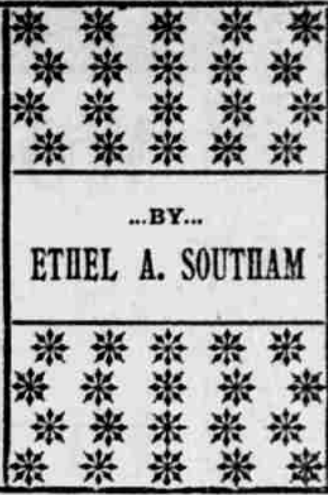


# That Mysterious Major...



...BY...  
ETHEL A. SOUTHAM

## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

It was not until the gig had been brought round from the stables, not until the major had helped Evelyn up by her side and they had actually started on their homeward drive, that a single word was spoken regarding the subject which was uppermost in both their minds.

"Well, we are off at last," observed the major, with a twirl of his somewhat dilapidated whip; "and now we shall have to entreat this old mare to put her best foot forward, or Lady Howard will be in hysterics if Mrs. Courtenay returns from the theater without her charge."

"If—" A look of horror came into Evelyn's face. "Oh, but we must get back before that! What would Aunt Lydia think? But I—I can scarcely believe even now that that letter was not from her. Are you certain you have not been mistaken? It was so exactly like her writing."

"Miss Luttrell, I assure you there is not a shadow of a doubt; for, besides knowing for a fact that Lady Howard was at the 'Royal George' at ten minutes to nine, I found an envelope directed to you which you had evidently dropped at the station, and it was as clearly a forgery of your aunt's writing as that check was of your own last night; and in both cases I saw at a glance that it was Falkland's handwriting."

"But I—I cannot understand! I was never so puzzled in my life!" Evelyn shook her head and gazed blankly before her at the thick shroud of mist rising slowly from the surrounding fields. "Can it be possible that Mr. Falkland is really that fearful man whom the authorities have been trying to find? Have you known all this time and never told us?"

"I had my suspicions, certainly," he confessed, with a half smile; "but then, that is just it—they were only suspicions. If I had come to you and

ard for his next victim, and I immediately realized how helpless you would be in the hands of such a villain. We have put a stop to his games at last, though," he proceeded, after a momentary pause. "Falkland no doubt imagines that he will be able to make his escape with perfect safety when he arrives at his destination. He is blissfully unconscious that a pair of handcuffs is following closely in the next carriage."

"Do you mean to say that—"  
"Exactly," acquiesced the major with a smile, as he noticed her horrified expression. "For once in my life fortune favored me. I telegraphed up to Scotland Yard this morning, telling them to send down the detective who had helped me before in this affair; and, receiving an answer to say he would be here by the five minutes past nine train, I went to the station to meet him. He had only just arrived, when, to my astonishment, I saw you and Falkland alone together upon the opposite platform, hurrying to the London express, and, feeling certain that something was wrong, we instantly made a rush for the train, only just managing to jump into the guard's van before it had moved off. Here again the luck was on our side. Knowing it was the London express, we had quite made up our minds that we should be able to find out nothing until it reached town; but fortunately there was a block on the line, which immediately set our fears at rest. You of course supposed that you were right for Royston."

"Yes—and that Parker was waiting for me with the luggage and Sambo at the next station," answered Evelyn, with a rueful shake of her head. Even now she seemed scarcely to realize the enormity of Falkland's act. "But what in the world could he hope to gain by such conduct? He must have known that sooner or later I should find him out."  
"Yes; but that was it. How entire-

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ANXIOUSLY SURVEYED THE FLUSHED, PRETTY FACE."

boldly declared that my own convictions warned me that this fellow was Samuel Cripps, the forger, what would you have said? Why, you would probably have answered that it was far more likely that I myself was the renowned Samuel Cripps. The truth is, I had seen this fellow Falkland abroad, and something about his appearance—I do not know what it was—told me that he was the very man who had been connected with a tremendous forgery in New York, and who, only a few days afterward, I discovered, had forged my name to the amount of 25,000 pounds. It was a most curious affair altogether. How he had gained possession of my check book, or had learned that the amount of money was lying idle in the bank, remains to this day a mystery. And, though I felt certain that this fellow, who had so attracted my notice at Monte Carlo, was the same man who had forged my name, there was unfortunately not the slightest evidence really against him. The moment, however, that I saw him here on the night of my arrival I recognized him at a glance, even though he had disguised himself most effectually by shaving off his mustache and dyeing his hair two or three shades lighter. I had really come with the intention of staying only one night in order to look at some property which had been left me by an uncle; but the instant I saw that man I resolved, whatever happened, to remain until doomsday, if necessary, in the hopes of finding out what grounds I had for my suspicions. At the same time I saw you—here the major gave one swift glance at the slight form beside him—and it struck me that, if this fellow Falkland were the man I suspected him to be, he had most probably chosen either you or Lady How-

ly he would have had you in his power! Alone in London at that time of the night, what could you have done? It would have been the easiest thing imaginable for him to circulate a report saying that you had eloped with him; and how could you have prevented him, except by satisfying him with a bribe of perhaps some thousands of pounds?"

