

RUTHVEN'S WARD



BY
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CHAPTER X.

AMILTON Shore was a youth who to be remembered must be seen. He said witty and amusing things, and he could pay very pretty compliments, but he never expressed a sentiment that was worth recalling after he had passed out of sight. So that Margaret had to supply memory for herself, and magnify molehills into mountains, in order to maintain an ordinary decent stock of sweet things to muse upon and weep over.

Meanwhile, Ruthven kept very much out of her way—a course of conduct which the girl misinterpreted into anger, and fretted about accordingly. The real reason being that Ruthven did not dare trust himself in her presence. The love he had cherished when absent from her, and the dreams he had dreamed, had become twice as precious when he met her again, and he was too wary to cast himself headlong under the wheels of a Juggernaut which he knew would crush him.

In her want of companionship, Margaret's thoughts turned to her old school friend, Carmen Flower. The young ladies had, naturally, kept up a correspondence since leaving Blackheath; but it had not been quite so confidential on Margaret's part as on that of Carmen. She had not told her, in fact, of her love affair. The old habit of secrecy, instilled so early into her by Mrs. Garrett, had something, perhaps, to do with this, and natural timidity still more. Carmen was such a quizz; she laughed at everybody and everything. Margaret felt sure she should never hear the last word of it were she rash enough to disclose her secret whilst it was in its infancy. But the girls wrote freely to each other on all other topics; and Margaret was wondering whether a gentle hint on the subject of her loneliness might not bring a renewal of the invitation to Abbotsville, when she received a hastily written letter from Carmen to say that Sir Frederick Flower was going to take her on the continent for a few weeks.

"We shall be moving about from place to place," she wrote, "so I can not give you any particular address to write to; but we shall be home again in a couple of months at the latest, and then you must persuade Mr. Ruthven to let you come on a visit to us for a good long spell."

So that hope was ended for the present, and Margaret was obliged to content herself with dreaming of the "good long spell" in the future.

But she drooped visibly whilst dreaming. She had been used to the company of the young, and felt like a prisoner cooped up in that little house during the dry, hot, dusty London season.

At last Mrs. Garrett mentioned the girl's condition to her master, who immediately became absurdly excited and alarmed, cursing his own folly and selfishness in not having foreseen such a calamity, and proposing to call in the first physician in London to consult about her health.

"Lor! bless you, Mr. James! don't be in such a quandary. All she wants is a little fresh air. She's been too much shut up with me at home. Can't you take her down to the sea-side now for a few weeks—to Margate or Brighton, or some nice cheerful place. It'll do you both good and brisk you up again, for you don't look in the best of spirits, to my mind, yourself."

"I—I—no—I can't go; I'm detained by business," stammered the unfortunate Ruthven; "but I'll get lodgings at once in Brighton, and you shall take her down there next week, Garrett, and I'll get a bed at the club till you return."

What would he not have given to be able to accompany Margaret to either of the places mentioned, and to have watched the roses return to her cheeks, and the lightning flash to her eye?

Mrs. Garrett went down duly to Brighton with her charge, where the fresh, salt breezes and life-inspiring air could not fail to make her better in body, at least, whatever they did in mind.

But at this period—Margaret always afterward dated their falling off from the day of her arrival in Brighton—

Hamilton's letters began to dwindle, both in number and substance. At first he used to write to her two and three times a week; but that she hardly expected to last forever; then a week would elapse between the reception of his letters; now more than a fortnight passed without her hearing from him; and the epistles, when they arrived, were so unsatisfactory as to cause her tears.

Hamilton was not living entirely at Rouen, as his tutor constantly made excursions into the surrounding country, taking his pupil with him; but these changes of scene, instead of making his letters more full of news, seemed to occupy his time to the exclusion of writing altogether.

Carmen's letters were a source of both comfort and amusement to Margaret at this period. She had also picked up an admirer on her travels, and was full of the beautiful presents of flowers he had made her, and the ceaseless adoration he displayed for her.

Unlike Margaret, Carmen's nature was too vain and self-conscious to permit her to keep such a circumstance to herself; but there was a mystery about her love-making, which was all carried on without the knowledge of Sir Frederic, that made Margaret feel it could neither be right nor modest, and Mrs. Garrett loudly denounced it as "altogether brazen and wicked."

Still, Carmen's accounts of her own escapades were very entertaining and often made Margaret laugh outright in the midst of her lamentation that no letter from Hamilton had arrived by the same post. It came, however, all too soon.

