seat, Doctor Crawford. Don't let me deprive you of it. I shall vacate it if you would prefer to be alone."

There was nothing for Margaret but to sit down, which she did at once. Cleland stood beside her. A volume of poems lay on the seat; it was one of Browning's.

"You have been reading Browning, I see," said Margaret, a little nervously. "Yes, he is my favorite poet—my only poet, indeed."

How well Margaret knew that! She touched the book with fingers that were not quite steady.

After a pause Cleland spoke again.

"I had a dear friend once—it seems very long ago," he said, looking not at her, but at the far-off ridge of Pen-y-Gant rising up in bold relief against the clear sky, "to whom, I think, I introduced Browning. I remember one day, it was early April, and we had gone a long walk—the only pre-arranged walk I ever went with her—to the Pentlands. We sat down on a mossy knoll above Bonally, where we could look down on the silvery Forth in the far-off distance, and I read aloud to her. May I read the same thing to you now, Doctor Crawford?"

Margaret, looking up with a sudden flush of fear in her eyes, merely bowed.

She sat still and motionless as he read aloud, in a voice that sounded deeper than usual, the words that had become so familiar to her after that day on which he first read them aloud on the green slopes of the Pentlands. They had haunted her then for days afterwards, and they seemed now to stir a chord in her memory that ached until it almost became unbearable, as she sat with her pale, dark eyes two stoned there with never a third; but each by each, as each knew well, The sights we saw, and the sounds we heard,

The lights and the shades made up a spell, Till the trouble grew and stirred.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is! And the little less, and what worlds away!

He paused abruptly, but even then did not look at her.

Then—what was it?—a sudden movement of the little white hands—a movement which he saw, and which seemed, in a strange, vague way, to reveal all to him, compelled him to turn and look into her face.

She was leaning back against the old-fashioned summer seat, her face pale as death, her lips parted, and her breath coming in short, unequal pants, as if she were fighting hard with herself.

In a moment Paul Cleland's arms were round her, and once again her head lay for one brief moment against his breast.

(To be continued.)

Russia's Black Earth Belt.

Soil of the greater portion of the grain region of Russia and Siberia is well known in that country as the "chernozem" or "black earth," says Bradstreet's. It is a broad belt of prairie, 600 to 700 miles in average width, beginning in Hungary and extending northeastward to the Ural mountains, and then eastward into Siberia to unknown boundaries. On the north and the west are the "gray forest lands," and on the south and west are salt and alkaline districts and sandy wastes, and finally the Caucasus and the Ural mountains. By both chemical and mechanical analyses the soil is shown to be remarkably similar to that of our own prairie soil. From a chemical standpoint the soils of the two regions are similarly characterized. These soils are alkaline, while many others, especially of forest regions, are acid. It is well known that the substances thus more abundant in these soils than in others are just those usually needed by the wheat plant.

What We Breathe.

Dr. Edward Smith has made some careful examinations in regard to the inhalation of oxygen and the exhalation of carbon during physical exercise. Allowing the figure 1 to represent the quantity of air inhaled by a man when lying flat, the quantity of air inhaled when he sits is 1.18, when he stands 1.83, when he walks one mile an hour 1.98, four miles an hour 5, and when he runs 6 miles an hour, it is 7. In other words, if a man at rest inhales 480 cubic inches of air per minute, he inhales 2,400 cubic inches when he walks four miles an hour, and 3,600 cubic inches when he walks six miles an hour. The exhalation of carbon increases proportionately.—New York World.

Chinese Customs Upside Down.

China is the land where everything is upside down. Thus in Canton the women act as sailors and boatmen, while the men are employed as chambermaids, laundresses and seamstresses. In salutation the Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of that of his visitor. As a remark of respect he puts his hat on instead of taking it off. Their signboards are perpendicular instead of horizontal. In reading Chinese print it is necessary to begin at the right hand side at the bottom and read to the left and up. The Chinese raise the toe of the shoe and depress the heel instead of raising the heel, so that they sometimes appear to be in danger of falling over backwards.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BRITISH CONSULS ON AMERICAN IMPROVEMENTS.

