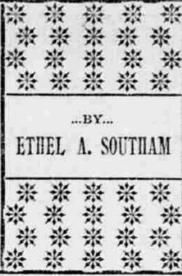


# That Mysterious Major...



...BY...  
ETHEL A. SOUTHAM

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)  
But all thoughts of a stroll in the town had entirely forsaken him now. He also, like Miss Luttrell, had suddenly been seized with a longing for a quiet afternoon under the trees, in his case to pursue an interesting debate in the Times; and, with this idea in view, he immediately turned away from the window, caught up the first paper which came to his hand, and went out into the hall. Yet five minutes later, as he snatched leisurely across the lawn, glancing cursorily from side to side, a slight feeling of guilt for the first time came over him as a gap in the trees revealed a glimpse of a familiar white parasol.

Fiddledicks! Because Miss Luttrell had chosen to bring her book into the garden was no reason why any of the other inmates of the "Royal George" should not feel something of the same inclination.

Ruminating thus, the Major moved slowly on his way, passing first one enticingly shady nook and then another, until he reached a high overhanging bush about 20 yards from the group of trees which Miss Luttrell had selected, where he threw himself down upon the dry burned-up grass and gave himself up to the delights of a peaceful summer afternoon.

And yet, as he took out his cigar-case and lighting a fresh cigar, glanced casually down the columns of the newspaper, it was evident that something besides the perusal of the Times had brought him to that secluded spot, or he would have at least exhibited some annoyance when, instead of finding himself in possession of that star of London daily literature, he discovered himself aimlessly scrutinizing the visitors' list and the many advertisements which occupied at least two-thirds of the Saltcliffe Chronicle.

paused in consternation at the sight which met her eyes.

CHAPTER V.  
There was Master Sambo literally surrounded by a mixed collection of cigars and cigarettes, whilst between his paws was calmly reposing a silver-mounted Russian leather cigar-case, at which he was gnawing with apparently as much enjoyment as if it had been one of the most tasty bones.

"Sambo, where did you get it? Oh, you had dog! Whose in the world can it be?"

In an instant Evelyn had seized hold of the cigar-case and dragged it away from the poodle's clutches, but, alas, not before the whole of the leather had become indented with well-defined tooth-marks, whilst one of the corners had been entirely nibbled away!

"Well, Sambo, you have quite surprised yourself this time!"

Evelyn held up the cigar-case before the culprit with a threatening air, and then gave him a couple of small pats with it on his two front paws.

But what was she to do about it? To whom could it belong? That was more to the point than scolding Sambo. She raised her head and looked round anxiously, but drew back as her eyes fell upon a familiar form.

"Sambo, surely you have never touched anything of that man's?"

Yet, as she gave a hurried glance at the initials engraved upon one side of the case, her heart sank within her. Yes—it was too true.

Should she make her escape into the house, and leave Sambo, surrounded by the litter, to settle his own difficulties? It would certainly be the easiest thing to do; but certainly that Sambo was her own dog, and that she was responsible for his actions, would



LYING BACK ON THE GREEN SWARD.

No wonder therefore that after some minutes he quietly discarded it, and, lying back on the soft green sward, tilted his hat far over his eyes and prepared to enjoy the perfect calmness of the day.

But half an hour had passed quietly; his feelings of perplexity had given place to hopelessness, and hopelessness to a general sense of lassitude, which had brought him to that stage when the sights and sounds around him had grown vague and indistinct, and before long he was traveling peacefully in the land of sleep.

Thus he was quite unconscious of the fact that a little black French poodle had discovered him and had sniffed suspiciously round him for two or three minutes, and also quite unconscious that, when that little black French poodle had disappeared, his cigar-case, which had been lying on the grass at his elbow, had disappeared also.

Meanwhile Miss Luttrell, who had comfortably ensconced herself in a large bamboo chair, was deeply absorbed in the thrilling incidents of her three-volume novel. So deeply was she absorbed indeed that she had not the remotest idea that Major Brown had even crossed the lawn, or that Sambo, who had been lying on the rug at her feet, had grown tired of making little grabs at the army of gnats and flies which had been hovering round his head and had gone trotting off to pay a visit to that hapless individual.

