

# KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

## CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

After much opposition on my part and quiet, steady determination on John's, Meg was sent for. She was not a very attentive, but she was a very cheery nurse. She forgot my medicine one hour, and gave me a double dose cheerily the next, and laughed gaily at her own mistakes. And in spite of her mistakes, I got well quickly.

But, long after I was well, Meg continued to stay on with me.

"You have nicer dinners than we have at home," she would confess with sweetest candor, "and your chairs are softer. And I feel that I am doing an act of benevolence in staying. I save you and John from eternal tete-a-tete. Now confess, Kitty, that you are daily grateful."

I was silent.

"Silence means confession," Meg declared.

She stayed through almost all November with us. Whenever she spoke of going John gravely interposed and begged her to remain; and she remained willingly. Sometimes I wished ungratefully that she would go and leave me alone; but John seemed to have more fear than I of those tete-a-tete talks from which she saved us.

Yet, one day, it struck me that John, too, was growing tired of her long visit. Meg was late in coming down stairs; he and I were alone for a minute at breakfast. He held his paper, but he was not reading it; presently he put it down. Glancing across at him, I was pained to see how worried and anxious he was looking.

"Meg is staying all this week, Kitty?" he asked me suddenly as he caught my questioning glance.

"You asked her to stay, John."

"Yes, I know," he said; and he took up his paper again with a little sigh,

before her into the fire with a far-away gaze, and started when I entered the room; she looked round at me, her eyes laughing, and yet with something of mingled melancholy in their depths.

"Why, what are you doing, Meg?" I asked.

"Thinking, dear—an uncommon thing," answered she; and she shook back her fair, rippling, pretty hair, and seemed as though she would shake away her thoughts with the same impatient gesture. "I've seen a ghost," she said. "The vision has been haunting me all day. Don't I look like it? I've seen the ghost of an old love, Kitty."

She spoke lightly, scoffingly, and yet there was an undercurrent of deeper meaning in her tone. I knelt down upon the rug beside her chair, and she put her elbows once more upon her knees and her chin upon her hands, and again looked musingly into the fire before her.

"You didn't know I had an old love?" she said, still in a scoffing tone. "You didn't know that I went about the world with the smallest possible fraction of a heart, did you, Kitty? On the whole, I got on very well. One enjoys the world better without a heart than with one, I think. Pretty bonnets are more satisfactory than lovers."

"Meg," I said, looking closely and curiously at her, "I don't understand you—I don't understand a bit what you are meaning."

"Nor I," said Meg, with an odd little laugh that was half a sigh. "A person who has seen a ghost may be allowed to be half-witted for half a day. I saw a ghost at breakfast-time this morning. I took it in from the postman at the door. It is residing now in John's study, I suppose. And, if it were not for an old-fashioned idea of honor, I

would go and rifle John's study and try to find it."

"Are you talking about the letters, Meg, that you took this morning?"

"Oh, wise Kitty! About one of those letters, Yes."

I looked at her in perplexity. For many minutes she did not speak again.

"I have a score of love-letters all in that same handwriting," she said at last, turning her head to smile at me—"the only love letters I ever had, or ever shall have. Preserve me from having any more."

She clasped her hands behind her head and laughed.

"It was such a foolish affair, so childish, so silly," she added, with a lingering regret in her scornful tone. "I thought I had forgotten all about it."

"Tell me about it, Meg."

"Tell you about it, Kitty? Thank you, dear, I would rather not."

I did not urge her any further.

With her hands clasped behind her head, she sat looking before her. Presently she turned and looked musingly at me.

"I don't see why I shouldn't tell you," she said. "It may amuse you. Poor little Kitty! Life is dull enough for you; you want a glimpse of comedy now and then to make you smile. Well, smile at this. When I was sixteen, Kitty, I lost my heart. I had a lover—my only lover—laugh, dear."

"I don't want to laugh, Meg."

"Don't you? Is the story so tragic? I assure you it's comic, too. I used to play truant from school in order to go for walks with him. Was that comic or tragic or only improper?"

"Who was he, Meg?"

"His name doesn't matter, dear. He, at all events, thought that it didn't matter. He called himself Arthur Leslie. I found out afterwards that the rest of the world called him Arthur St. John."

"That was Madame Arnaud's name," I said vaguely.

