

# That Mysterious Major...

...BY...  
ETHEL A. SOUTHAM

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)  
"Is anything the matter?" she asked, glancing anxiously in the direction of her aunt.  
"Nothing whatever," was the brusque reply; "it is merely a shawl which Lady Howard wished for. But you did not hear her call, I suppose; you were too much taken up with that fellow Brown."  
Evelyn raised her eyebrows, and gave him a swift utterly disdainful look.  
"It is strange what you see in that man," he went on, folding his arms; "and, whilst you persistently avoid my society, you seem everlastingly ready to enter into conversation with him. It is not fancy, Miss Luttrell—it is perfectly true. Three times to-day have I attempted to speak to you; three times have you made some trifling excuse and turned to leave me."  
"And why have I," exclaimed Evelyn, her eyes flashing fire—"why? Simply because you persist in discussing the most ridiculous of subjects!"  
"I have certainly made half a dozen attempts during the last few days to tell you that I love you, to ask you to be my wife; but perhaps that is a topic of conversation which you care to discuss only with your friend Brown, since you appear to find him so very interesting."

did write them, I know," answered Evelyn, with a vindictive little nod towards Gilbert Falkland.  
"Oh, indeed! But, even if that is so, there are twenty other ways in which a clever forger could get hold of your signature. You have not written to anybody staying in the hotel, I suppose, Miss Luttrell?"  
"Written to anybody? No—certainly not!"  
"Nor lent any books in which your name is inscribed?"  
"No," returned Evelyn, with the same decision. "I have not lent anything."  
"Then, as far as your recollection goes, you can give us no clue to the mystery? You have no remembrance, for instance, of writing a letter and tearing it up, or of signing your name in any chance way which could possibly be turned against you?"  
Again Evelyn answered "No," but this time there was less assurance in her tones. Standing with her arms folded on the back of her aunt's chair, she had started slightly at Falkland's question, and now, as she raised her head, a strangely perplexed look came suddenly into her eyes.  
"I—I cannot remember anything," she added hurriedly.  
"Not anything at all?" persisted Falkland suspiciously, quick to notice her evident hesitation.  
"No—absolutely—nothing."  
"Well, the only thing is to take care of that check," observed Falkland, watching her narrowly. "You see, it is really all that we have to go upon. If you would give it to me, though, I might be able to do something for you in the matter."  
"Thank you, but I shall have no need to trouble you. I—the words were spoken in the same hesitating, almost faltering tones—" have given it to Major Brown."  
"You have given it to Major Brown?"

"Or rather perhaps it is that, whilst you talk such utter nonsense, he talks sense!" was the cutting reply.  
"You call a declaration of love, a proposal of marriage, nonsense, then."  
"Yes; I call anything nonsense that is so contrary to all reason," returned Evelyn, her voice trembling. "And, since you know how much I hate it, I wonder you pester me as you do."  
"Oh, very well! If that is the case, I will not attempt to renew the subject again—in that way, at any rate; my attentions shall annoy you no longer, and—"  
"Thank you," interrupted Evelyn in



AGAIN EVELYN ANSWERED "NO."

low angry tones—"that is all I care about," and, without another word or look, she turned to the open window and disappeared, leaving Falkland with ruffled brows and lips set in angry determination gazing drearily into vacancy.

## CHAPTER X.

It was certainly true. Miss Luttrell had not been mistaken in declaring that the forged check was not one of those which she had lost some months before; and a careful investigation quickly revealed the fact that the check in question had been dexterously extracted from the book in such a manner as to leave no blank counterfoil to raise the suspicions of its owner.

"It is clear that the forgery has been effected quite recently, and, no doubt, during our stay here," declared Lady Howard, looking towards Evelyn and Mr. Falkland for confirmation of her words, the latter having, despite her niece's protestations, been called in for consultation upon the weighty matter. "But the thing is, who can have done it? There are half a dozen men in the hotel who may be really professional forgers for all we know; but I do not suppose that one of them even knows Evelyn's Christian name, much less her signature."

