

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

They were walking still, but I heard no more. I rose quickly, and began to move away mechanically toward home. I put back my veil and bared my face to the keen October air; I felt stifled; the October evening night might have been a sultry August noonday; there seemed to be no air at all; I could not breathe.

They had re-kindled the fire in my absence, and made the room look home-like. Its home-like air seemed like bitterest satire. I sat in the warm, bright light and waited for John to come.

It was late before he came. I had not thought how I should meet him. I had sat for two hours waiting for him, and had thought of nothing. Even when John came toward me and spoke to me, I had no thought in my mind of what I was to say. My heart was sick with despair. Out of my passionate despair I should speak presently. And my passionate words were not likely to be wise words.

"Why did you wait up for me, Kitty?" he said gently, in a tired tone. "I am late. You shouldn't have waited for me."

I looked at him without a word, then rose and moved across the room, away from him. Parting the curtains before the window, I stood looking out into the dimmer light of the outer world. Still standing so, my face turned away, I spoke to him. My voice startled even me—it was so passionless, so cold and steady.

"John, I want to go away from you," I said.

John crossed the room without answering a word. He took my two cold hands in his, and I let them rest there passively. He looked down at me gravely with a glance that was at first a little stern, but almost at once grew very gentle.

"Kitty, you're in earnest!" he ex-

claimed. "My dear, tell me what you mean."

My hands still rested in his. I was still looking up at him. But for a moment I could find no more words at my command.

"I have not made you happy!" John said in a tone of deep, bitter conviction and self-reproach. "I have tried. I have failed."

"It was my fault," I returned, speaking steadily in the same dull, passionless, even way. "Perhaps it was your fault, too. You shouldn't have married me. You knew—you must have known—that I should be wretched."

"Kitty! Kitty!"

"It was a mistake. Only a mistake! You thought you would make me happy. You did it for the best. Why did you, John—why did you?"

My eyes were tearless as they looked up into his. All the tears I had had to shed I had shed hours ago. Never, I felt, as long as I lived, should I cry again. I felt numb and still. Even my reproach came in a stony voice that seemed to have no emotion in it.

"Yes, we have made a mistake, Kitty," said John, sighing deeply. "I, as you say, should have known. But I did not know! Well, we have faced the mistake; perhaps it was wiser faced. Now let us begin anew. Life cannot be what it might have been; but let us make the best of it, Kitty—by-and-by, dear, love may come."

I drew my hands away with a sharp, sudden gesture. He spoke of love, and as though it had been weak and had failed him, but as though it had never been.

"It will not come," I cried. "Love does not come with bidding, only weariness."

He stood in silence looking gravely at me, with a gravity far more stern than gentle. I knew that he agreed with me; he urged no word of protest, no word of hope. For one long

minute we stood silent, facing one another.

"What are we to do, Kitty?" he said at last, coldly yet patiently. "I leave our future in your hands."

"The future may be so long!" I said bitterly. "I shall live for many years. I am so strong—so strong! Nothing ever happens to me; I shall live for years and years and years!"

"Kitty, child, you break my heart when you talk like that!" cried John hoarsely.

I laughed a hard, sullen little laugh, the sound of which made me shiver, and then suddenly made me wish to cry. For the first time my voice trembled, grew passionate.

"I wish I could break your heart!" I cried. "I wish it—oh, I wish it! You have broken mine and you do not care!"

John bore my passionate, pitiless reproaches without a word. He made no attempt to soothe me or caress me. He stood looking at me sorrowfully, very gravely, with something of anger and something of pity in his glance.

"Let me go, John—let me go!" I cried.

"Go where, Kitty?" he asked fearfully.

"Anywhere."

"Anywhere from me?"

"Anywhere where I shall not see you, John; where I may try, try hard to forget you, and to forget how miserable I am."

He waited for a moment that his words might be calm and yet carry force with them.

"Kitty, you talk like a child," he said. "I can't let you go away from me. We cannot forget one another. For husband and wife, dear, forgetting is not possible!"

We stood a little apart, looking straight at one another, our faces resolute, our wills resisting one another.

"You will not let me go?" I asked.