"All the same it was a risky thing to do," proceeded the major decidedly. "And I do not suppose Falkland would have attempted it if he had not really been at the end of his tether; otherwise I am perfectly certain that he would never have been so venturesome as to allow one of his confederates to cash that check of yours whilst he was actually living under the same roof with you."

"Yes, but if it had not been for you, who would have found him out?" observed Evelyn, suddenly raising her eyes to his with a sense of the deepest gratitude. "I cannot think how you managed. You seem to have had so little to go upon—only a piece of blotting paper and some of his writing—at least—'dubiously—'that is what you said, was it not?"

"Yes—cannot you believe it?" laughing. "But really it is quite true; it was your signature—the forgery of it, at least—that I found blotted on a sheet of blotting paper. Somehow my suspicions were aroused at once. I was sure you never wrote in the public room; but then there was no reason that some person in the hotel, or Falkland himself, might not have had occasion to write your name with no criminal intent whatever. It was, therefore, with the object of arriving at some mere definite conclusion that I had to make an excuse for asking you to give me your signature; and

the only way out of my difficulty which I could think of was—and here a quizzical gleam of amusement came into the major's eyes—"by that birthday-book."

"Yes, indeed—that horrible birthday-book!" Evelyn stopped short and regarded him as if words absolutely failed her.

"Ah, Miss Luttrell, you will forgive me! You are not very angry with me, I hope?"

The major suddenly put his whip aside, and, leaving the old gray mare to her own devices, bent forward, anxiously surveying the flushed, pretty face at his side.

"Well, no—I am not exactly angry. Considering that that wonderful book had so much to do with the discovery of the forgery, it would perhaps be rather unreasonable if I were. At the same time," she added, wrinkling up her forehead into a perplexed little frown, "though it might have been quite necessary for you to start a birthday-book for the occasion, I hardly think that there was any real need for you to have invented the endless stories that you did. I believe you thoroughly enjoyed taking me in!"

"Well, at any rate, I spoke the truth when I told you that not another person should enter his or her name in that one particular book—"

"Yes—you spoke the truth then—"  
"And when I declared that I should value your autograph more than any other that I possessed," he added quickly. "Miss Luttrell, there was truth in every word of that. You may think that I valued it merely because I thought it would meet my own ends; but you are quite mistaken. From the very first hour I saw you I have been in love with you, over head and ears in love, and for the past fortnight I have been longing for the day to come when I might throw off my disguise and—with sudden recklessness—"ask you to be my wife. Miss Luttrell—Evelyn—tell me, is it possible you can ever give me any hope?"

"You must surely have known that I admired you—you must have seen all along that each day I was falling deeper and deeper in love with you," he went on, absolute despair in his tones, an expression of keenest anxiety on his face. "Dearest, I know that I am not worthy of you, that I have no right to ask you; but, if only you will marry me, it shall be my one aim and object in life to make you happy. I will do anything on earth for you!"

There was a long pause, and then—"Major Brown," came slowly, hesitatingly from Evelyn.

"Ah, that Major Brown," he interrupted ruefully. "I know that your answer to him can never be satisfactory. Please—entreatingly—do not call me that again! Try to forget that you ever knew me by such a name, and for the future try to think of me as Adrian Beauchamp."

"I am afraid that that is impossible," and Evelyn gave a lugubrious little shake of her head. "I could no more call you Sir Adrian Beauchamp than I could our worthy landlord, Mr. Gillibrand himself."

"Then let me suggest a way out of the difficulty," he answered with a covert smile. "Suppose you drop both 'Sir' and 'Beauchamp,' and call me 'Adrian.'"

How soon the baronet prevailed upon Miss Luttrell to consent to his arrangement remains a profound mystery; but three weeks later two paragraphs appeared in the morning papers, one announcing the forthcoming trial for forgery of Samuel Cripps, alias John Barton, Gilbert Falkland, etc., the other the marriage shortly to be solemnized between Major Sir Adrian Beauchamp, Bart., late of the Hussars, of Beauchamp Manor, Wits, and Belgrave square, W., and Evelyn, only daughter of the late William Luttrell of Luttrell court, Devonshire.