"I beg your pardon, Lady Howard—you forgot the visitors' book," suggested Falkland promptly.  
"The visitors' book? Ah, yes—her name is there, certainly! But who could be sure it was her writing? Who would dare to forge a check with such doubtful assistance? And, now that I think of it—Lady Howard tapped her gold-rimmed fan against her forehead—"I fancy I myself was the one to write our names. Can you remember, Evelyn?"  
"Yes, I remember quite well. You

through the silent air, to echo round the dusky lawn! A moment before a horrible fear had possessed her, a fear which had sent all the blood coursing wildly through her veins; and then—Oh, impossible! Major Brown a forger! It was impossible! Mr. Falkland always had disliked him. From the very first he had been prejudiced about him, and had done his utmost to make both Lady Howard and herself share in his suspicions.  
It was too terrible! In that one moment it seemed as though she lived through all the past fortnight again. One after another the various events of the well remembered days passed in rapid succession through her mind, whilst above all, as a climax, a crowning point to the whole, a certain afternoon, scarcely thirty-six hours before, stood out clear and defined from the confusion of the various occurrences. Every syllable which had been spoken, every subject which had been broached, came back to her as vividly as though once more she was sitting in the forsaken library, pen in hand, with Major Brown standing attentively by her side.  
Oh, why had she been so dense, so blind as to see neither through his evident manoeuvres nor the strange yet palpable eagerness of his manner? If nothing else had roused her suspicions, she ought at least to have realized that Major Brown was not at all the kind of man to waste his energies upon a simple birthday book. A birthday book! How could she have allowed herself to be so easily taken in? She had certainly expressed some astonishment upon the occasion—she was undoubtedly somewhat dubious at first—but how quickly he had overruled her! Without appearing the least perturbed, he had explained away everything—yes, everything! He had even been able to find an excuse for the blankness of the pages, and she had actually believed him, had believed the whole of his fabrications, though in reality that horrible book had been purchased simply as a means for securing her signature!  
"You hear what Mr. Falkland is saying, Eve?"  
How far her thoughts had carried her, or how long she had been standing with her hands clasped tightly together, gazing out straight before her at the shadows growing deeper and deeper, Evelyn had no idea.  
Did she hear what Mr. Falkland was saying? No, she had not heard a word, and what was more, she was utterly indifferent as to what it might be; yet it was with a gesture suggestive rather of acquiescence that she sat down on the low bamboo chair and waited resignedly for anything further that had to come.  
"You see, Miss Luttrell—it was Falkland himself who claimed her attention this time—"we can do nothing without the check; we have no proofs whatever as to the forgery. Brown is safe as if he had never put pen to paper at all."  
"Is he?" observed Evelyn calmly. His words seemed to imbue her with a sense of strange undefinable relief.  
"Ah, yes—I suppose that would have been the only evidence against him! But of course it does not matter. It is really not of much importance," she added in a voice particularly free from any suspicion of regret.  
"It does not matter! Why, Miss Luttrell, I have just been pointing out to you the greatest importance of this affair, and have been saying how easily the whole thing can be managed! But no time must be lost. You ought to ask the Major for the check this evening without fail."  
(To be continued.)

The Census of Germany.  
The Times publishes a careful analysis of the German census, taken on June 14, 1895, from which it appears that the population amounted on that day to 51,770,000, of whom 24,400,000 were males and 26,360,000 females, the excess of females being, therefore, nearly a million. This population increases at the rate of a little more than a million a year, for which new means of maintenance, education and housing must be provided. The rush is, of course, to the towns, the general urban population having increased since 1832 by 36 per cent, while the population of towns with more than 100,000 persons had more than doubled. Of the total, 8,292,000 are occupied in agriculture, 8,251,000 in industry, 2,238,000 in trade, 794,000 in the professions, 631,000 as soldiers or sailors, and 1,399,000 as servants. The proportion of servants is the lowest in the census-taking world, not half the proportion in Great Britain. The Catholics are about a third of the population, while of the whole commercial class 5.71 per cent are Jews.—London Spectator.

Ik Marvel's Home.  
Donald G. Mitchell, known far and wide as Ik Marvel, lives on a 200-acre farm upon a hill near New Haven. From the road the house is invisible, a high evergreen hedge concealing it, but from the porch a fine view of New Haven is afforded. For many years Mr. Mitchell has lived there, indulging in his love for nature and agriculture. It is an ideal place. The house is covered by English ivy, and evergreen trees surround it. The fields are level as floors, and the stone walls have been built with neatness and accuracy. A little house on the farm is built from stones gathered from the fields and cost only a trifle over \$1,600. Mr. Mitchell is 72 years old, but he walks in the woods every day. He is very fond of walking and thinks to it he owes his life, for when young he was told he had consumption. For two years he tramped over Europe, walking 600 miles in England alone. He successfully staved off the disease, but has always kept up his walks.