Yet, when he returned again and settled himself in silence by her side—a silence which was perhaps ominous of coming evil from the very fact that any unusual calmness upon Sambo's part generally foreboded mischief—she bent forward and, raising her eyes from her book, asked what he was doing.

"Sambo!"

Horror and dismay were depicted upon her countenance, her tones were filled with the keenest reproach, as she sprang up from her chair and

not it be rather a mean way of getting out of the mischief? She took up her book and set off with Sambo.

"This will be a very good test as to whether he is an educated man," mused Evelyn. "Common people can never disguise their feelings. Anyhow, it has to be done: so come along, Sambo, and bear the brunt of his wrath!"

And, with an admirable assumption of indifference, as if prepared for any reception, Miss Luttrell braced herself up for the encounter and advanced slowly towards the recumbent form of the Major, who was still lying stretched at full length beneath the shade of the overhanging trees.

But, as she reached his side and was just about to begin a carefully prepared apology she paused, then hurriedly drew back, for the gallant Major was still indulging in the proverbial "forty winks."

Must she wake him? No—decidedly not; it would never do to disturb his slumbers. Any annoyance that he might feel would be ten times increased if he was so summarily roused. Besides cogitated Evelyn with a sigh of relief at the thought of a respite, if he were accustomed to dropping off to sleep in that way nobody could possibly be held accountable for what in the meanwhile might happen to his belongings. She would put the cigar-case down by his side, and then—well, she might as well go into the hotel and think of what course to adopt next. It would not be nearly so disagreeable to confess that Sambo was the delinquent if at the same time she could provide him with another cigar-case the facsimile of his own. This new idea seemed so preferable to her first one that, as she stepped forward to place the case on the grass by his side, her heart almost ceased beating in her anxiety not to wake him. It was therefore with an expression of absolute dismay, which could scarcely have been more suggestive of guilt had she been detected in the act of committing some heinous crime, that, as the Major suddenly opened his eyes,

she started back, and, dropping the cigar-case at her feet, stood the picture of hopeless confusion.

"I—I am so dreadfully sorry!" she stammered, thoroughly taken aback. "I—hope I have not disturbed you."

"Disturbed me!" echoed the Major, looking perfectly mystified. "Oh, dear no—not at all!" He had sprung to his feet, and, raising his hat, was vainly trying to collect his scattered senses.

"The fact is—I had come to ask you if you have lost anything," began Evelyn hesitatingly, looking round helplessly and forgetting in toto the dignified apology which she had intended to make; "because I am afraid my dog has been doing some dreadful mischief."

"Really?" returned the Major. "It is very good of you, I am sure. But what has your dog been doing? Is it anything so very serious?"

"Well, yes—that is what he has done!" answered Evelyn, with a rueful glance at the cigar case, the dilapidated state of which plainly told its own tale. "And now I want to know if it belongs to you, as, if so, I cannot tell how I am to apologize for Sambo's dreadful behavior. Where he discovered it, and how he came into possession of it, I have no idea, as I found it in his mouth only about a minute ago; but—"

"Then do not trouble, please!" said Major Brown courteously. "It is mine, certainly; but it does not matter in the least. What is of more importance is, has he eaten any of it? Because I should think that Russian leather is not the easiest thing in the world to digest."

"No," Evelyn gave a dubious shake of her head. "Sambo knows better than to swallow anything of the kind. He is too fond of gnawing my shoes not to have learnt by experience that leather is a bad thing for his digestion."

"Ah—so this is not his first offense?" He asked the question anxiously fearing each moment Miss Luttrell would bring the interview abruptly to a close by walking off imperiously with her head elevated as she had done on the previous morning.

"Oh, dear, no! He destroys something every day; but as a rule, he takes care not to spoil anything that does not belong to me. That is one good thing, or he would be everlasting in disgrace."

"I see; he evidently considers it a sort of mark of esteem, which he reserves entirely for his mistress," was the Major's reply, made in a somewhat speculative tone. "If that is the case, I must look upon myself as an honored individual, since he has condescended to bestow his attention upon something of mine. Come, Sambo, shake hands."

"Yes, Sambo—put out your paw and shake hands like a gentleman, and say you are sorry for what you have done. But please let me have that unfortunate cigar-case," she added suddenly, coloring slightly, as the Major bent forward to take up the remains of that once elegant article. "There will be so many different kinds, I suppose, and, if possible, Sambo would like to get another exactly like it."