"I will not let you go," said John.

—why, whenever I come, is John always out?"

Aunt Jane waited, but I did not offer to answer her question.

"I call in the morning," she continued—"he is at his office; that, of course, is as it should be. But I call about luncheon-time; he is lunching at his club, and perhaps you are not aware, Kate, that luncheon at a club is an expensive luxury. Saves time? Nonsense! A 'bus saves time, and is cheaper. I call in the afternoon—late in the afternoon, toward dusk—John is at the office still. I call in the evening and John is out again. I have no wish to pry—John's affairs are his own—but I know as a fact that he has not spent an evening at home for the past five days. Twice he dined at the club. Twice he dined with his sister and Madame Arnaud. One night, who knows where he dined? Now, Kate, why is it?"

I had lost my old fear of Aunt Jane. I replied calmly enough.

"I don't want to talk about myself and John," I said.

"Very naturally not," returned Aunt Jane with severity. "You know as well as I do that, if John dines out on five consecutive nights, it is you who are to blame. You drive him away from home. You have a cough, Kate; you should cure that cough; men dislike a cough exceedingly."

I smiled; I could not help it. For Aunt Jane to preach wifely duties of self-abnegation was too humorous.

"When John comes in, Kate, do you meet him with a pleasant smile? Do you lay aside your work to attend to him? Do you try to converse with him on topics of interest to him?"

In spite of my heavy spirits, I smiled again. I was thinking of the cold welcome that Uncle Richard was wont to receive; she guessed something of my thought perhaps.

"Yours is not an ordinary marriage," she added in her coldest tone. "You have to remember John's goodness to you."

"I remember it—constantly."

Aunt Jane regarded me with an unfriendly scrutiny.

"You have a house of your own," she continued, "and servants of your own. You dress well—indeed, I may say extravagantly; you have everything that heart can desire."

"Everything," I said, looking dully at her with a blank glance. "I am one of the very happiest of people."

She still eyed me suspiciously.

"If he had not married you, what would have become of you? Do you ever think of that?" she demanded in an admonishing tone.

"I am thinking of it always. Don't be afraid, Aunt Jane; I realize John's kindness more often and more fully than you can possibly do!"

"Kate, you are excited—hysterical. And you cough constantly. What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing. A little cold."

"You have a hectic spot of color in each cheek. Have you seen a doctor?"

"No."

"I shall advise John to send for one. One visit may set you right, and save a heavy bill later on. Your health, Kate, is a most important matter; an ailing wife wears out the patience of the most patient husband. What does John think of that cough of yours?"

"He does not know I have it."

"Does not know!"

"My face grew hot as I made my confession."

"I see very little of John," I said, trying to speak simply. "And I am not always coughing. Don't talk to him about it. I won't have a doctor, not even if you speak to John."

Aunt Jane let the subject drop. I thought I should have had my way—a thought that spoke ill for my discernment. Aunt Jane met John as he returned home, bade him walk back with her and listen to her. Before an hour had passed a doctor was attending me. It was decreed that I should go to bed, and that I should stay there for a week. Would I have Aunt Jane or one of the girls come and nurse me? (To be continued.)

BROKEN TROLLEY WIRE.

Danger to Passers-by Removed by a New Invention.

A Chicago electrician has invented a device by which a trolley wire becomes dead as soon as it breaks. The device is intended to make the so-called live wire perfectly harmless. The invention consists of an automatic circuit-breaker, and its application will require no change in the present generating and feeding machinery. The current is led from the dynamo through the new circuit-breaker, which is a simple automatic switch, and thence out along the trolley wire. The current will run the same course as before—from the dynamo along the wire through the propelling mechanism of the car, into the ground rail and returning to the ground pole of the generator. A small auxiliary wire, which leads a constant current back from the overhead wire and makes a completely conducted circuit, is the second feature of the invention. This side current, the voltage of which is insignificant and does not weaken the feeder, keeps the switch closed and the line is charged. The moment a break occurs on the feeding or power line the auxiliary current is broken. The switch opens instantly and not a single ampere goes out on the circuit until the main line is again repaired.—Buffalo Express.

Great Good Luck.