One day, Mrs. Garrett having made a little journey on behalf of her house-keeping, returned to their apartments to find Margaret dissolved in tears. "Oh, Garrett!" she exclaimed, "he doesn't love me any longer! My heart is broken—I feel it. I shall die! I cannot live without his presence or his love."

"Bless my soul! Miss Margaret, what are you talking about?"

"I've had a letter from Hamilton, and he says—he says—that it was all a mistake—and we shall never be happy together—and that we'd better break it off, because it never was a proper engagement—and—and—here poor Margaret's sobs nearly choked her utterance—"he's seen somebody he likes better than he does me."

"Well, if Mr. Hamilton writes that to you," exclaimed Mrs. Garrett, determinedly, "all I say is, that he's a scoundrel and a blackguard, and I'd like to have the flaying of him alive. Seen some one he likes better, indeed! some stumpy French gal, I suppose, like Mrs. Fillet's maid—all eyes and cap and ear-rings—a stuck-up, impudent creature, as can't speak a Christian language. But it can't be true, Miss Margaret; it can't be true!"

"Read for yourself, Garrett," said the girl, pushing the letter toward her. It was all as true as Gospel.

Hamilton wrote to her in the same pretentious, high-handed way in which he spoke. His letter might have come from a man of fifty, in its narrow-minded, self-excusing acumen.

He reminded the girl that his uncle had disapproved of their engagement for several reasons, and as he was anxious to embrace every opportunity of furthering the wishes of the person to whom he owed every thing in the world (this last sentence was especially for Mr. Ruthven's benefit), he considered it most honorable and best to let her know his change of sentiment at once; but he trusted they should always continue friends, and that what had passed would make no difference to their intimacy. In short, he wrote like the young scoundrel Mrs. Garrett had called him; and the housekeeper was still deliberating in what words she should transmit the intelligence to her master, when Ruthven unexpectedly walked into their apartments.

He also had had a letter from his nephew on the subject, which though not more than he expected, had thoroughly disgusted him.

"Now, what am I to do for you, Margaret?" he said, "when the ice had been broken between them. 'Shall I compel the hound to keep his word? I can do it if you choose. He is complete dependent on me, and I have him in my power.'"

"Compel him to keep his word!" repeated the girl; "but, Mr. Ruthven, he has already broken it."

"I mean, shall I compel him to marry you?"

A deep crimson blush spread itself all over her neck and face, even up to the parting of her hair—and her eyes filled with tears of shame.

"Oh! how can you ask me such a ques-

tion? Do you think I would marry him now—after he has sent me this letter?" "You are quite determined not to have anything to say to him, then?" "Quite! I would not marry him if he were to ask me from now till doomsday."

"I'm very glad to hear it," replied Ruthven, cheerfully. "I know what Hamilton is, and that you would find it out one day; but I wished you to discover it for yourself. He is utterly heartless—selfish and inconsiderate. He would have made you a very bad husband; and you are lucky to have got rid of him so easily."

But it was not yet time to console the girl for her disappointment. Her tears flowed freely whenever Hamilton's name was mentioned, and her guardian found it best not to allude to the subject at all. But he wrote his nephew a letter which the young man never forgot nor forgave, and which considerably opened his eyes as to the light in which, were he a few years older, society would view the act of which he had made so little.

Ruthven did not immediately return to town, but took up quarters at an hotel, and devoted himself to diverting the mind of the poor girl who had been so badly used. He conducted her to all the evening entertainments in Brighton and by day he drove her out into the surrounding country, so that her youth and natural buoyancy soon enabled her to shake off the first effects of her trouble.

The thought that seemed to be deepest in Margaret's breast, and press hardest upon her heart at this crisis, was that of her origin. She had taken it into her head that it was for this reason alone that Hamilton had broken off their engagement, and she shrunk visibly at any word or action of Ruthven's that was called forth by that to which she believed she had no right—her title to being a lady. One day, after much hesitation, she asked him if he would let her go into the world and earn her own living.

"My dear, where would you go? Not on the stage?" exclaimed Ruthven, who could only think of his own designs for her.

"Oh, no! I am not clever enough; but as a companion—quite young ladies sometimes have companions—and I think I should feel happier, perhaps, and more in my proper place if I could make some money to keep myself."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, Margaret. I know you are not very bright at present; but if change of scene will do you good, you shall have as much as you like. But why do you say you would be more in your proper place as a companion than here?"

"Because I have no right to be here—you forget what I am. You raised me from my natural position, and the first thing that came of it was harm."