Law and Order Being Restored and Natives Returning to Agricultural Pursuits—Improvements Everywhere—Postoffice and Telegraph Well Conducted

Consul Halstead sends from Birmingham, June 11, 1900, the following abstract of the annual report of the British consul at Manila:

"The collapse of the insurrection last November and the opening of the ports since January 1 having restored confidence, great activity in commercial quarters has ensued. Law and order are being restored as rapidly as possible, but the immense size of the country renders it a difficult task. The natives, I believe, would willingly return to their agricultural pursuits, but the influence of their leaders appears sufficiently strong to keep them from surrendering.

"Prices have increased to such an extent that Manila, which till recently might be classed as a cheap place to live in, must now be considered the reverse. As yet the provision markets are not seriously affected, though fruit, vegetables, game, etc., are 20 per cent dearer; but house rent, servants, carriages, horses, launches, and labor of every description are already treble the price of last year. In consequence of the great demand, launch hire and everything connected with shipping commands its own price. Improvements are visible in every direction, and already the town has quite a different appearance from last year. The work of draining the filthy town ditches and stagnant pools, which is in contemplation, may possibly entail an epidemic, but the advantage to posterity is inestimable. The recovered land of the city walls and moat will provide building sites which American enterprise will know how to utilize; and although Manila will never become a fashionable watering place, it may become a great commercial power in these waters before the first quarter of the century is passed.

"The two well-known leading industries of Manila—hemp and tobacco—will, I fear, suffer very severely for some time from the late insurrection; but there are no doubt at present golden opportunities for the employment of capital and talent in many local trades. Ice manufactories, livery stables, hotels, and general enterprises are much wanted; but I most strongly deprecate young men without capital (no matter what their education may be) coming here in search of employment. The departments of the post-office and telegraph, being now under American and British control, are admirably conducted. The telephone, the water supply, and the electric lighting are Spanish, and also deserve great praise. The electric-lighting plant is being enlarged and Manila will soon be one of the best lighted towns in the east.

"The Chinese labor question is one of great importance in these islands. America's experience of it in California not being satisfactory, there is strong influence against it; but, taking into consideration the natural indolence of the Filipino, it will probably be found impossible to do without the Chinese. One of the principal objections is that by their industrious habits they gradually obtain a monopoly in all retail trades; but this may be remedied by confining their enterprise simply to manual labor, and for this they are most admirably adapted, and in the hot season positively necessary. The Filipinos make excellent clerks, if they can be well overlooked; but if allowed, they will spend their time in gambling and cockfighting. They have no idea of putting energy into any of their pursuits, and have no commercial instincts; they also care little for money, loss or gain being to them apparently a matter of indifference."

The British vice-consul at Iloilo says: "The United States forces have now successfully occupied the better part of the island, the end of the year augurs well for a happier future, and, when once a peaceful rule is established, many important improvements will take place.

"The island of Negros is in a more satisfactory state, and, although the crops for 1900 may not be very large, owing to the difficulties which had to be overcome in procuring labor, the planting for the 1900-1 crop is extensive."

SENATOR HANNA

Gives His Opinion of President McKinley's Administration.

The country is to be congratulated that we are to have no change at the head of the Republican ticket in the coming political contest. A favorite saying of McKinley's is that "you can always trust the people." And this is their opportunity to show their appreciation of his confidence in their judgment by trusting the management of their affairs for four more years in his hands. Mutual confidence means success. And the success of the Republican party means a continuation of our material development and prosperity. For a candidate this time the people want a man who has been tried and not found wanting, a man equal to any emergency, one who is broad and liberal enough in ideas to keep abreast of the rapid evolution of nations, while keeping to the policy which contributes most to the best interests of our own country. A study of the present administration during the past three years decides the ques-

tion that President McKinley fills the ideal as chief executive. His personality stamps him as a true gentleman and a loyal patriot, the highest type of an American, able, conscientious and devoted to the work which comes to him in the discharge of his public duty. His is a nature in which the elements are so happily blended, that, while his able and dignified public course commands respect, his private life wins sincere affection.

Connected as he is with the present happy condition of our country, as the result of an entire Republican administration of Republican principles, there is a feeling of satisfaction and confidence in the future which will call for his renomination and re-election. M. A. HANNA.

HOW WILL BRYAN VOTE.