Jones—They say Smith's three daughters all got engaged to foreign noblemen while at the shore, and that Smith is tickled to death about it. Brown—Yes. He's just found out that they are all dry goods clerks and self-supporting.—Judge.

All men wish to have truth on their side, but few to be on the side of truth.

TRUSTS AND PARTIES.

RECORD SHOWS WHO HAS FAVORED THEM.

An Anti-Trust Campaign on the Part of the Democrats with Clevelandism Thrown In, Would be a Laughing Stock.

The Examiner, after quoting the statement of ex-United States Senator W. D. Washburn of Minnesota that the Republican party ought to put forth its full strength and legislate against trusts, remarks that Mr. Washburn and his friends do not say how they are going to do this and at the same time train under the leadership of Hanna. It would indeed be difficult for any party, under any leadership, to mark out a lawful plan of attack upon the trusts, but not more so for the Republicans than for the party of Calvin S. Brice, Coal Oil Payne, William C. Whitney, J. Pierpont Morgan and the late Roswell P. Flower, to say nothing of Richard Croker, whose interests are almost as securely wrapped up in trusts as they are in blieving. We might add that remarks about the leadership of Hanna come with bad grace from a newspaper which favors the election for governor of Ohio of John R. McLean, who is the richer man of the two and was mainly instrumental in foisting Joseph Hoadley, a trust lawyer, and Henry B. Payne of the Standard Oil company, upon the Ohio governorship and senatorship respectively. If Hanna is indeed for trusts it is not for the western organ of John R. McLean to think any the less of him because of it.

Criticisms of Senator Hanna do not conceal the fact, however, that during the past few years the Republicans have been more active against trusts than the Democrats. The Fifty-third congress, Democratic, did not move a finger against them, and it was left to a Republican congress to pass the Sherman anti-trust law. Last winter and spring the most drastic laws for the suppression of these great combines were passed by Republican legislatures, the one exception, proving the rule, being the legislature of Texas. As a matter of fact, there is no politics in trusts. They are no more Republican and no less Democratic than partnerships are. What are the politics of the Anaconda Copper company, the Standard Oil, the Sugar trust and the Diamond Match company?

The Examiner lays especial stress not only upon Hanna, but Griggs. But what is the offense of the Republican attorney general? He refused, as in duty bound, to make a federal matter out of a wrong which could look for lawful redress only in state courts. His Democratic predecessor, Richard Olney, did worse, as we shall show by a quotation from the Examiner itself of a past date:

"It is probable that the indifference or hostility of the attorney generals of the United States to the anti-trust laws has had something to do with failure of the statutes to accomplish anything. Attorney General Olney frankly stated his belief that the Sherman law was unconstitutional, and the remarkable decision of the Supreme court in the Sugar trust case has the effect that the power of the United States over interstate commerce applied only to persons and corporations whose principal business is handling goods for sale and not to those whose principal business is manufacturing, and that the sugar trust's business was mainly manufacturing and not selling sugar, seemed to support it."

How can Republican Attorney General Griggs' attitude compromise his party any more than Democratic Attorney General Olney's? It is idle and in some degree vicious to talk of trusts as the wards and pets of parties. They are no more so than corporations. If they are harmful the damage falls alike upon the Republican and Democrat; if advantageous the profits and rewards are common to both. Only demagogues seek to create a contrary impression.—San Francisco Chronicle.

GOVERNMENT REVENUES.

Splendid Showing of the Dingley Law Confounds Free Traders.

At the risk of appearing to display excessive brutality toward a foolish and ignorant contemporary, we invite attention to the government finances for September. The revenues have been so large, that the month probably will show a surplus of \$7,000,000, and the first quarter of the fiscal year a surplus of more than \$2,000,000.

Possibly our readers may recall that at the end of July, the first month of the fiscal year, we took the New York World to task for the most remarkable exhibition of stupidity about government finances or the most reckless perversion of facts which we had observed in a long time. What the World did was to take the July deficit, and, using that as a monthly average of deficit, figure out and solemnly predict for the fiscal year a deficit of more than \$100,000,000. At that time we explained to our ignorant contemporary that July deficits always were enormous owing to the excessive expenditures which the government is compelled to make in the opening month of its business year. Also, we warned that Democratic organ, which is the fiercest enemy of the Dingley tariff and the most ardent champion of Aguinaldo, that the July showing was in reality a very fine one, as the deficit of that month was smaller than it had been for many years and that it boded well for the future.