THE END.

### How to Care for the Watch.

A watch should be wound up every day at the same hour. Avoid putting it on a marble slab or near anything excessively cold. A sudden change of temperature, contracting the metal, may sometimes cause the mainspring to break. The cold also coagulates the oil, and the pivots and wheel work less freely, and affect the regularity of the timekeeping. In laying aside a watch be sure that it rests upon its case. If suspended, the action of the balance may cause oscillation, which will interfere with its going. To keep your watch clean take care that the case fits closely and see that the watch pocket is kept free from fluff, which is so often given off by linings. Avoid sudden jars and falls, for even if it does not seem to affect it at the moment, a watch will resent rough handling by becoming gradually "out of order" without apparent cause.

### "Eggscuse."

A teacher in a Boston suburban public school received the following "eggscuse" from the mother of a boy who had failed to be present on a certain day: "Dear Teacher—Please eggscuse Andrew James for not having went to school yesterday. He started all right, but him and another boy stopped for a little swim in the river, and a dog came along and carried off Andrew James' pants and shirt and he had to stay in the water until the other boy come home and got more pants and shirts for him, and then it was too late. Under the circumstances you could not expect him to be there, so kindly eggscuse."

### Where Apples Grow Wild.

The apple grows wild in the Sandwich Islands.

## AS TO EXPORT PRICES

### NOT NOW ON FOREIGN BARGAIN COUNTERS.

In Free Trade Tariff Times American Manufacturers Were Sometimes Exported at a Loss, but That Condition No Longer Exists.

The sale to foreign consumers of American manufactured products at a lower price than American consumers are required to pay is one of the principal counts in the indictment which free traders bring against the American policy of protection. Indeed, this, together with the claim that trusts are fostered and promoted by protection is almost the only ground of attack remaining for the free traders. The splendid facts of a revived domestic trade, of a wonderfully enlarged export trade, and of a general condition of unprecedented prosperity growing out of the restoration of a protective tariff, these great facts are so patent and so indisputable that the free trader of today is reduced to the extremity of opposing protection on two pretexts only, that of responsibility for trusts, and that of enabling our manufacturers to make big profits on the goods they sell at home while selling the same class of goods to foreigners at much lower prices.

The first of these indictments—that relating to the trusts—is easily disposed of by the proof that trusts thrive in free trade Great Britain fully as well as in protected America, and that the most powerful of all our domestic trusts are those which are not in the least degree affected or benefited by a protective tariff.

The assertion that protection lays an unjust burden upon our own people by compelling them to pay higher prices than foreigners pay for goods produced in this country prove to be quite in the nature of a boomerang. To begin with, the assertion is at present false and promises to remain false for some time to come. It is downright absurdity to suppose that, with our mills and factories running overtime in order to catch up with orders for goods, our manufacturers are sacrificing any part of their profits in order to sell abroad at reduced prices goods which they are unable to supply in sufficient volume to meet the domestic demand. American business men don't do business that way.

Present information bearing upon this point is at hand in the shape of a report just put out by the treasury bureau of statistics, whose energetic chief, Mr. Austin, has just made a tour of observation to the manufacturing centers of New England and the Middle states. Mr. Austin concludes that if the places included in his visit are fairly representative of the conditions generally existing among manufacturing establishments throughout the country, as they undoubtedly are, there can be no occasion for complaint that mills and men are lacking employment. Mr. Austin visited the cotton, woolen, worsted, silk, fiber, carpet, print goods, rubber, boot and shoe, hat, pottery and watch and clock manufacturing establishments, and in no case did he find a lack of orders for the manufacturers or of employment for men and women during operation. On the contrary the great cotton, woolen, silk and other textile mills are running on full time and overtime, while the manufacturers of rubber goods, boots and shoes, clothing and pottery reported their orders far in excess of their capacity to fill with promptness.

"Our chief difficulty," said the manager of a great manufactory of rubber clothing, "is to get a sufficient number of employes and sufficient machinery to meet our orders. The crude rubber we can get, though the importations of that are increasing rapidly, and the price advancing because of the increased demand; but the costly machinery and the skilled labor which are to do the work are not so easily had. We maintain constantly a school for the instruction of young men and women in the lines of work required in our factory, and yet with the constant reduction of our force by the demands upon it from other mills of this character, we are short of hands and unable to keep up with our orders."