## ADANGEROUSREMEDY

### TARIFF REPEAL IN DEALING WITH TRUSTS.

To Remove Protection Would Either Be Ineffectual and Worthless, or Else It Would Prove Destructive to Our Industrial System.

To the questions, Is the Customs Tariff the mother of trusts, as was asserted by Mr. Havemeyer? and Would the repeal of protective duties on articles controlled by trusts render the success of trusts impossible in this country? one of the most thoughtful answers yet given by any of our public men is that of Representative Tawney of Minnesota, which is printed in the current issue of the American Economist. Mr. Tawney, a conspicuous member of the house committee on ways and means, of which the late Nelson Dingley was chairman, and which formulated and framed the Dingley tariff law, is a man who evidently thinks before talking. In this respect he differs quite radically from certain other Minnesota talkers and writers, who are strenuous advocates of the repeal of protective duties as a means of smashing the trusts. Ex-statemens who never had any reputation for brains and editors more or less influenced by commercial considerations take a flying jump and land squarely upon the conclusion that by the removal of protection the trust problem is at once solved. To jump at a conclusion is the easiest of all ways out of a perplexing dilemma. It requires little thought and less knowledge.

But is the trust question so easily settled as all this? Representative Tawney thinks it is not. Briefly stated, his presentation of the proposition is this: The repeal of the protective tariff as a means of smashing the trusts would be either absolutely worthless or else absolutely destructive. If, as is claimed by all free-traders, by all mugwumps, and by a few wabbling protectionists, the protective policy has outlived its usefulness in the United States, and is no longer necessary in order to enable our domestic industries to compete with foreign production, then, as Mr. Tawney clearly points out, the repeal of protective duties would accomplish nothing in restraint or control of trusts. It would be a worthless remedy, for the trusts would continue the even tenor of their way, just as though nothing had happened.

If, on the contrary, protection is essential as a means of assuring the possession of the great home market to the domestic producer, then the removal of protection would, while undoubtedly smashing the trusts, at the same time smash our vast industrial system, and by so doing would drive domestic production out of the field and leave our consumers wholly at the mercy of foreign trusts not amenable to regulation and control through the operation of our domestic laws.

Such is the alternative. Either protection is or is not needed. Either the trusts of the United States could get along equally well without it, or else its repeal would wreck the domestic trusts and also wreck domestic industries. This is a consummation which might prove acceptable to free-traders and mugwumps; but would it prove acceptable to the country as a whole? Half-hearted protectionist writers and ex-statemens who think they think would do well to follow representative Tawney's example, and give this question serious consideration before they become so cocksure of having solved the trust problem by the abandonment of protection.

### RETURN OF CONFIDENCE.

It Came About Solely Through the Restoration of the Policy of Protection.

Some people are foolish enough to believe that the present happy condition of affairs is attributable to the restoration of financial confidence, but it requires no special acumen to discover that this confidence rested on the belief that protection would set the wheels of industry in motion. If the fact were otherwise it would long since have disappeared, for it must not be forgotten that there has been no monetary legislation since the election of President McKinley and that our monetary system remains practically in the same state that it was when Cleveland falsely held it responsible for the disasters which the carrying out of his un-American free-trade policy brought on the country. It is true there is a largely increased stock of gold in the United States, but no legislation touching the standard or manipulation by the treasury has brought about that result. Protection did it by largely increasing the favorable trade balance. By diminishing our imports and increasing our exports we have accomplished what no legal regulation of the standard could have accomplished. By sticking to protection we have kept out of, or at least lessened, our indebtedness to foreigners, and thus we have made it impossible for them to force us to yield up any more of our gold than we find it profitable or convenient to part with.

Protection is entitled to credit for this result, but its enemies, under the guise of monetary reformers, are seeking to obscure the fact. They will not succeed, however, because the American people are acute enough to discern these facts, which stand out plainly:

First.—That in 1892, when protection was in full blast, "the business of the country was in a provokingly healthy condition."