The September figures show whether we were right or not, and they teach so emphatic a lesson that we are hoping that even papers as reckless or ignorant as the World may bear it in mind when discussing the tariff, Federal

revenues and other questions of government and administration. According to the World, we should have had for September a deficit of more than \$8,000,000, and for the quarter just ending a deficit of more than \$25,000,000. The facts which hit the World in the pit of the stomach are that we shall have for September a surplus of \$7,000,000, and for the first quarter a surplus of \$2,000,000. Need anything more be said?—New York Press.

FATHER OF THE TRUSTS.

Lack of Competition Would Prove Their Most Potent Ally.

That the tariff is the father of the trusts has been asserted by Mr. Havemeyer, but it has been disproved. That prosperity was the father of the trusts has also been asserted. Prosperity has been the cause of the organization of a large number of trusts, but it is the enemy of trusts that attempt to advance prices and restrict the price of labor. This has been illustrated in the past few months to the satisfaction of all who have kept posted in regard to the progress of trusts and combinations. No sooner than an industrial combination has attempted to advance prices beyond a reasonable profit than competition has sprung up. When "good times" prevail capital is on the alert for opportunities for investment, and when any combination like the Sugar trust begins to make large profits by advancing prices, this capital is available for the organization of competing corporations, which bring down prices to a reasonable basis.

In the hard times brought about by the Wilson free trade law the trusts enjoyed immunity from such competition, for there was no money to invest in the building of competitive mills and factories.

Then the trusts easily controlled the markets, while now at the first evidence of unusual profits there springs up a competitor which serves as a balance wheel to prices.

These facts show that hard times are the best aid to trusts, and that neither the tariff nor prosperity are to be held responsible for the crimes that are committed in the names of the trusts. —Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

"It Is a Wise Child," Etc.



Uncle Sam—"What is the matter, little boy?"

Little Boy—"I'm looking for my father and mother. Nobody can tell me who they are."

Uncle Sam—"Never mind, little boy. In your case it isn't so much a question of parentage as of proper discipline and restraint. We'll look after you all right."

Let Well Enough Alone.

The south and west are not looking to the east to furnish them money with which to move their crops. These sections are now better off financially than they have been for years.—Arkansas Gazette.

In other words, "General Prosperity," of whom Colonel Bryan was wont to make facetious remarks a short time ago, is becoming tolerably well known to the voters of the west and south. When the leading Bryan organ of Arkansas concedes that prosperity has come it may be taken as a tacit confession that all of Bryan's calamity prophecies in the campaign of '96 were mere bosh to fool the voters. It also may be taken as an honest but sly warning to the voters of Arkansas to prepare for the ravings of windy calamity howlers of the Bryan stripe, who will soon be abroad in the land appealing to them to vote against the party of "imperialism and corruption." In short, the Gazette's prosperity item may be taken as advice to the people to let well enough alone.—Little Rock (Ark.) State Republican.

The Greater Evil.

"By removing the high tariff," says the New York Journal, "the power of the trusts would be greatly curtailed and competition could no longer be restricted. Neither the producer nor the consumer would be forced to contribute to capital unjustly." No doubt, so far as Americans are concerned, for the contributions would go to foreign capital, which is employing pauper labor. Even with the evils made by the trusts, they are a thousand times less than the results of free trade. A comparison of present condition, with a large number of trusts in operation, with the terrible effects of free trade on the people of this country, will speedily convince any reasonable man that we much prefer the trusts than to restricting or even abolishing them by any such remedy, which would be as fatal to our national prosperity as it would be to the trusts.—Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

No Inquiries.

General Prosperity, wearing gold epaulets, is visiting Nebraska for the benefit of the Pops, who said there was no such person. Calamity orators have not inquired for him lately.—Erie (Pa.) Dispatch.