"He was related in some way, I think, to Madame Arnaud. It was from

him that I first heard of her; we were talking about the theater, and he told me her story, though not quite as I have heard it since. I don't know why I am telling you all this. I don't know why I am thinking of it. I ought to be ashamed to remember such a silly episode. I used to write letters on pages of my exercise-books and leave them for him at a pastry cook's. He used to leave his letters for me every day at the same place, and a young lady with golden ringlets would hand them to me with an accented smile. The same young lady is at the same pastry cook's still. I never go through that street—"

Meg's lips were trembling a little, though her eyes were laughing at me.

"How long is this ago?" I asked.

"Oh, a century ago! When I was sixteen, nearly four years ago."

"And no one knew?"

"No one. Only the golden haired lady who sold us jam-puffs and lemonade and leas."

"And was he as young as you?"

Meg smiled.

"No, not as young as I," she said drily. He must have left school ten years before. He had left college. He had left the bar—I think perhaps he had left half a dozen other professions which he never mentioned. Oh, yes, Kitty, he was in every way a hero, old enough, tall enough, dark enough, wicked enough, I dare say!"

"You were in love with him, Meg?"

"I thought I was, dear. One can imagine most things when one is sixteen, or a little over."

"How did it end, Meg?"

"It didn't end. He left a note one day with the golden haired lady, asking me to go for a walk with him by the Serpentine. I left a note in answer to say that I would come. I went; but he forgot the appointment. He never wrote to me any more. I have not seen him or heard of him from that time to this. I have often been very glad."

"It was hard to know what to say. I sat looking at her thoughtfully."

"The letter that came for John this morning was from him?" I asked.

"Yes—I am sure of it," said Meg.

She rose from her seat, humming a scrap of a song.

"I shall go and dress now," she said.

"When one tells one's love stories one should always tell them in picturesque dishabille. Did I look sufficiently love-lorn? Did I amuse you, Kitty? Well, I am tired of looking ugly; I shall go and dress."

She went away, still humming, up the stairs, and I sat reflecting on all that she had said. Was Meg laughing, or was she in earnest. I did not know. So deep was I in thought that I did not hear the door open, did not hear John enter.

"Kitty," he said in a quick tone, less calm and steady than was his wont, "I want to speak to you. Come into the study with me; I want to speak to you alone."

"Meg has gone upstairs," I observed, rising obediently, however to follow him.

He closed the study door behind us, and drew forward a chair toward the fire for me. It was weeks since I had sat alone thus in John's study with him. I looked around the room. It somehow looked more dreary than it had been wont to look. The dust lay thickly on the chimney piece and writing table; there were no flowers anywhere; the hearth looked dirty; the fire burnt dull and low, and John himself had changed since I had sat there with him last. He looked sadder, older.

"Kitty," he said, standing before me, one elbow on the chimney-piece, and looking down at me. "I am going to entrust you with an important secret. He waited. I looked gravely at him, and did not answer.

"I feel sure that I can trust you."

"Yes," I replied simply, "you can trust me."

(To be continued.)

## RECENT INVENTIONS.

A handy gate has been designed which can be opened without exertion, a pivot pin being set in the side of a post, on which the gate is hung, with weights suspended on an arm at the rear of the gate to counterbalance it in any position.

A summer street car has been designed which has windows on the sides for use in stormy weather, the window frame being pivoted on the roof supports and fitting tightly between them when lowered, with a curtain at the lower edge which completes the closure.

Playing cards can be rapidly and evenly shuffled by a Boston man's device, which is formed of a circular box, fitted with a central stem, on which it revolves, with a detent arranged in the top of the box to intermittently hold back a portion of the cards as they revolve.

Street-car conductors will appreciate a new fare register designed for their use, and the cost to the company is lessened by its use, the new apparatus being held in the hand, with a sliding yoke to be gripped by the thumb and depressed, registering the fare on a dial and ringing a bell.

Ether and chloroform can be easily administered to a patient by a German apparatus, having an absorbent diaphragm fitted across one end of a metallic tube, with the opposite end shaped to fit the face, a pneumatic ring on the edge affording an air-tight seal and causing the inhalations to be taken from the diaphragm.

## PROGRESS AND REFORM.

The Presbyterian Church of England has increased by 1,895 communicants in the last year.

The United Brethren church has recently opened a kindergarten and primary school at Ponce, Porto Rico.

