

LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of BONNY'S LOVERS

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Possession is nine points of the law," I answered. "I am afraid it will be a difficult matter to eject Mr. Branscombe unless we can produce the colonel's will."

"Which we cannot?"—"Which we cannot at present?"

"Then nothing can be done?"

"I fear nothing, excepting to apprise the heir-at-law of the possible existence of the will made in Miss Branscombe's favor, and to warn him that it may any day be brought forward."

"Humph!" growled the rector. "And if it should never turn up—if, as I begin to suspect, there has been some deep-laid plot—some rascality of which Master Charlie is, as usual, the head and front, what then?"

"Then," I replied, "Master Charlie will remain in possession."

"And Nona will be a beggar," said Mr. Heathcote sadly. "Poor child, poor child!"

"Is Miss Branscombe at Forest Lea?" I ventured to inquire presently.

"No; she and Miss Elmslie are with us. Mr. Charlie's bachelor establishment was hardly a fitting home for her, and we thought it advisable that she should leave the neighborhood at present—at all events until we had heard your opinion."

"In the circumstances I should advise Miss Branscombe to retire," I said gravely.

"Yes, yes, exactly," assented the rector. "In the circumstances—as I now understand them—she must of course leave the neighborhood."

We drove on for some time after this in silence. I was occupied with rose-colored dreams of a future for the dispossessed heiress—a future which had evidently not entered into the rector's calculations, from the same point of view at all events.

"If the fellow were not what he is, the poor colonel's original plan would have settled the difficulty," muttered Mr. Heathcote, as he touched up his stout cob. "But he was right—he was right; it would be a sacrifice not to be thought of—not to be thought of."

As he spoke we were passing the Forest Lea woods, which here swept

she is glad that Charlie is at Forest Lea." And then she asked the inevitable question, which had come to be almost an exasperating one to me—"Any news of the will, Mr. Fort?"

"None," I answered; "its loss is as great a mystery as ever."

It was not until we were seated at the dinner table that Nona slipped quietly in, and took a place by Miss Elmslie opposite to mine. There was a consciousness in her manner, a deprecating timidity, as she met my eyes, which confirmed my fears. She was lost to me, and the Gordian Knot of the Forest Lea difficulty was cut by her hand, in a way for which I at least ought not to have been wholly unprepared.

The rector was called away on some parochial business after dinner, and I, not caring to join the ladies in my perturbed condition of mind, slipped out through the open dining room window and wandered about the old-fashioned rectory garden, and presently out into the green lanes, sweet with the perfume of late-blooming honeysuckle and silent in the hush of evening's rest from toil and labor.

Love and courtship were certainly in the air of that corner of Midshire, and I was always condemned by some malicious fate to be, not an actor in the sweet drama, but a listener and an intruder. For the third time since my introduction to the neighborhood I encountered a pair of lovers.

They were leaning against a gate, looking into a meadow, hidden from me until I was close upon them by a great tangle of traveler's joy, wreathing a jutting bush of wild-rose at the corner of the hedge. It was too late for me to retire when I came upon the couple, so there was nothing for it but a discreet cough, which I had the presence of mind to set up for the emergency. The woman turned hastily at the sound, and to my surprise I saw that it was Woodward, Nona's maid.

To my surprise, I say, for there was something in the staid settled plainness of the maid's appearance which was incongruous, to my fancy, with lovers and love-making. Decidedly I



down to the edge of green turf bordering the road. From one of the glade-like openings two figures emerged in front of our carriage, sauntering slowly along on the grass, too deeply absorbed in conversation apparently to be aware of our approach. One—a slim girlish figure, dressed in black garments, with graceful, fair head bowed like a lily on its stalk—was, as I knew at once, Nona's; and it needed not the rector's impatient exclamation and sudden, quick jerk of the reins to tell me that the slight, almost boyish figure by her side was that of her cousin, Charlie Branscombe.

In an instant the half-scotched serpent of jealousy was roused again and stung me to the heart. All my old doubts and suspicions rushed back like a flood. Fool that I had been ever to dream of hope in the face of what I had seen and knew.

There was something of mockery in the elaborate bow, returned by a curt nod, with which Mr. Charles Branscombe greeted the rector; and, as I read it, a gleam of triumph on the handsome fair face in which I recognized the fatal *beaute de diable* I had heard described.