"You mustn't speak like that, my dear. No one can forget what you are. In your natural position you might not have had the education I have been so pleased to give you; but all who see the advantage you have taken of it must agree that you have made yourself a gentleman, whatever Fate designed for you."

"You are so kind to me," murmured the girl, looking up at him gratefully, with her dreamy, limpid, blue eyes.

"Nonsense, child. The little I have been able to do you have repaid tenfold, and can repay still further if you choose."

"Tell me how, Mr. Ruthven."

"By never mentioning the idea of your earning your own living. I am not a rich man, but I have made sufficient provision for you in my will to prevent you from ever having the necessity to work. And nothing hurts me more than to hear you propose it."

Margaret answered her guardian's speech by raising her innocent lips to his.

Ruthven shrunk from the contact as though they scorched him; but, fortunately, the girl saw nothing amiss in his greeting. He had not been in the habit of kissing his beautiful protegee, having left all that to his nephew, and now he wished he had not been quite so reserved with her. But a demon had sprung up between Margaret and himself, and the time of kissing was over for him, unless it might be continued forever.

"Come," he said, confusedly, on that occasion, "here are letters for us both. Let us see what their contents may hold for us."

Margaret took hers with a sigh. She believed she could never feel any interest in the post again now Hamilton's letters had ceased. But when she saw it was from Carmen Flower, and bore the English postmark, she became eager to peruse it.

The epistle proved to be more interesting than it promised, and contained an invitation for both Margaret and her guardian to go and spend a couple of months at Abbotsville.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

She Wanted to Know.

"What is that place down there?" asked she of one of the officers.

"Why, that is the steerage," answered he.

"And does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"—Tit Bits

DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

VOICE OF THE PRESS ON ITS POLICY.

From Maine to Mexico the Press is United Against the Do-Nothing Republican Congress—Tin Plate Fraudulent Cry.

Addressing free-traders, a Chicago organ of McKinleyism asks: "Two years or so ago were you not howling that the tin plate duty was an infamous imposture that could not result in the establishment of tin plate industries in the United States?"

No. Free-traders were not howling that two years ago or at any other time. So far from denying, they have always affirmed that it was possible to establish an industry by the tariff method or by the bounty method. They have always affirmed that if persons wishing to engage in industry were assisted by bounties high enough or by arming them with power to tax their fellow citizens heavily enough they could succeed.

This is the very thing to which free traders strenuously object. They insist not only that it is wretched economy but that it is grossly iniquitous either to tax the people and hand the money over to individuals to swell their gains or to give those individuals power to collect taxes from their neighbors themselves. They agree with the supreme court of the United States in the opinion that this sort of thing is not taxation but robbery under the forms of law, and that government cannot justify do any such thing.

With respect to the tin plate industry, so far from saying that it could not be made profitable by the tariff method, they have strongly objected to being taxed by that method to make it profitable. They have strongly objected to being taxed to make that industry excessively profitable, as they were under the McKinley law. The proof that they were so taxed is seen in the fact that the tin plate men have gone right on establishing more plants and increasing their output under the new duty, which is little more than half as high as the McKinley duty.

The organ asks whether it is not true that nearly 100 tin plate plants were established under protection, and that these 100 rivals for the possession of the United States market were free from suspicion of trust combination until after the enactment of the tariff of 1894. There was an American Tin Plate association before the McKinley law existed, and it has been in existence ever since. It may be that this association did not attempt to restrict production or to maintain prices until after the repeal of the McKinley tariff. That was hardly necessary, because they could not produce tin enough to supply more than half of the American demand and there was no difficulty about holding prices up to the figures made by the tariff without forming a trust.

The industry had not arrived at the trust stage. That stage is reached only when an industry has become so developed that it is able to overstock the home market. Then competition sets in and it is no longer possible to hold prices up to the tariff level, otherwise than by combination. Then the trust comes in and enables the protected captains of industry to exact their full pound of flesh.

It is thus that the tariff breeds trusts by supplying the motive for their organization. The protectionists have been telling the people that their system reduces prices in the long run through competition among the protectees. They have been telling a falsehood, for the trust steps in and throtles competition, while the tariff enables it to practice extortion. This is not less true of the tin plate industry than of any other, for it is still in enjoyment of plenty of protection. It is not true, as the McKinley organ would have its readers believe, that the new law has deprived that industry of protection. If the stage of real competition has been reached, which probably is not the case, the tariff motive to organize a trust for the practice of extortion has come into play, just as it has in a score or more of industries which are still much too considerably protected.—Chicago Chronicle.