## INDUSTRIAL CENSUS.

### RECORD OF THE SECOND YEAR OF PROTECTION.

The Restoration of That Policy Has Resulted in an Increase of 39.56 Per Cent in Wages Paid and 10.49 Per Cent in the Rate of Wages.

The extent to which American labor has gained in employment and in wages in the past four years, by reason of the restoration of industrial activity in place of the dullness, depression and enforced idleness of the desolate period following the free-trade experiment at tariff making in 1894 cannot, for obvious reasons, be accurately stated in figures. It is impossible for any but government agencies to cover the ground with anything like completeness. Employers of labor do not, as a rule, take kindly to inquiries as to facts concerning wages, gross sum of output, etc. Hence an unofficial poll of the industrial situation is certain to be attended with difficulties. The American Tariff Protective league, always exceptionally successful in this field, has just completed its industrial census for the month of March, 1899, using that month as the basis of comparison with March, 1895, the former being nineteen months after the enactment of the Dingley tariff, while the latter was seven months after the enactment of the Wilson tariff of 1894. In the case of the earlier period the country had considerably longer than seven months in which to settle down to an average level of results and conditions, for the reason that the period of well-defined stagnation really began very soon after the election of Grover Cleveland in November, 1892. Counting the time during which domestic producers were engaged in reducing their scale of operations in anticipation of free-trade tariff times, together with the seven months of actual experience under a free-trade tariff, we have a total period of time practically the same as the nineteen months between Aug. 1, 1897, and April 1, 1899.

It is, however, to be borne in mind that our returns for March, 1899, flattering and significant though they be, fall considerably short of adequately expressing the real progress made in nineteen months of practical protection. Everybody knows that a very important advance in the wage rate of the whole country has gone into effect since the close of March, 1899, our census month. Therefore our census fails to present the full facts of increased prosperity among American wage-earners. We show that, compared with March, 1895, there was in the 1,957 establishments reporting a gain of 75,754 in the number of hands employed, or a gain of 39.56 per cent for March, 1899; that there was a gain on the gross sum of wages paid of \$3,461,235.58, this being 54.09 per cent more than in March, 1895; and that while in March, 1895, the average rate of wages per capita for the month was \$33.36, the average rate per capita in March, 1899, had increased to \$36.86, being a gain of 10.49 per cent. Had this census been extended so as to include the months of April and May, 1899, the months in which the heaviest and most general advances in wages occurred, the percentage of increase in the per capita wage rate would undoubtedly have been above 15 per cent.

The figures in condensed form are as follows.

Number of reports received, covering March, 1895, and March, 1899, 1,957.	
Number of hands employed:	
March, 1895 .....	191,732½
March, 1899 .....	267,486½
Gain for March, 1899, 39.56 per cent.	
Amount of wages paid:	
March, 1895 .....	\$6,398,044.53
March, 1899 .....	9,859,289.33
Gain for March, 1899, 54.09 per cent.	
Average wages per capita:	
March, 1895 .....	\$33.36
March, 1899 .....	36.86
Gain for March, 1899, 10.49 per cent.	

Such is the story of protection and prosperity as affecting the American wage-earner. It is a story which should bring joy to the heart of every American citizen.

## STATING FACTS.

### How President McKinley Summarizes Existing Prosperous Conditions.

Among the special gifts of President McKinley that of effective verbal statement in concise form is especially notable. Few men have ever said in so small a number of words more that was important, and that the country wanted to know, than was said by our chief executive in his speech at the banquet of the Commercial club in Chicago, Oct. 10, 1899. The president had something good to say, and this is how he said it:

"I congratulate you, gentlemen, upon the growth and advancement of your city and the evidences of prosperity everywhere observable. Nothing impressed me more in looking into the faces of the great multitude on the streets yesterday than the smiling, happy faces of the people. That was evidence to me of your real and substantial prosperity. It meant the steady employment, good wages, happy homes, and these are always indispensable to good government and to the happiness of the people."

"We have had a wonderful industrial development in the last two years. Our work shops never were so busy; our trade at home was never so large, and our foreign trade exceeds that of any like period in all our history. In the year 1899 we bought abroad upward of \$697,000,000 worth of goods, and in the same year sold abroad \$1,227,000,000, giving a balance of trade in our favor of \$569,000,000."

