

# Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

## CHAPTER VI.

Shell is in the now almost deserted stillroom of the Wilderness, dusting delicate china tea-cups with a clean glass-cloth. She is singing at the top of her fresh young voice, as she usually does when working alone.

"Oh, here you are at last!" cries Ruby, entering the room with a victimized air. "I have been searching all over the house for you. Who ever would dream of finding you down here at the end of this long passage?"

"Anybody with an atom of sense," answers Shell bluntly. "If you insist upon asking about fifty people to a garden-party, with only two servants, some one must give them a helping hand."

"Absurd—afternoon-tea is no trouble; but if you choose to encourage their laziness of course they are willing enough to let you!"

Shell makes no reply, but placidly proceeds with her dusting.

"Vi and I want you up-stairs," continues Ruby in a different tone. "We have decided to wear those muslins we had for the flower-show, only they want altering a little, and some new laces tacking on."

"All right—only I can't come just now," assents Shell readily—"the flowers have to be gathered and arranged yet; and cook is steeped to her eyebrows in cakes—I promised to help her as soon as I had finished these."

"Oh, but the dresses must be done first! I'll gather the flowers if necessary," says Ruby in the voice of a martyr, "even though going out in the heat always does give me a frightful headache."

Shell reluctantly complies, and is occupied for nearly an hour, then having still many household matters on her mind, she rises to take her departure.

"Don't go yet; you know how I abhor this sort of work," said Ruby sharply—her only work so far has consisted in watching Shell's deft needle darting to and fro.

"But, Ruby, I must—the tennis-courts want marking; and I must keep my promise to cook."

"Oh, we can manage now quite well!" remarks Violet cheerily. "By the way, Shell, what are you going to wear?"—looking up with sudden interest.

"I? Oh, I don't know—I haven't thought!" returns Shell carelessly. "My white serge will do as well as anything—at any rate it is ready."

"Don't wear stuff, it looks so hot; besides, that serge looks horrid since it was washed," objects Vi, who likes Shell sufficiently to wish that she should appear at her best.

"My dear Vi, don't waste advice on Shell—you know how self-opinionated she is. Besides—with a slight upraising of her eyebrows—"she is such a child, it really doesn't matter much what she wears."

"Just so," assents Shell, shutting the door behind her; but, all the same, she goes away feeling rather sore at heart, for there is no small amount of contempt in Ruby's tone. Though her eldest sister has assigned her age as a reason for her dress not mattering, she knows full well that the tone also insinuates a vast want of personal attractions too.

Yet, if she only knew it, she has a charm all her own—the charm of a genial spirit and a warm impulsive heart, which peeps out of her clear gray-green eyes, and lingers amidst the dimples of her crimson lips.

All that long summer afternoon there is no thought of self in the girl's conduct. She flits about, finding footstools and seats for old ladies, getting pins and fresh flowers for girls who have come imperfectly provided, and generally making herself useful.

"When will you be ready for tennis?" asks Robert Champey, who has been watching her narrowly, though unseen, for the past ten minutes.

"I am not going to play," answers Shell brightly, as she hurries across the lawn with a sunshade for an old lady who has left her own at home, and now finds herself incommoded by the ardent gaze of King Sol.

"But everybody says you play so well; and yet I have never seen you touch a racket," he urges, with a smile, on her return.

"Perhaps that is how I keep my reputation," laughs Shell gaily.

"No—but, really, I like to watch good play; you might be obliging," pleads her companion. Truth to tell, he is beginning to take a deep interest in Shell, probably owing to the fact that she seems to take no interest whatever in him.

"Well, I will, be," responds Shell, with a curious little smile; and then, walking straight up to an exceedingly pretty girl dressed in pale pink, she says gravely, "Nora dear, Mr. Champey is most anxious to meet with some one who plays tennis really well, so I thought I couldn't do better than bring him to you. Mr. Champey—Miss Nora Fretwell;" and with a little nod she proceeds placidly on her way, having so disposed of her cavalier.

Shell, pushing her sailor hat a little farther off her brow.

"Come into the shade and let me fan you," suggests Ted coaxingly.

"How very kind!" scoffs Shell. "But I think I won't accept—it sounds so much nicer than it really is. Fanning only makes one hotter; and the midges are swarming in the shade."