Similar statements were made by the managers of other manufacturing establishments. The cotton mills, woolen mills and silk manufacturing establishments were running at their full capacity, and in some cases over hours, while the great boot and shoe manufacturing establishments were reported weeks behind with their orders, which come from all parts of the United States and of the world. During the last eight months between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 worth of boots and shoes, the product of American factories, have been sent out of the country, the total of the eight months being double that of the corresponding months of 1898. Of this large exportation of this single product of our factories the exports to the United Kingdom alone were \$477,734, against \$263,175 in the corresponding months of last year; to the West Indies, \$467,519, against \$167,420 in the corresponding months of last year; to British Australasia, \$392,439, against \$208,783 in the corresponding months of last year; to Mexico, \$206,880, against \$66,816 in the corresponding months of last year; to Africa, \$94,605, against \$54,653 in the corresponding months of last year, while shipments were also made to Asia, Oceania, Central and South America, as well as to the great industrial and manufacturing countries of France, Germany and the United Kingdom.

An illustration of the activity of the

manufacturers in other lines is found in a statement made by Dr. Wilson, the head of the Philadelphia Commercial museum, and also the director of the export exposition: "Our chief difficulty in the preliminary work of the exposition," said he, "was in the fact that the manufacturers of the country were so busy that many of them could not find time and the necessary force of employes with which to prepare exhibits satisfactory to themselves, while in many other cases our requests for exhibits were met with the statement that, since they are now months behind with their orders, the display of their products would merely add to their temporary embarrassment by bringing them a still greater excess of orders over their capacity for production. In the great iron and steel manufacturing industries we found that many of the establishments had from six to eighteen months' orders ahead, and that they were working to their fullest capacity and unable to increase their product without an increase in machinery, which, of course, cannot be made in a moment."

In the iron and steel industry the figures of our exports show that the extreme activity of manufacturers extends not alone to the home market, but to that supplied to other parts of the world. The exportation of manufactures of iron and steel in the eight months ending with August, 1899, amounted to \$668,008,971, against \$52,925,082 in the corresponding months of 1898, \$40,757,920 in the corresponding months of 1897, and \$29,957,090 in the corresponding months of 1896.

A still further evidence which our foreign commerce figures show of the activity of our manufacturers is found in the rapid increase in the importation of materials used by manufacturers. The importations of fibers for use in the manufacturing industries in the eight months ending with August, 1899, amounted to \$14,377,758, against \$11,989,146 in the corresponding months of 1898 and \$9,851,516 in the corresponding months of 1897; hides and skins, \$32,606,820, against \$27,747,084 in the corresponding months of 1898 and \$22,637,286 in the corresponding months of 1897; india rubber, \$22,860,318, against \$17,418,404 in the eight months of 1898 and \$13,100,645 in the corresponding months of 1897, and raw silk for use in manufacturing, \$23,452,903, against \$16,639,211 in the corresponding months of 1898 and \$13,416,156 in the corresponding months of 1897.

Does this look as though our manufacturers were engaged in supplying foreign consumers at cut rates? They are, of course, doing nothing of the sort. There was a time—the free-trade tariff time of 1893-97—when American exporters were sending abroad considerable quantities of domestic manufactures at a very small profit, sometimes at a loss, for they needed the money with which to pay wages and keep their mills and factories in operation. Many of them, however, were unable to continue producing and were forced to shut down altogether. But we are no longer doing business under free-trade tariff conditions, no longer looking for a foreign outlet for surplus production without profit or at a loss. Foreigners continue to buy our goods in constantly increasing quantities, but they are paying current market prices for them. These are not the bargain-counter times of "Cleveland and tariff reform." They are the flush times of McKinley, protection and prosperity.

### Blown Off the Earth.



### An Object Lesson for Kentucky.

"Way down in old Kentucky" they are feeling the difference between keeping the American market for ourselves, in supplying the demands of the American people with American products, in keeping American money at home and in attracting the gold of other countries to the United States—the difference between all that and the giving up freely to foreigners all the advantages of the American market. Mr. George Braden, president of the Globe Fertilizing company of Louisville, recently spoke as follows: "In Kentucky the general business conditions are better than they have been since 1893, and in some respects they are better than they have ever been since I can remember. Manufacturers are very busy, and concerns are paying better dividends than they have paid for a long time. In addition, a goodly number of new industries have sprung into existence, and there is, therefore, plenty of work at good pay for all. Money is easy, and we have felt no stringency whatever."

This sort of thing ought to swing Kentucky over permanently to the party which makes its fundamental principle of faith the protection of American interests.