His Increased Prosperity Should Cause Him to Support McKinley.

"The Republican party is on the defensive. It will talk prosperity, of course, but we'll be willing to take the votes of all the people who have not had their share of prosperity, and leave them the votes of the people who have been prosperous."—W. J. Bryan at Chicago, June 13th, 1900.

The following figures are taken from the books of the Assessor for the Fifth ward of the city of Lincoln, Neb., which is the ward in which Mr. Bryan makes his home, and they show the assessed valuation of his personal property for the years indicated:

| Years. | Assessed Valuation. |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| 1893..... | \$ 230.00 |
| 1894..... | \$ 200.00 |
| 1895..... | \$ 340.00 |
| 1896..... | \$ 270.00 |
| (Last year of Democracy.) | |
| 1897..... | \$1,485.00 |
| 1898..... | \$2,980.00 |
| 1899..... | \$2,980.00 |
| 1900..... | \$4,550.00 |

The above figures are official and prove conclusively that Mr. Bryan should vote for William McKinley in this year of our Lord, 1900.

THE NATION'S MONEY.

Over \$31,000,000 of Silver and More Small Money Coined.

For the fiscal year that has just ended the coinage executed at the United States mints amounted to \$184,323,793 pieces, valued at \$141,301,960, as follows: Gold, 7,662,786 pieces, valued at \$107,937,110; silver 75,259,254 pieces, valued at \$31,121,833; minor coins, 101,301,753 pieces, valued at \$2,243,017.

In 1899 the total number of pieces coined was 122,270,945, and the value, \$136,855,675. In value the increase over 1896 is considerable, but there is an increase of 62,000,000 pieces, representing a great deal of hard work for the mints and showing the activity in trade circles.

The total circulation of national bank notes at the close of business June 30, 1900, was \$309,559,719, an increase for the year of \$68,291,023, and an increase for the month of \$9,070,830. The circulation based on United States bonds was \$274,115,552, an increase for the year of \$68,851,458, and an increase for the month of \$11,026,435.

NATIONAL FINANCES.

Surplus of \$81,230,000, in the Fiscal Year Just Ended.

The receipts of the National Treasury for the twelve months of the last fiscal year amount to \$568,988,948, and the expenditures, \$487,759,171, making a surplus for the year of \$81,229,777.

The receipts for the full fiscal year have been derived from the following sources: Customs, \$223,857,958, an increase over the fiscal year 1899 of \$28,729,577; internal revenue, \$296,299,388, an increase as compared with the former fiscal year of \$22,862,227; miscellaneous, \$48,831,601, an increase over the previous year of \$2,400,000.

The expenditures for the last fiscal year were \$118,313,008 less than for the fiscal year 1899.

Wool and Sheep Values.

Farmers in Wyoming would do well to paste the following figures where they can see them when having their evening smoke. They show the actual price at which wool and sheep were sold in Wyoming in given years:

| Year | Cents per lb. F.O.B. |
|-----------|----------------------|
| 1893..... | 5 to 6 1/2 |
| 1894..... | 8 |
| 1895..... | 8 |
| 1896..... | 8 |
| 1897..... | 8 |
| 1898..... | 10 |
| 1899..... | 13 |
| 1900..... | 16 1/2 |

SHEEP SALES IN FALL.

| | |
|-------------------------|--------|
| 1894 yearling ewes..... | \$2 00 |
| 1895 yearling ewes..... | 2 00 |
| 1896 yearling ewes..... | 2 50 |
| 1897 yearling ewes..... | 3 25 |
| 1898 yearling ewes..... | 4 00 |
| 1899 yearling ewes..... | 4 00 |

Exports of Manufactures.

Prior to 1893 imports of manufactures always exceeded exports of manufactures. In 1888 imports of manufactures were 2 1/2 times the amount of exports of manufactures; in 1893 they were still more than double the amount of the exports; in 1896 they were nearly 50 per cent greater than the exports, and in 1898 for the first time, the exports of manufactures were greater than the imports of manufactures, the figures for that year being, respectively: Imports of manufactures, \$226,000,000; exports of manufactures, \$290,000,000. Since that time exports of manufactures have steadily increased and, for the year just ended, will exceed the imports of manufactures by about \$100,000,000.