"It seems impossible ever to say or suggest the right thing to you," says Ted with boyish impatience.

"If I have been rude I am very sorry," Shell returns thoughtfully; "but all the same it is true, you know. Fanning only cools one for the moment, and one is ten times hotter afterwards." As she speaks she saunters on a few steps by his side, that she may not appear too pointedly sociable.

"By-the-way, I had almost forgotten," remarks Ted, laughing—"Bob and Meg charged me with a commission. I am entrusted with a mysterious packet, which I faithfully promised to deliver into your own hands;" and from his pocket he produces a small and remarkably clumsy paper parcel tied up with a bit of colored wool.

"I think there must be some mistake," says Shell, looking at the proffered offering superciliously; "they probably meant it for Ruby."

"On the contrary, I was particularly cautioned not to entrust it to your sister," laughs Ted. "I believe it is of an edible nature, and they feared the temptation might be too great."

Shell takes the packet reluctantly, and, standing still for a moment in the pathway, cautiously opens it, displaying to view some half-dozen chocolate creams of a decidedly crushed and not very tempting appearance.

For a moment a beautiful and gentle smile lights up her every feature; then she remembers with a start the part she is acting, and asks scornfully—

"What on earth induced them to send me these things?"

"They probably thought you would appreciate them—poor children!" answers Ted, rather hotly. "They got a box as a present this morning, and wouldn't give me any peace until I consented to bring you over some. I wish—indignantly—"that I had thrown them away on the road."

"It certainly would have been wiser," retorts Shell, as she ruthlessly tosses the small bundle away amidst a clump of shrubs. "Children have such odd fancies."

"I don't call that an odd fancy—I call it a generous impulse," corrects Ted, stolidly. "By the way"—looking at her keenly—"shall I tell them the fate of their poor little present?"

"As you please," answers Shell carelessly; and then, knowing the pain that would be inflicted by such a revelation, she adds quickly—"No, I think perhaps you had better not. Some people imagine that children are sensitive, and I have no wish to wound their feelings, in case they possess any."

"In case they possess any?" repeats Ted, positively flushing with mingled anger and contempt. "You must be very dense if you have not yet discovered that those children are of a keenly nervous temperament."

"I know I am dense," admits Shell, with not the faintest show of annoyance or resentment. "As for children, I don't profess to understand them—probably because I have no sympathy with them."

Ted walks on beside her in thoughtful silence. It seems to him a sad pity that Shell, who used to be such a genial, sunny little creature, should have changed into the hard callous being now talking to him. He would like to account for the phenomenon in some way, and is contemplating the possibility of asking her if she has been crossed in love, when their tete-a-tete is cut short by Mrs. Wilden.

"Shell dear," says that lady, in a troubled tone, "I wish you would run in and see to the making of the coffee—it is sure not to be properly cleared if you are not there. Mr. Champey will excuse you, I am sure—he knows that we cannot afford efficient servants."

"I am only too delighted to find that England still possesses young ladies who are not above making themselves useful," answers Ted, in a bantering, teasing tone. "There is nothing I admire so much as domesticity in a woman. Most of our girls are getting so blue that it will be a blue look out for their husbands."

"Yes, indeed," murmurs Mrs. Wilden, as Shell, with a little toss of her head, walks away. Dear Shell is most useful—not very ornamental, but very useful—thoroughly domesticated, and such a gentle, kind creature. I often wonder how I should get on without her."

In the meantime Ruby, at the other side of the lawn, is listening to a piece of intelligence which causes her cheeks to turn pale, whilst she flutters her fan with increased nervous energy.

"You think the dear children need change?" she is saying in a tone of bewilderment. "I thought they were looking remarkably well; and the pets are always in such excellent spirits."

"Isn't it a jolly afternoon?" he begins.

"Yes, only rather warm," agrees

decisively. "She seems languid and heavy. The air here is very relaxing during the hot months; I think I shall take her to Scotland."

"Oh, not to Scotland—poor child—the journey would be so dreadfully fatiguing!" pleads Ruby, as she thinks with consternation of the impossibility of inducing her mother to permit her to go so far from home—for already her quick brain has formed a plan for following the children.

"Yes, it might be trying for so young a child," agrees Mr. Champey thoughtfully. "In that case I must be content with the moors or the North Devon coast."