### Surely an Orphan.

A calico trust in England has been capitalized at \$50,000,000. As its parent cannot be a protective tariff, Democrats will claim that this trust is an orphan.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## CHANCE FOR FREE-TRADERS.

### To Get Up an Industrial Census Showing There Is No Prosperity.

The figures of the industrial census of the American Protective Tariff league for 1899, showing, by comparison with March, 1895, in free-trade tariff times, a gain of 39.56 per cent in the number of hands employed, a gain of 54.09 per cent in the gross sum of wages paid, and a gain of 10.49 per cent in the average rate of wages per capita, lead the Press of Paterson, N. J., to ask:

"Is it any wonder that Mr. Bryan wants the American workers to shut their eyes to this state of affairs and prefers to get his calamity issues several thousand miles away in the Philippines?"

Free trade stump-speakers and free-trade editors fight shy of the facts of Dingley tariff prosperity. They get as far away from them as possible. Thirteen thousand miles away, in the Philippines, is none too far for them. If they could raise some sort of an issue on the planet Mars they would welcome the opportunity to divert attention from the truth regarding protection and prosperity. They are disgruntled at President McKinley's Thanksgiving proclamation because it so convincingly sets forth the greatly improved condition of things. Some of them call the proclamation "a Republican stump speech," while one ardent journalistic exponent of Bryanism has gone so far as to mutilate the proclamation by omitting from its rescript the statement that "in all branches of industry and trade there has been an unequaled degree of prosperity."

The industrial census of the American Protective Tariff league does not please the Bryanites and the free traders. Not one of them has referred to it in any way. It is not agreeable reading for them. It does not fit in with their scheme of politics. The way to make a hit with Mr. Bryan and his free-trade friends is to get up an industrial census that will show precisely the opposite of that which is shown in the tariff league's statistics—one that will show depression, disaster, desolation and ruin in place of enormously increased payments of wages to American work people. Here is a chance which the New England Free Trade league ought not to overlook.

### A PERILOUS REMEDY.

#### Free Trade Would Smash Industries but Would Not Smash the Trusts.

The fact that trusts are already international and hence that the removal of protective duties would aggravate rather than remedy the evils complained of at the hand of trusts, was forcibly presented in the remarks of Hon. Henry W. Blair, ex-United States senator from New Hampshire, delivered at the Chicago Trust conference of September, 1899. That portion of Mr. Blair's contribution to the deliberations of the conference relating to tariff and trusts is printed in the current issue of the American Economist. Clearly it is pointed out that as a consequence of the abolition of our protective system the trusts and all other employers of labor in industrial enterprises would be forced to transfer their field of operation to countries where labor is cheaper than in the United States. Either they must do this or else they must lower the American standard of wages and of living down to a point where they can successfully compete with the cheaper payrolls of Europe and Asia, and, as Mr. Blair suggests, later on, of Africa and the Oceanic islands, whose inhabitants may easily be taught the use of the machinery which now does nine-tenths of the world's work.

"Any man," says Mr. Blair, "can take a million-dollar plant of cotton, woolen, sugar, or any other product of manufacture, to England, Russia, China, Japan or the Philippines, in his pocket, or in his check book, while the thousand laborers who have lived by working that plant for half their lives in this country are obliged to remain and starve, unless they choose to work for foreign pay." The ease and celerity with which capital can always adapt itself to new conditions, while labor must remain rooted to the soil of its birth or adoption, is tersely illustrated in the sentence just quoted. It is a point of vital value in the discussion of the trust question, and ex-Senator Blair has done well to bring it into view in connection with his interesting survey of the perils possibly attendant upon the removal of protective duties for the purpose of smashing the trusts.

### Sam Jones on Prosperity.

Sam Jones, the picturesque exhorter, occasionally stops his talks on religion long enough to speak a little on worldly affairs. A few days ago he was preaching in a town in Georgia, and, dipping into politics, got off the following:

"The biggest fool in the world is the one who stands up and argues against facts. I was talking to one of those old free-silver loons a few days ago and called his attention to the great prosperity which has come upon our country, mills and shops running on full time, and I said truly prosperity has come to our land again. He said: 'It ain't struck me yet.' I said: 'It's mighty hard to hit nothing.'—Bozeman (Mont.) Avant-Courier.

### A Typical Bryanite.

Aguinaldo has progressed so far that he is willing to accept independence with a democratic tariff. He is a silver man, of course, for he stipulated when he sold out to Spain that he should be paid in Mexican dollars.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.