A passing glimpse of Miss Branscombe showed me a half-startled, surprised glance of recognition—a swift, shy blush, in return for the grave bow with which I acknowledged hers. The meeting had upset the rector's equanimity as much as it had mine. He spoke no more until we turned in at the rectory gate.

CHAPTER XII.

Nona was not in the drawing room before dinner. Miss Elmslie was, and received me with tearful cordiality.

"It's a sad change," she whispered, "especially for the dear girl. But she doesn't seem to feel it. I really believe

secret—nay, with Woodward under his influence, the secret was probably already his. How could I warn Nona—how save her?"

The opportunity was not far to seek. When I entered the drawing-room Miss Branscombe was there alone, save for Mrs. Heathcote's sleeping presence. The rector's wife lay back in her comfortable arm-chair by the fire, blissfully asleep. Nona sat by the tea-table in the opposite corner, her soft-shaded lamp the one spot of light in the room. Her elbow rested on the table, her cheek on her hand, her pale, sweet face grave and sad. The eyes she raised at my entrance fell almost immediately, and a deep flush, painful in its intensity, spread over cheek, neck and brow.

"You will have some tea?" she said, beginning to arrange her cups with hands which trembled so much that she was forced to desist. Then she folded them resolutely in her lap and looked up at me, making, as I could see, a strong effort at composure. "Mr. Fort," she went on, in almost a whisper, "you are angry with me; and you have been so kind, I am sorry that you cannot forgive me now that everything has come right. And I do want to tell you how thoroughly I understand and thank you for all your kind thought for me, although I am afraid I must have seemed ungrateful in opposing you, and—and—all."

I bowed. I was afraid to trust myself to speak just then. And yet the precious moments were flying! Mrs. Heathcote stirred in her chair.

"I wish you would believe that this—as things are now, I mean—is the very happiest thing for me, as well as right," she added, bending towards me in her earnestness.

"I hope you will be very happy," I said, conquered by the sweet humility of her appeal, whilst the words seemed to scorch my heart.

"I am very happy," she answered gently. "Why do you speak in the future? I shall never regret—never. I could never grow to be so sordid, and I should like to be sure that you are not vexed about it. We all owe so much to your kindness in those sad days." The rosy color flamed in her cheeks again. "I should like to feel that we are friends."

"Why not?" I responded, with uncontrolled bitterness. "It is not for me to prescribe to Miss Branscombe what is for her happiness. It is to be presumed that she is herself the best—in this case, perhaps, the only—judge."

The blushes faded and left her white as a lily. Something in her look made me feel as if I had struck her a blow.

"Forgive me," I cried. "Miss Branscombe—Nona"—as she raised her shaking hands and covered her face—"what have I done—what have I said?"

And then—I do not know how it happened; I have never been able to reduce the next supreme moments to any coherent memory—but her dear head was on my shoulder, my arms were round her as I dropped upon my knees by her side, and without a spoken word I knew that neither Charlie Branscombe nor any other barrier stood between me and my darling. She was mine, and mine only, and the gates of Paradise had opened to me at last.

(To be continued.)

The unexpected humor which often tints the grave speech of the Quaker is well illustrated in a little story told of an eminent young physician of Pennsylvania at the time of the civil war. He had determined to serve his country and leave his practice at home, but met with grieved remonstrance from his mother, a sweet-faced Quakeress. "I beseech of thee not to go to this war, my son!" she pleaded, her soft eyes full of tears. "But I do not go to fight, mother," said the doctor, cheerfully. "I am going as a medical man. Surely there is no harm in that."

"Well, well," said the little mother, doubtfully, "go then, if it must be so." Then suddenly a gleam of loyalty shone through her tears, and she straightened herself and looked bravely up into her tall son's face. "If these finds thee kills more than thee cures," she said, demurely, "I advise thee to go straightway over to the other side, my son!"

Dickens' Best Novel.