"I should just keep her at home, and send her down by the sea every morning—sea-air is always bracing," observes Ruby, with a feeble hope that her advice may be taken.

"Mudmouth is the reverse of bracing," corrects her companion decidedly; "besides, it is not only the air—the children want a complete change."

"Of course you know best," admits Ruby, with a reluctant and despondent sigh; "but I always think that children are happier at home than anywhere else."

"That depends," remarks Robert Champey vaguely, and with a sharp sigh.

"Oh, yes, of course!" agrees Ruby eagerly; then after a moment she continues slowly, "However trustworthy servants may be, they can't understand everything."

"Do you mean that the children are in any way neglected?" he asks quickly.

"Oh dear, no!" laughs Ruby, with a playful head-shake. "I am sure their nurse is most attentive from all accounts—but you ought not, for instance, to allow her to choose their clothes. Of course she has no idea how to dress them—how should she, poor woman!"

"They seem very sensibly clothed to me," answers Robert Champey, but in rather a dubious tone—in fact a tone open to conviction. "As long as they are warm and comfortable, the cut isn't of much importance."

"But, my dear Mr. Champey, how can poor Meg be comfortable in a dress that allows of no free play of the limbs? Children ought never to be hampered by their clothing."

"Is Meg hampered?"

"Almost tortured, I should think, in her last dress. As for Bob, he ought to be dressed sailor fashion now."

"Dear me—what am I to do?" asks Robert Champey, half-mocking, half in earnest.

"I tell you what," says Ruby suddenly—"I will make clothes for each of them as a pattern. Now please don't protest—it will only be like the fun of dressing dolls to me."

Of course Mr. Champey does protest, but, as usual, he protests in vain; and when he takes his departure from the Wilderness that evening he finds himself weighed down by one more obligation to Ruby Wilden. As for Ruby, she is in great spirits—the only thing which troubles her in the matter is her total incapacity either to cut out or to make the clothes in question, seeing that in reality she knows far less how children should be dressed than the nurse whose tastes she has been criticising.

(To be Continued.)

## A TORPEDO BOAT TRAGEDY.

A Sad Illustration of the Danger of This Service.

The Union squadron investing Charleston during the civil war was drawing closer and closer to the doomed place. One of the warships that lay closest inshore was the Housatonic, and that vessel was selected as the torpedo boat's victim. The Portland Transcript tells the tragic story: The evening of Feb. 17, 1865, closed in raw and foggy. At 8 o'clock Capt. Corlison gave the command and the boat dropped down the river. As the clocks were striking the half hour in the city the little craft pulled over the bar. Noiselessly she glided through the water, guided by the lights on the Housatonic, for which she headed. So heavy was the fog that she escaped the notice of the sentries. At a quarter to nine she lay directly in front of the Housatonic, at a distance of five hundred yards. She was running faster now, and a little farther on she began to submerge. Two hundred yards more and she disappeared. Five minutes later there was a dull roar, and the water around the Housatonic boiled like a caldron. The noble ship gave a mighty upward heave and then began to settle. Ensign Hasleton and four sailors who were below perished, but fortunately for the rest of the crew the water was shallow and they saved themselves by climbing into the rigging. The vessel was a total loss, but the submarine torpedo boat was nowhere to be found. Two years after the war, when the wreckage was being removed from Charleston harbor, the Housatonic was raised. In her hull there was a ghastly wound, inflicted by the torpedo, and in that hole was the torpedo boat with every man on board still at his post, where he had died years before. The little boat had torn a big hole in the cruiser, through which the water had poured in such a volume that the torpedo boat was drawn into it. And there its crew died of suffocation, in the grasp of the enemy which they had destroyed.

Two Ways of Putting It.

"I notice, Miranda," remarked Mr. Neggschoke, "that your first husband's clothes do not fit me." "No, Cyrus," coincided Mrs. Neggschoke, with a little sigh. "You don't them."—Chicago Tribune.

Why does a man usually have to shuffle off this mortal coil before he cuts such a figure in history?

## WE MUST HAVE SHIPS.

ABSOLUTE NEED OF A POTENT SHIPPING POLICY.

True Cause of the Decay of Our Oversea Carrying Trade and the Measures Essential for the Restoration of the American Merchant Marine.