"This means more labor at home,

more money at home, more earnings at home. Our products are carried on every sea and find a market in all the ports of the world. In 1888 the Japanese government took from us 8.86 per cent of its total imports, and in 1898 14.57 per cent. We are the greatest producers of pig iron, and our manufactures of iron and steel exceed those of any other country. We raise three-fourths of the cotton of the world.

"The growth of the railway systems of the United States is phenomenal. From 39 miles in 1830 we have gone to 182,600 in 1897.

"Our internal commerce has even exceeded the growth of our outward commerce. Our railroad transportation lines never were so crowded, while our builders of cars and engines are unable to fill the pressing orders made necessary by the increased traffic.

"We have everything, gentlemen, to congratulate ourselves over as to the present condition of the country. I am told by business men everywhere that the business of the country now rests upon a substantial basis and that you are really only making what there is a market for, and as long as you do that, of course, you are doing a safe business, and our markets are going to increase." (Applause.)

Can any one imagine Grover Cleveland talking that way two years and a half after his second inauguration as president of the United States? His habit of speech, always ponderous and plattitudinous, and often very dull, was against him in the first place. Then, too, he never had the help of the splendid facts which inspire the utterances of his more eloquent successor in the presidential office. The facts were all against Mr. Cleveland. They were facts of depression, gloom, discouragement, disaster; the facts of free-trade tariff times. Now the facts are Republican, protection facts, McKinley facts. There is a mighty big difference between the facts of four years ago and the facts of to-day.

### Best of All Routes.



### West and East.

More than one would-be prophet has predicted that in the near future there would be an impassable chasm between the interests of the east and those of the west. These prophets of calamity are in a fair way of being quickly and completely discredited. The east and west have stood together in past years on the common ground of their recognition of the necessity of a protective tariff for the advancement of their respective interests. There have been times when it seemed as though the west might drift away from that belief, or at least give it secondary place, but that time has gone by. The east and west will stand together in the future, as they have in the past, on a platform securely based on the policy of protection.

The industrial and political union of the two sections is already being foreshadowed in the statements made by those who are accustomed to watch the trend of affairs. The head of a large trust company in Chicago puts it as follows:

"A feeling has developed in the west beyond what generally is realized that while western railroads are prospering, making earnings beyond all past example, the securities of them are pretty good investments for western people themselves, and I have recently been very greatly surprised by the fashion which seems to have developed in western communities to put surplus moneys into stocks like Northern Pacific, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific. In this new venture of the granter going into partnership with Wall street there are a good many possibilities which the political economist can afford to give consideration to."

The west has found prosperity in protection, and this tendency to invest its surplus money in stocks is a pretty good indication that it will stand by the east in maintaining the policy which has brought prosperity to east and west alike.

### How to Have Permanent Prosperity.

With the vast amount of raw material that our fields, forests and mines produce, there is no reason why this should not soon become the great manufacturing nation of the world, if we could keep meddlers like Bryan and his kind from interfering with our progress. At the present rate of increase in manufacturing it can only be a few years before all our food products will be required at home. The English market will then no longer affect the price of our wheat or corn. We shall send to market the crops of iron, wood and other materials that nature has been piling up here for centuries, in the shape of highly finished products, and all the profit on it will be ours. We shall then have permanent prosperity—unless we weakly give the management of our affairs over to those who wish to make some foolish experiments with them.—Tacomia (Wash.) Ledger.

## SHOULD SPEAK OUT.

### Democrats Urged to Follow the Example of Messrs. Grace and Crimmins.

Following the excellent example of William R. Grace, a life-long Democrat and free-trader, who lately made public avowal of his recantation of Cobdenite doctrines and his full adhesion to the policy of protection, John D. Crimmins, a New York Democrat of marked prominence in his party, and withal a business man of exceptional activity and scope, makes known his conviction that in its blind devotion to Bryanism the Democratic party menaces the best interests of the country. In an interview printed in the New York Sun of Oct. 14, 1899, Mr. Crimmins said, concerning the indorsement of William J. Bryan at the recent meeting of the New York state Democratic committee:

"We hear a lot of talk about the government's willingness to help the money market, but in my judgment the labor, business and financial phases of the political situation are far more important just now."