It is well known among literary people that Charles Dickens considered "David Copperfield" the best of his novels, but occasions when he actually expressed that opinion are so rare that it is worth while to recall an incident which happened while he was in Philadelphia. Mr. Chapin, father of Dr. John B. Chapin, the well-known expert on insanity, was at that time at the head of the blind asylum here. Raised type for the blind was just coming into vogue, and, desiring to have one of Dickens' books printed in that way, Mr. Chapin took advantage of an introduction to the great novelist to ask him which of his works he considered the best, and mentioned the reason why he wanted to know. Dickens unhesitatingly answered, "David Copperfield."—Philadelphia Record.

Candor of a Dublin Surgeon.

Dr. Colles, an eminent surgeon of Dublin, who died in 1843, was remarkable for his plain dealing with himself. In his fee book he had many such candid entries as the following: "For giving ineffectual advice for deafness, 1 guinea." "For telling him he was no more ill than I was, 1 guinea." "For nothing that I know of except that he probably thought he did not pay me enough last time, 1 guinea."

Of the world's annual yield of petroleum, 5,000,000,000 gallons, the United States produces one-half.

OUR MANUFACTURES.

HOW THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS CALLING FOR THEM.

What the United States Has Accomplished by Adhering to the Protectionist Policy of Developing Domestic Industries.

Remembering the years during which disinterested free traders were urging and often reiterating their advice that the people of the United States confine themselves to the pursuit of agriculture, to food-raising and to the production of raw materials, and to leave to other and far more favored countries the business of converting those raw materials into manufactured commodities, it is interesting to note some of the important consequences resulting from the disregard of that extraordinary counsel and the consequent establishment of the policy of protection. From statistics gleaned by the treasury bureau of statistics it appears that manufacturers are now forming more than one-third of our total domestic exports. During the last month they were 37.77 per cent of the total domestic exports, during the three months ending with May they were 35.50 per cent, and during the fiscal year just ending they will form a larger percentage of our total domestic exports than in any preceding year, and exceed by many millions the total exports of manufactures in any preceding year. The fiscal year 1898 showed the largest exports of manufactures in our history, \$290,697,354, and in the eleven months of the fiscal year 1899 the increase over the corresponding months of the preceding year has been \$45,164,000, so that it is now apparent that the exports of manufactures in the fiscal year now ending will be about \$335,000,000, as against the high-water mark, \$290,697,354 in the fiscal year 1898. This would seem to indicate that we did well to run exactly counter to the views and wishes of our Cobdenite advisers.

Iron and steel continue to form the most important, or at least by far the largest item of value in the exports of manufactures. In the month of May, 1899, the exports of iron and steel, and manufactures thereof, amounted to \$8,601,114, making the total for the eleven months \$84,873,842, against \$63,236,029 in the corresponding months of last year—a gain in the eleven months of over \$21,000,000. The recent advances in prices of iron and steel causes the belief that a reduction in the exports of iron and steel would follow, but certainly this has not been realized up to the present time, since the exportations of iron and steel in the month of May are 20 per cent in excess of those of April, 1898, while those of April are nearly 50 per cent in excess of April, 1898.

The increase which the year's exports of manufactures will show over earlier years lends especial interest to a table prepared by the treasury bureau of statistics showing the exportation of manufactures by great classes in each year from 1889 to 1898. The following extracts from it show the exportations in 1889 and 1898 of all articles whose total value exceeded \$1,000,000 in the year 1898:

	1889.	1898.
Iron and steel, and manufactures of.....	\$21,156,677	\$70,466,865
Refined mineral oil.....	41,330,515	31,782,316
Copper, manufactures of.....	2,345,554	22,180,872
Leather, and manufactures of.....	10,747,710	21,118,610
Cotton, manufactures of.....	10,212,644	17,024,092
Wood, manufactures of.....	6,150,281	9,046,219
Chemicals, drugs and dyes.....	4,792,821	8,655,478
Agricultural implements.....	3,635,769	7,099,529
Cycles and parts of.....	2,029,602	6,030,292
Paraffin and paraffin wax.....	1,191,603	5,494,594
Paper, and manufactures of.....	3,708,999	4,818,493
Fertilizers.....	888,569	4,359,834
Instruments for school-life purposes.....	1,032,388	2,770,803
Flax, hemp, jute, and manufactures of.....	1,644,405	2,567,465
Books, maps, engravings, etc.....	1,712,079	2,434,323
India-rubber and gutta-percha, and manufactures of.....	831,748	1,951,501
Spirits.....	2,218,101	1,850,353
Marble and stones, and manufactures of.....	510,054	1,702,582
Cars for railways.....	1,428,287	1,725,581
Clocks and watches.....	1,355,319	1,725,469
Carriages and horse cars.....	1,064,284	1,655,528
Gunpowder and other explosives.....	855,527	1,326,494
Soot.....	830,585	1,290,913
Musical instruments.....	998,072	1,333,367
Starch.....	272,589	1,371,549
Zinc, manufactures of.....	28,054	1,330,039
Glass, vegetable (omitting cotton and linseed).....	244,415	1,297,076
Glass and glassware.....	834,599	1,211,084
Wool, manufactures of.....	349,349	1,089,652
Paints and painters' colors.....	597,749	1,075,518
Sugar, refined and confectionery.....	1,231,921	1,032,376
Sugar, except of confectionery.....	474,839	1,005,010