The facts concerning the blight that has fallen upon our shipping and its carriage in the foreign trade have not been fully laid before the American people. It is not understood, as it should be, that we have one policy for the foreign trade and another for the domestic trade. Foreign vessels are entirely prohibited from carrying either passengers or freight from one American port to another; but between our own and foreign ports transport business is perfectly free. Thus, while protection has secured for our own people the coasting, lake and river carrying, non-protection has given the overseas transportation to foreign nations.

As intimated in Article II, we had but one policy in the beginning. That was protective for all branches of our navigation. It built up our early marine, and displaced the foreign marine that had commanded the business under free trade from 1783 to 1793. While this has been denied, it is so easy of undeniable proof that only ignorance or aberration disputes it. We have only to tell the story of our early shipping legislation, its aims and objects, its service and success, to convince the reasonable.

To persuade the skeptical, we may point to the innovation in our policy, the decline following the change, and the general loss of carriage year after year, as protection was withdrawn by treaties. Our shipping has been under different policies for seventy years. That portion under protection from the first has flourished from the first; while that under free conditions from the change in policy has declined ever since.

The name of the new policy introduced in 1815 to govern our carriage in the foreign trade was stately and high sounding, as became a fraud. "Maritime Reciprocity" was the appellation. Its meaning was narrow, simply indiscriminate in duties on merchandise and tonnage, and consequent non-protection of shipping by their means. The substitution of free carrying for protected carrying was excused to the country by the pretension that the shipping interest, a "child of protection," had become "a giant" in development, able to contest for the transportation of all nations. Any kind of protection was no longer necessary; on the contrary, free trade was the thing requisite.—Speech of James Buchanan, April 2, 1828, H. R.

The disingenuousness of this conceit is now only too manifest. The fact is that the British ministry after the close of the revolutionary war laid before parliament a bill providing for "maritime reciprocity" with the United States. British shipowners objected, and it was laid aside. Such a bill was passed, however, in 1802. President Jefferson, in his message of that year, referred to it. Congress did not consider "a mutual abolition of the duties" proposed advisable, and for the reason, no doubt, that this would not produce a due equality in the navigation between the two countries. This was Mr. Jefferson's view.

Congress Took the Chances.

In 1815, however, at the instance of Great Britain, congress yielded the point and took the chances. An act was passed for a basis of a treaty of commerce, and the British wish for thirty-two years was granted. Bowing to British sentiment since 1815 has been disguised somewhat by treating other nations like her and making treaties on the same basis, and giving it out to the world that our superior liberality alone induced our government to except the foreign trade navigation from protection.

One would think that a period of eighty-three years for a dissimulation was long drawn out, but there is even more deference now to British sentiment respecting taxes on tonnage than in 1815, or in 1862. The senate only recently knocked out the war taxes on tonnage from the house bill, for the reason, explained on the floor, that British shipowners had made objection through their government. And the tax proposed was not discriminative. Simply the operation of the "maritime reciprocity" treaty of 1815 has given our carrying trade by much the larger portion to British vessels, and driven our own off the ocean. Simply, we have sunk our self-respect, and have experienced the fact that "Britannia rules the wave."

Now, what is the duty of the government, if we can get a congress that will do its duty? Is it not to retrace our legislative steps? This is the idea of the Republican platform of 1896. President McKinley endorsed the shipping plank of that platform in the following patriotic words:

"The declaration of the Republican platform in favor of the upbuilding of our merchant marine has my hearty approval. The policy of discriminating duties which prevailed in the early years of our history should again be promptly adopted by congress and vigorously supported until our prestige and supremacy on the seas is fully attained."

Let no one suppose, because a Republican convention and president have thus expressed their views of shipping restoration, that there is anything partisan in the action recommended. Washington, Adams and Jefferson would have concurred in it. There was never a statesman of stronger faith in

discriminating duties for ship protection than Thomas Jefferson. As we shall see, his state, Virginia, was the first colony to protect its vessels.

AMERICAN THROUGHOUT.

Results of Native Skill as Displayed in the War with Spain.

One of the most interesting developments of this war is the mechanical skill of the American people. American machinery is the best in the world, and the American workmen are the most skillful. It was the intelligent manipulation of our ships and the superior marksmanship of our gunners that gained for us such splendid victories at Manila and Santiago.—Richmond (Va.) Times.