DEMOCRACY ON SHIPPING.

Has No Plan by Which to Build Up—Can Only Tear Down.

The platform utterance of the Democratic party regarding American shipping is a clear index of the inherent inability of that party to construct. It seems only to be able to oppose and denounce the constructive policies of its progressive political opponents.

The foreign commerce of the United States is regarded the world over as the most important of all. To this country come the finest foreign ships. The greatest and most powerful steamship lines vie with each other for our trade. The largest, the swiftest, the safest and the most luxurious ships that are built are for the carrying of the trade in merchandise, passengers, specie and mails from and to the United States.

But 8 per cent of our foreign trade is carried in American ships. Foreign ships carry 92 per cent. This carrying is worth fully \$200,000,000 each year. All but 8 per cent of it goes out of the pockets of American producers and consumers for paying foreigners for doing our foreign carrying. Not only does it go out of our people's pockets, but it goes out of the country. It goes abroad and is there used to pay for the building and running of foreign ships. It gives the employment to foreigners that the carrying of our foreign commerce creates.

People ask, Why is this? The answer is simple. Foreign ships are built more cheaply than American ships. This, however, is a disadvantage that could in time be overcome if the shipbuilding industry were put on a basis of permanency. If a steady and large demand were created for our ships very soon the cost of their construction would be reduced to the level of foreign prices. It is the unsteadiness, the irregularity, and the uncertainty of employment in American shipyards that keeps the cost of American ships from 20 to 25 per cent higher than the cost of foreign built ships.

Better food and more of it is given on American than on foreign ships. This also creates a disadvantage which the American ship cannot easily overcome. Then again wages on shipboard are much higher under the American than under foreign flags. In the cases of officers the wages on American ships are on the average twice as high as they are on foreign ships.

Worse than all this, however, foreign governments pay their merchant ships great subsidies and bounties. Great Britain spends about \$6,000,000 a year in this way; France spends over \$7,000,000 a year. Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia, Austria and Japan all give large subsidies to their ships. In all the subsidies and bounties paid by foreign governments to their ships amount to more than \$26,000,000 each year.

Unaided American ships, it must be clear, cannot profitably compete with foreign ships under the conditions above described. That is why it is that foreign ships have driven American ships from off the seas. The Republican party, recognizing the unequal conditions which confront American ships in the foreign trade, is committed to a policy of subsidizing American ships in that trade. The amount of the subsidy proposed is barely enough to enable American ships to compete on terms of equality with foreign ships.

This bill Democrats have singled out for denunciation in their national platform. They "oppose the accumulation of a surplus to be squandered in such bare-faced frauds upon the taxpayers as the Shipping Subsidy bill, which under the false pretense of prospering American ship-building, would put unearned millions into the pockets of favorite contributors to the Republican campaign fund." The alternative of the shipping subsidy bill is to keep on paying nearly \$200,000,000 a year to foreign ship owners whose governments in paying them subsidies enable them to prevent American ships from competing. Rather than have our government pay a subsidy to American ships the Democrats would prefer to have our people send nearly \$200,000,000 out of the country each year to build and sustain foreign ships.

In their platform the Democrats "especially condemn the ill-concealed Republican alliance with England." When we remember that Democracy's platform denunciation of the Shipping Subsidy bill will nowhere be received with such favor and gratitude as in Great Britain, whose command of the sea and especially of American foreign carrying the Democrats would perpetuate, and which present British monopoly the passage of that bill would do much to destroy, the insincerity and the secret pro-British leanings of the Democrats are clearly discerned.

Not a word have the Democrats to utter in behalf of a policy that would cause the building of the ships our foreign commerce employs out of American material and with American labor, instead of, as now, their construction out of foreign materials by foreign labor in other countries. No policy is suggested by them—they merely denounce the Republican policy that would substitute American for British and other foreign ships in our foreign trade. Having no plan of their own to suggest for building up our shipping in the foreign trade, expressing no regret at seeing nearly \$200,000,000 annually paid by Americans to foreign ship owners (chiefly British) for carrying our commerce, the Democrats, on the shipping question at least, proclaim themselves the allies of England.

In Greater Demand.

The demand for farm-hands in Kansas is largely in excess of the demand for Populistic oratory.