The United States of T. B. Reed.

An esteemed republican contemporary states that Speaker Reed is opposed to the admission of any new states with trifling population at this time and is said to be using his influence with the committee on territories to withhold a report in favor of the admission of Arizona and New Mexico, with four senators to offset New York and Illinois, when the treaty with Mexico only promised to admit New Mexico, which included Arizona, as one state. To say that Speaker Reed has influence with a committee of his creation is to describe his power and autocracy in the mildest of terms. If Mr. Reed has decided that New Mexico shall not be admitted as a state of the union unless consolidated with Arizona the matter is settled. Mr. Reed is the house of representatives. It may be said at this juncture that Mr. Reed is the congress

of the United States. The house is peculiarly his property. It does debate nothing that he decides shall not be debated. He has organized it with the purpose of placing it completely under his control. It is not now a deliberative body. Like the centurion in scripture, Reed is as one in authority who saith to one man go, and he goeth, and to another come, and he cometh. He has no such personal power, it is true, over democratic members of the house, but the committee on rules is his, and when he wants to silence a democrat in debate the debate is closed. When he cares not to recognize a democrat the most strident vocal organs ever given a human being would not catch his eye.

Thomas B. Reed of Maine is not only speaker of the house of representatives. He is also the republican party in the house of representatives. He is also the whole house of representatives through his ability to silence the small minority. We may go further than this. Mr. Reed, the whole thing in the house of representatives, is substantially the autocrat also of the senate chamber.

We hear sometimes of popular government. The government of the republic of the United States is as popular in its legislative branch as Speaker Thomas B. Reed chooses to permit it to be.—Chicago Chronicle.

Miller's Treasury Drain.

Warner Miller, who is in Chicago, states as a settled fact that the Nicaragua canal will be constructed.

There would be no objection in the world to Mr. Warner Miller's taking the funds necessary from subscriptions made for the purpose, and, under the auspices of the company of which he is president, constructing the Nicaragua canal and relying for reimbursements upon the tolls that would be received from the commerce of the world for its use. In so far his project is commendable.

But Mr. Warner Miller has tried that plan and is forced to give it up as beyond his capacity. He turns then, as the Pacific turned thirty years ago, to the government of the United States, and says with the utmost plausibility, "We have this concession. Give us your credit and you can have our rights in the premises. Back us with unnumbered millions, and you shall have reimbursement."

Therein Mr. Warner Miller is wrong. The government of the United States has no right to enter upon the canal business. It is particularly warned against venturing in Mr. Warner Miller's enterprise by the outcome of its venture with the Pacific roads. Were congress so foolish at this time as to make the desired grant Mr. Miller might become, as his fellow senator, Stanford of California, became, many times a millionaire, but the people of the United States would suffer.

The whole project hinges upon a certain control by Miller and his associates. Their concession must be had. They must be reimbursed according to their opinion of the value of the project. The United States would be foolishly to go into any such ruinous experiment; yet the Reed congress will undoubtedly do for Warner Miller all that he asks.—Chicago Chronicle.

Bayard and Free Speech.

The congress of the United States might have had months ago all that it inquired for from the state department concerning certain utterances of Ambassador Bayard.

The house, however, has the whole subject-matter as presented from the department of state. Now that it may peruse Mr. Bayard's address to the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh at its leisure, what is it going to do? It won't chop off Mr. Bayard's head. It can't silence Mr. Bayard's tongue. It can continue its bluster and threaten to impeach him for high crimes and misdemeanors, but it is not, however, admitted in the United States that freedom of speech is a crime, even a misdemeanor.

What Mr. Bayard said he may repeat with propriety anywhere in the world, for what he said was a simple truth.

The house at Washington is composed of such men as Chicago is well acquainted with—Lorimers, Woodmans, Whites and the like. These disport themselves as far as the speaker will permit. Their opinion of the patriotism and intelligence of Thomas F. Bayard would not be worth stating to any society, philosophical or other, at Edinburgh or any other place.

If Mr. Reed, who is the house of representatives, pushes the matter, then the republican party will be fully responsible for a dastardly attempt at menace of a free man as legislators have ever proposed.—Ex.

Promises Far from Fulfillment.

Indianapolis Sentinel: What has become of all those boastful promises of what would be done when the republican congress met? The republican party stands to-day apparently without any policy for the relief of the treasury and the country. It does not dare to take any position on the money question. It is trying to carry water on both shoulders and in all its pockets.