Second.—That during the years while free-trade was impending and in force, that is, between the fall of 1892 and 1896, a disastrous depression set in and continued, during which bank-

## WOULD BE SMASHED.

### American Industries and the American Standard of Wages and Living.

Senator Hansbrough of North Dakota hits the nail on the head when he says: "Congress might revoke every article and section of the tariff law carrying a protective duty, and it would not make the slightest difference with the so-called trusts." The proof of the truth of this statement is found in the fact that free-trade England also has formidable monopolistic combinations.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Convincing as this fact may be, it is not the only proof of the soundness of Senator Hansbrough's conviction regarding the relation of trusts and the tariff. Trusts in Great Britain do not fear external competition so long as they are able to control domestic competition. To control domestic competition is much easier in a free-trade country than in a country where protection acts as a perpetual stimulus to internal competition. If the truth were known there are trusts in the United States to-day that would welcome the repeal of all protective duties as the surest safeguard against the greatest menace to their successful operation—the menace of new competitors. They are not disturbed at the prospect of injurious foreign competition under free trade. Competition of that kind could be easily met by reducing the cost of production—that is, by reducing wages. Protection being abolished and wages having been reduced, it would be plain sailing for the trusts. No; the repeal of protective duties would not smash the trusts. The things certain to be smashed in such a contingency would be the American standard of wages and the American standard of living.

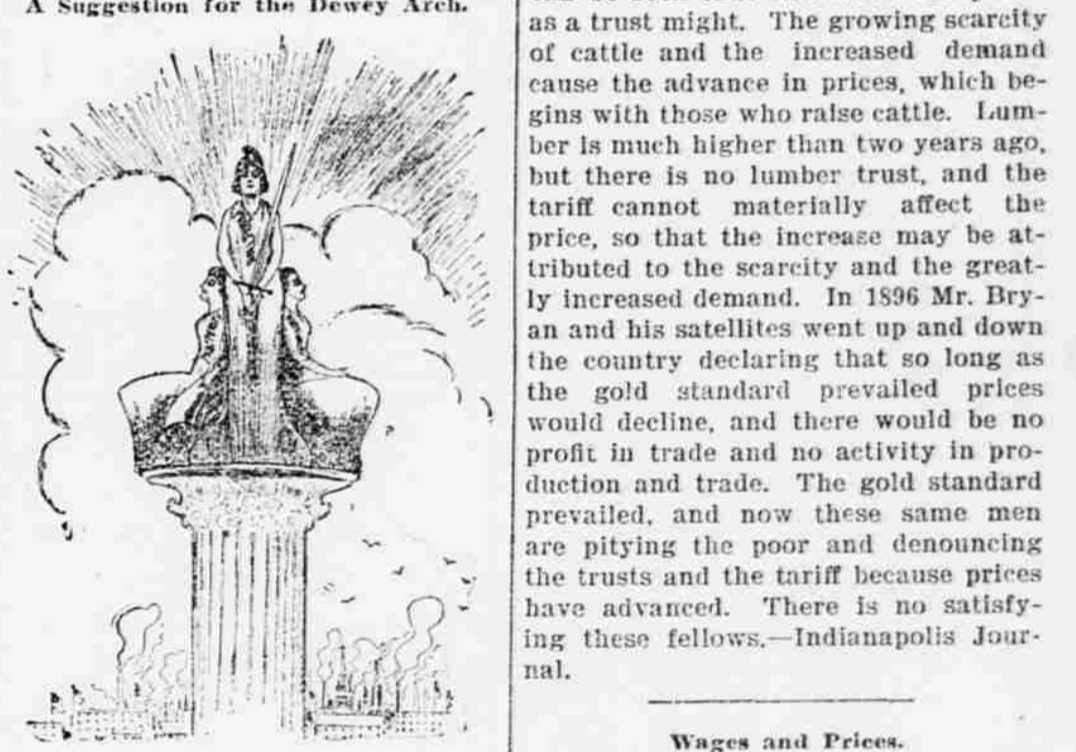
### The Dodge Will Not Work.

Protection is a Republican policy. The Democrats have formed the habit of denouncing it, and they think they must keep it up, with or without reason and sense. And so, with the splendid record of protection staring them in the face, and being unable to point to a single fact that is not to its credit, they wildly re-echo Havemeyer's Bippant utterance with some such scheme as this in their heads: "The people like the protective tariff; let us try to make them hate it by circulating the absurd lie that it is the mother of trusts."