"It is very kind of him, I am sure"—there was a gleam of amusement in his eyes—"but, all the same, I shall value this one far more than I ever could a new one of Sambo's choosing; and, if I may be allowed, I shall always keep it in remembrance of him and"—here he hesitated and glanced down admiringly at the disturbed pretty face before him—"his mistress!"

And so at last Fate had been kind to him.

As, five minutes later, the Major tucked his newspaper under his arm and took a leisurely stroll round the garden, he came to the conclusion that, even had the French poodle devoured a hundred cigar-cases, he would have been perfectly compensated by that rather short interview with Miss Luttrell of Luttrell court.

(To be continued.)

What Sleeplessness Means.  
Medical scientists have now demonstrated that a brain cell actually loses part of its substance during action. The cell of the exhausted brain, instead of being plump and full of nervous matter, is found to be hollowed out, or "vacuolated," a cavity having formed without its substance, which has become filled with water. This means that a part of the cell substance has been actually consumed, precisely as coal is consumed when one gets heat from a furnace. It has been found that if an animal whose brain cells are thus exhausted be permitted to sleep, its cells readily recuperate, new material is supplied from the blood until the cell is as good as new. The brain of a person, therefore, who is beset by sleeplessness is in the condition of a locomotive which runs night and day without going to the repair-shop.—Science Sitings.

Fed by the Eye.  
A lady went into a pastry cook's shop the other day. On the counter were displayed all sorts of toothsome dainties. The only attendant was a little girl about 10 years of age. "Isn't it a great temptation to you my dear," asked the lady, "to see all those nice things? You must always be wanting to eat them." "Oh, no, ma'am," was the answer; "it is enough for me to see them made."

An Innovation.  
"In our house," said the base ball crank with a new baby, "the rules of the game are reversed. Four bawls put me off my base."—Philadelphia North American.

The reason why some persons are so quiet is that they only say what they think.

## FIGHTING PROTECTION

### DEMOCRATS WILL MAKE THE TARIFF AN ISSUE.

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

Will the tariff be made a conspicuous issue among the questions to be submitted to public adjudication in the presidential campaign of 1909? Opinion varies widely on this point. By many the belief is expressed that in the light of the splendid prosperity that has followed the restoration of the protective policy, and in view of the enormous extension of our foreign trade that has taken place concurrently with the unrestricted operation of that policy, the Democratic party in its next national platform will not have the hardihood to reopen the tariff question, but will discreetly refrain from any agitation thereof.

Among those who hold to this belief we find the New York Sun very positive and emphatic. After pointing to the splendid showing made in the statistics of our exports of domestic manufactures—wherefrom it appears that, after deducting the exports of mineral oil and copper from the unexampled total of \$338,667,794 for the last fiscal year, the net exports of products in which labor cost forms a higher percentage than in these relatively crude articles reached in 1899 the sum of \$252,000,000, a gain of \$165,400,000 in ten years—the Sun announces this conclusion:

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

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

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

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

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

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

the traffic is 50 per cent larger than all the freight cars in service; gross daily value of trade in industrial Klondike, \$6,000,000.

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

### The McKinley Policy.

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

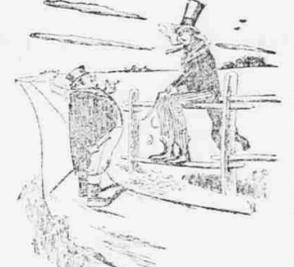
"The flag symbolizes our purposes and our aspirations; it represents what we believe and what we mean to maintain, and wherever it floats it is the flag of the free, the hope of the oppressed; and wherever it is assailed, at any sacrifice it will be carried to a triumphant peace."

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

### They Will Be Regulated.

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

### Cause for Chastened Satisfaction.



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

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

### Beyond the Argumentative Stage.

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

### Benefits the Workingman.

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

### The Deep, Full Breath.

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

### The Mother of Industry.

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

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

### Northwestern Harvest Hands.

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

### A Transient Commercial Craze.

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

### Work Seeks the Man.

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

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

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

### Two of a Kind.

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

### Well Done!

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

### A Typical Contortionist.

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