OUR LUMBER TRADE.

How the Tariff Has Thrown Open New Markets.

It is admitted that the farmers are more prosperous now than in any previous year of the decade. This statement or fact is resented by the free traders, who insist that the prosperity of the farmers is in no way related to the tariff and that the heavy sales or exports of agricultural products are not necessarily an index to the prosperity of the country at large. But if the farmers are prosperous they are heavier purchasers than when farming is depressed. They purchase more agricultural implements, more clothing, more organs and pianos, more furniture for their houses, and more building materials for new houses, and in so doing contribute to the demand that induces activity in all manufacturing establishments.

In an interview published in this newspaper recently it was shown that the tariff on Canadian lumber opened New England and other sections to American lumber manufacturers. It was shown also that in spite of the advance in prices farmers and others are doing so much more building that there is a greatly increased home demand. In addition to this it was stated that the foreign demand for American lumber was never so great as now. Most of the lumber shipped to Europe now is sold before it reaches the point of consignment, and prices of American lumber have advanced from \$3 to \$6 per 1,000 feet in the last two years. The tariff on Canadian lumber threw open the New England markets to western lumbermen and prices advanced. At the same time new markets in Europe were opened to American lumber and prices advanced there. These facts tell their own story.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Piquette.

A consular report to the state department contains some interesting facts about a new French drink called "Piquette." It is brewed from low-grade American dried apples, including skins, cores, worms, etc., together with raisins, and as the brew acquires through fermentation just enough of alcohol to give it a piquant taste, but not enough to intoxicate the drinker. It is becoming very popular among Frenchmen. Last year they drank 60,000,000 gallons of Piquette at 2 cents a glass.

It is said that the French people have taken kindly to the new tippie, because of the vast amount of adulteration practiced in the production of cheap French clarets, and that Piquette, being too cheap to be adulterated, is steadily growing in favor. Frenchmen do not like to be poisoned in their drink. It is only Americans who persist in preferring deleterious concoctions bearing foreign labels to the pure and wholesome wines of American makes. They would rather drink foreign stuff, real or alleged, drugs and all, than patronize a perfectly honest and in all ways a better article made in America. Some day American wine drinkers will wake up to the folly of this sort of thing.

What Ails McLeansboro?

There is prosperity in the country, but unfortunately it is confined to the men with money. Those without it have seldom, as a whole, been worse off. Even if they are employed the cost of living is great, so disproportionate to the scale of wages paid that they find it almost impossible to make ends meet. These men begin to anxiously ask what is to become of them.—McLeansboro Times.

We are sorry to hear that the laboring men of McLeansboro are in such a condition. Here in Benton they have work and seem happy and contented. In fact, it is hard to get hands when you want something done. This same report comes from almost every locality in the state, and we can't see what is the matter with McLeansboro. We are inclined to think that the only thing the matter is that Brother Daniels needs a dose of paregoric. Possibly he is vexed at having to change a five or ten dollar bill every time a farmer pays his subscription.—Benton (Ill.) Republican.

Free Trade and Protection.

Under free trade the masses must get poorer, because they get less employment. If our protective system is so terrible, and their free-trade system so beneficial, why do foreigners flock here in such numbers? How many of them return to their free country? Did workmen ever emigrate to a free-trade country? Where are the best markets in the world? Where the people have the most money to spend. Sir Robert Peel was not a protectionist when he uttered the words that England must make her people work cheaper, if they controlled the markets of the world, than the laboring people of the country where they sold their goods. He was the free-trade leader of England, but was manly enough to acquaint the English people of what they had to contend with before they made the leap to a policy which has proven disastrous to them.—American Shipbuilder.

Has Lost Its Charm.

Col. Bryan, like the funny man on the American stage, makes "local hits." When he is in the east, the heart of America's commercial life, he lets silver alone and talks on something more to the eastern taste. When in the south among his silver-plated followers, he talks free silver. In the west he used to whang away on this one "silver string," but the prosperity of the west under a protective tariff and a gold standard has caused the silver tune to lose its charm for the westerners.—Tiffin (O.) Tribune.



HE TURNED WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD AND LEFT ME.