The hypocrisy of all this is quite as comical as it is revolting. It shows what a poverty-stricken old concern the Democratic party is. Free silver is dead. Flag hauling as an issue is worse than no issue at all. Fantastic yarns about trusts and the tariff are the only remaining resort. The Democracy grabs at this grotesque banner and flourishes it frantically, hoping to rattle voters and muddle their thinking apparatus. But the dodge will not work. It is a confession of weakness and a proclamation of stupidity. The people see through the game and will coldly keep out of it, preferring to retain their prosperity, their open workshops, their 100-cent dollars, their sterling Americanism, and their respect for the flag of their country.—Freeport (Ill.) Journal.

### No Satisfying Them.

Bryan newspapers in out-of-the-way places are copying the figures of a New York paper showing that the increase in the prices of fifty or sixty articles since January 1, 1897, has been 23 per cent. Thereupon a howl is set up against the protective tariff and the trusts. The greater part of the increase is in iron goods, tin plates, etc. While there is a tin plate trust, there is no iron trust. The advance in tin plates in the United States has been but half as much as in Great Britain. Provisions, meats, and particularly beef, are higher than a year ago, but the tariff does not affect the price of beef a particle, and there is no combination that can be seen that can affect the prices as a trust might. The growing scarcity of cattle and the increased demand cause the advance in prices, which begins with those who raise cattle. Lumber is much higher than two years ago, but there is no lumber trust, and the tariff cannot materially affect the price, so that the increase may be attributed to the scarcity and the greatly increased demand. In 1896 Mr. Bryan and his satellites went up and down the country declaring that so long as the gold standard prevailed prices would decline, and there would be no profit in trade and no activity in production and trade. The gold standard prevailed, and now these same men are pitying the poor and denouncing the trusts and the tariff because prices have advanced. There is no satisfying these fellows.—Indianapolis Journal.



A Suggestion for the Dewey Arch.

### What He Needs.

Here is a bright and shining example of the protection afforded consumers by competition. Without the Dechers and Arbuckles there would be no cheap sugar. With them the fangs of the sugar trust are drawn, and instead of a monopoly it is only a large corporation in competition with smaller ones, which have the power to regulate prices.

What Mr. Havemeyer seems to need is not so much modification of the tariff as a law prohibiting any one but the Havemeyer combination manufacturing or selling sugar. From his exhibitions of monumental gall and selfishness, it is a wonder he has not urged such action by congress.—Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

### A Divided Responsibility.

Protection enriched the few at the expense of the many, and the trusts that grew out of protection are doing the same thing—only a little more so.—Toledo Bee.

The Bee is mistaken; that is not so. The political history of the country shows that protection to home industry was always a great help to American labor—the bone and sinew of the country.

As for trusts, the fact is, the Republican party is no more responsible for them than is the so-called Democratic party. In that respect all parties are in "the same boat."—Norwalk (Ohio) Reflector.

### May Be an Issue.

The tariff is not now an issue, but nobody can tell what the Democrats will do before the next election. There are at present strong indications of an attempt to force the tariff to the front by taking up the trust issue on the lines laid down by Bryan, and if that is done the testimony of Mr. Grace as to the beneficial effects of protection will be interesting.—Cleveland (Ohio) Leader.

### Novices Not Wanted.

There isn't any question that William McKinley will be re-employed in 1900 as advance agent of prosperity. Even if the "crops" should be a little short in that year, there will be enough of farm produce left over from 1899 to encourage his employers to stick to him. The people won't want to risk a green hand at the business.—Greenville (Ohio) Courier.

### Of Course It Knew.

The trusts own the Republican party. The trusts created McKinley as a political leader and the trusts will never be attacked by the Republican party.—Norwalk Experiment.

Did not the Experiment know that in that brief paragraph it was giving publicity to a series of abominable falsehoods?—Norwalk (O.) Reflector.

### Viewed with Alarm.

Notwithstanding the crime of '73 and the "robber tariff" in connection with the present Republican administration the farmers show a degree of prosperity and happiness that must be very trying to Billy Bryan and his gang of pessimists who view it with alarm.—Pomona (Kan.) Republican.