Here is a fact strongly and tersely stated. American machinery and machinists, the men who plan and make and equally the men who operate our machines, are in their skill and proficiency unequalled in all the world. Abreast of them in expertness in a closely related branch of mechanics are the men behind the guns, whose consummate coolness and accuracy of aim have excited the wonder and the admiration of all Christendom. The fighting ships of the American navy are the product of the highest development of the mechanical genius to be found anywhere on earth.

"Intelligent labor highly paid," is the magnanimous and candid admission of the London Times in seeking a reason for the recognized superiority of American skill in the mechanical arts. "The result," says another eminent authority, the London Economist, "of an economic system (i. e., protection) under which the favored manufacturers have for years devoted a large share of their profits to the continual increase of their facilities and the development of improved processes and machinery."

When testimony such as this is borne by two such conspicuous exponents of the doctrine of free trade as the London Times and the London Economist there is nothing which need be added by protectionists in order to make out a complete case for the American policy. The judgment of history will vindicate the wisdom of the patriotic and far-seeing statesmen who, from Washington to McKinley inclusive, have advocated and administered that policy with such marvelous results.

Getting Too Hot for Them.

Practical Object Lesson.

American tin plate, which has been made possible by a protective tariff, has at last come to supply all our home trade. It was asserted that tin could not be manufactured in this country and that a duty on that commodity was only a direct tax upon the consumer. The practical results of the duty have been to establish American factories which supply the home trade at much less price than that of the imported article. The British consul at Portland reports that importations of tin plate have entirely ceased, and instead of nearly 63,000 boxes formerly imported there will be no foreign plate used this year. The reason is plain. The English tin costs 17 shillings a box, while the American product costs 13 shillings 6 pence. This is a practical object lesson as to the benefits of protection, and it applies to many other lines of business besides tin plate.—Tacoma Ledger.

On Trial.

This year the Republican party is on trial, and the test of popularity will be its record since it came into power in November, 1896. This will of necessity bring the tariff more or less into the campaign. Attempts will be made to denounce the tariff act of 1897 because a deficit appeared the first fiscal year after its enactment. But the force of this statement will not be felt when it is recalled that the Wilson tariff of 1892 produced in four years a deficit of \$200,000,000 or \$50,000,000 a year. When tested by results popular favor will be with the Republican enactment of 1897 by a large majority.—Kalamazoo Telegraph.

Best of Political Economy.

Speaking of the present merely the fact of decreased importations is a good condition. It is profitable and promising. It is helpful and protective in behalf of American workmen, American homes and American institutions and policies. And with the development and expansion of this condition there must come constantly improving circumstances and environments to the very great credit and profit of the citizens of the United States, as well as to the institutions of the republic and to what are recognized as the peculiarly American policies.—Bucks County (Pa.) Intelligence.

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The board of directors of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, at the general office at Wilmerding, have declared a stock dividend of 100 per cent, amounting to \$5,000,000, and transferred to the treasury the sum of \$1,000,000 in stock to be issued by the directors from time to time for the purchase of property or other uses as may be deemed best by the board. This enormous dividend is in addition to a cash dividend of 50 per cent, or \$2,500,000, declared within the past year. America is full of rich men, rich corporations and companies that make tremendous profits, but no corporation or firm in the world has ever made the enormous profit that has this association of men during the past twelve months. At the meeting, 82,994 shares of stock out of 100,000 were represented. The meeting was a brief one and it took the board but a few minutes to make the distribution of the \$5,000,000 in stock. It was done by virtue of the following resolution, which was presented and passed:

"Resolved, That of the 120,000 shares (\$5,000,000) of new capital stock authorized by this meeting the stockholders recommend that the board of directors should distribute 100,000 shares, that is, \$5,000,000, at par, to the stockholders as a stock dividend out of the surplus earnings of the company not heretofore divided among the stockholders, and that the remaining 20,000 shares (\$1,000,000) remain in the treasury and be issued by the board of directors from time to time for the purchase of property upon such terms and in such manner as they shall deem for the best interest of the company." The net earnings of the company for the past ten years are stated to be \$17,500,000, of which the cash dividends have been \$14,500,000. The stock dividend will be distributed as soon as the necessary certificates can be prepared.

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