Attracted by Prosperity.

The figures of the bureau of immigration lately tabulated show a large increase in the number of immigrants to

this country. The total number of immigrants during the last six months of 1898 was greater by about 26,000 than the number of immigrants entering the country during the corresponding period of 1897. This may or may not be a benefit to the country. If it is an evil, there is a way to remedy it. There can be no difference of opinion, however, as to the significance of the increase. It shows conclusively that the people of foreign lands have become aware of the return of prosperity to the United States.

When the matter of restricting immigration was being agitated a year or more ago, many of the opponents of further restriction called attention to the fact that the number of immigrants had been falling off, and they claimed that this decrease would continue in the future. It was pointed out at that time, however, by protectionists, that the decrease in the volume of immigration in 1896 and 1897 had no bearing upon the immigration question as a whole, inasmuch as it was due wholly to the business depression which had come upon the country as the result of our experiment with partial free trade. It was stated that when protection was in full swing again immigrants would flock to the country in as large numbers as ever to participate in the prosperity which would surely follow the re-enactment of a protective tariff law. The facts, as stated by the bureau of immigration, prove that this contention was correct. Prosperity attracts people as well as capital into the country. The immigration problem is of a very different character with a protective tariff in force from what it is under free trade.

The Scepter of Commerce.

England to-day has the greatest fleet on the ocean, but her position as a carrier is entirely due to the fact that she at one time possessed enormous resources of coal and iron. With the disappearance of these her leadership must depart. Cheap coal and cheap steel will transfer the scepter of commerce to the United States and will deprive Great Britain of the ability to successfully compete in manufacturing. It is vain for the British to delude themselves with the belief that they possess superior qualities which will enable them to maintain their position in the race. There was a time when such a claim might have been made, but recent experience has demonstrated that Englishmen are not better fitted to be the manufacturers of the world than some other peoples. Among these must be numbered the Americans, who, with an equally developed mechanical ingenuity, plus the possession of enormous stores of cheap fuel and iron, must win in the struggle for commercial primacy.—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle.

To Some Extent Responsible.

It is useless to deny that the policy of protection to American labor and industry is more or less responsible for the existing deadlock on the wage question between the tin plate manufacturers and their employees. Had there been no protective tariff on tin plate there would certainly be no labor trouble in that industry at the present time, and for the best of all reasons: There would now be no tin plate industries in this country, and the question of wages could not possibly have come up. It will be remembered that prior to the enactment of the McKinley law there were no tin plate mills and hence no labor troubles.

Cobden Idols in Danger.

The London Daily Mail, which claims to have the largest circulation of any English newspaper, warmly advocates the imposition of sugar duties for the benefit of the British West Indies, and other English newspapers urge the granting of a preferential tariff to the colonies. The interesting part of this is that notwithstanding that the adoption of either plan would be a wide departure from the policy of free trade no such opposition as might have been expected has been aroused. England's Cobden idols are in great danger of partial, if not total, demolition.

It Was Appreciated.

The wave of prosperity that struck this country with the induction into office of President McKinley, and which has grown to mammoth proportions since, has not only had a beneficial influence upon our workmen, but upon our working women as well. The latest instance where the latter have benefited is an increase of 19 per cent in the wages of 300 women in the employ of the United States Wrapping Company of Terre Haute, Ind., last Tuesday. The raise was a surprise, but nevertheless appreciated.—Clayton (Mo.) Watchman.

PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE.

Plan to Promote the Larger Use of Honest American Wines.

From a correspondent in North Carolina, who has spent twenty years in the business of native wine production, the American Economist has received some suggestions as to the best way to promote the use and consumption of the pure and wholesome wines of this country. These suggestions have the merit of originality and are well worthy of serious consideration. The writer says:

"We shall not have any real progress in the growth of the American wine business until there is some modification of the legislation which places 'all spirituous, vinous, malt and fermented liquors' under one head and thus necessitates the sale of wines only in licensed places. The home is the place for wine consumption, and even if the saloon offered wines at reasonable prices (which it never does) our women will never become patrons of the saloon to the extent of sending there regularly for the bottle of wine for dinner."

This practical wine maker would remove the present tax of 10 cents per gallon on light wines, and in place of the present retail license would have a special tax or license applying only to the products of bona fide wine producers duly registered. The correspondent adds:

"Let severe penalties be prescribed for imitation wines or wines containing antiseptics, and let this class of goods be still sold at the saloon, under the license which allows the sale of other rectified spirits. Then the distinction will soon be drawn, and public sentiment will be educated to the fact that a merchant can carry wines in his stock of family supplies without prejudice from that sincere but mistaken class who dub themselves temperance workers, but are as intemperate in speech and work as the veriest tippler."

"Place wines in the class of agricultural products, subject to a revenue tax if need be—a special tax on its sale, and not a tax per bottle, which simply strikes a blow at the best possible method of marketing wines, and induces dishonesty. With such a distinction made, the demand for pure wines would soon increase, our people would become wine drinkers (not tipplers), our barren hills would be productive of grapes, and the temperance question would be partially solved. With the immense whisky and beer interests fighting it at every step, and merely borrowing respectability from it, the domestic wine interest, unless unyoked from such fellowship, has little show for development."

In the enlarged consumption of pure, honest, wholesome native wines, in place of the vast quantities of malt and distilled liquors which now find their way down the throats of the American people—to say nothing of the large amounts of wines sold here under foreign labels—lies the hope, under the only hope, of diminishing the curse of alcoholism. No nation whose chief beverage has been the pure wine of its own production has ever been a prey to the evils of drunkenness. The American Economist is a firm believer in American wines. It earnestly longs for the day when, through intelligent legislation and a gradual modification of unreasonable prejudices, American wines, like other products of American skill and enterprise, will take their proper rating: "Equal to the best."

The Boy Cries "Cut Behind!"

The frankness of Mr. Havemeyer on the subject of the tariff is like the frankness of the boy who cries "Cut behind!" when he has failed to get a hold at the tail of a wagon. The tariff law is an evil in Mr. Havemeyer's eyes only when it frustrates his plans for a complete monopoly of refined sugar. The tariff is a thing to be denounced only when it ceases to give him a free ride over the necks of consumers. How comes it that the head of the sugar trust never complained of the tariff as the "mother of all trusts" as long as his own trust was growing apace? Mr. Havemeyer's outburst before the industrial commission at Washington is chiefly remarkable because of its cynical disregard for moral principles of any kind.—Chicago Tribune.

Where Capital Combines.

The evolution of the trust is possible anywhere that capital can combine and control the market.—Buffalo Courier (Free Trade).

That is precisely what has happened in Great Britain, a country of absolute free trade, where capital has already combined and is in control of the market to an extent unknown in protected America. Alike in number and in the amount of combined capital, trusts in Great Britain far exceed those of the United States.

Fall to Notice It.

The advance in wages of workingmen in various parts of the country goes merrily on, but the democratic papers are so busy howling at expansion that they fail to notice it at all.—Cleveland (Ohio) Leader.

Tin Mining in Cornwall.

J. H. Collins lately read a paper before the Society of Arts, England, in which he stated that tin mining had been carried on in Cornwall for about 4,000 years, if not longer. In his opinion the tin used in fixing the color of the scarlet curtains in the Hebrew tabernacle, in making the brass of Solomon's temple and the bronze weapons of Homer's heroes, came from the west country, and the Phoenicians traded for tin in the west of England long before Solomon's temple was built.