"The indorsement of Bryan by the Democratic organization is a distinct menace to the labor and manufacturing interests. Let the workmen pause for a moment to consider past embarrassment and present prosperity. They have, during the past few years, been better paid, have worked shorter hours, their wages in many instances have been advanced voluntarily, and this, too, by the very corporations which have been condemned by Croker and Bryan."

"I know whereof I speak when I say that the workmen will repent bitterly if they now listen to the old sophistries and go to the polls and indorse them by voting for Bryan. I feel that when they reason a little they will reject false doctrine. To block the prosperity of the country by striking at its financial and commercial foundation is little short of criminal, and I believe that the workmen of today will not be led into any trap by the politicians. Indifference may be injurious to us, for an indorsement of Bryanism at the polls of New York would be an injury to the best interests of the city, and, reflectively, to the state and nation."

The man who utters this impressive warning to workmen and business men is a large employer of labor, a man of wealth and influence. None knows better than he the dire consequences to the country's welfare that would follow the success of William J. Bryan at the polls in the next presidential campaign. Other Democrats of prominence and influence know this equally with Messrs. William R. Grace and John D. Crimmins. Why should they not tell the people of the United States what they know? Business Democrats who are in a position to correctly gauge the effects of Democratic success under the Bryan banner ought to be heard from more generally. They should speak out.

### More Than Keeping Even.

Despite the predictions of the Democrats a few years ago the government revenue thus far during the present fiscal year has exceeded the government expense. No wonder the opponents of the Republican party and of the policy of protection turn from the question of tariff and begin howling about the trusts. They deceived the people in 1896 with their lies, and now in an effort to divert the public mind from those lies they howl about something else. At the end of the first quarter of the fiscal year a surplus of \$2,000,000 is shown. The government revenue for the three months has been \$17,000,000 more than what it was during the same period of last year, and the expenditures have fallen off \$45,000,000. The customs are yielding from \$600,000 to \$1,000,000 a day, and internal revenue nets \$1,000,000 each day, both showing an aggregate gain over the same period of last year of \$5,000,000. The war department is spending an average of \$12,500,000 each month, while the monthly expense of our navy is \$5,000,000; we are carrying on a war on the other side of the world, where we are taking care of a great army of American soldiers as no nation has ever cared for its soldiers before; we are adding battleships, cruisers and torpedo-boats to the navy in a manner that is attracting the attention of all nations, and yet we show a cash balance and surplus for the past three months, the first quarter of the new fiscal year. More and more each day is the proof furnished that the protective tariff that bears the name of the late Mr. Dingley, one of the greatest and brainiest statesmen America ever produced, is fully capable of providing for all the expenses of our government in times of peace, and more and more each day it is being demonstrated that the finances of this country were never in better hands.—Des Moines (Iowa) State Register.

### They Voted for Depression.

In a review of the lumber traffic it is shown that Arkansas leads all the southern states both in amount cut and in distribution. When the Wilson-Gorman tariff was in operation no state led in lumber production—all were behind, mills were suspended and employes idle, and it is a fact of record that the entire Arkansas delegation in congress voted for the tariff which closed the mills, bankrupted many of the mill-owners and sent thousands of laboring men out to tramp.—Little Rock (Ark.) Republican.

### Who Is Benefited.

If, as quoted in Chicago, \$6.90 per hundred is the highest price paid for five steers in September since 1884, it would seem the producer and not the beef trust is getting the benefit of the prevailing high prices.—St. Louis (Mo.) Watchman.



I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T TELL YOU.

and it again struck me that he did not read it.

Meg came down stairs, gaily humming as she came. As she passed through the hall the postman arrived, and she brought in the letters, looking carefully in a perfectly open way at each one. Suddenly the smile faded from her face; she glanced quickly at John with a half-questioning, half-startled look.

John rose and put out his hand to take the letters. He was more eager than usual to obtain them. Meg gave them to him slowly, one by one.

"Only three," she said. "One from Madame Arnaud. One from a person who ought to go back to copy-books—"

John took the letters she held out to him. She still retained the third. "Let me have the other, Meg," he said in a tone of tired forbearance.

She put the letter down upon the table, but she was still holding it.

"Whose writing is that?" she asked. John's face puzzled me. He was evidently striving against a sharp, impatient answer. He was anxious to obtain possession of the letter, and anxious that Meg should not any longer examine it. Meg, too, was graver than her wont as she stood looking doubtfully, first at him, then again at the handwriting on the envelope.

"I know that writing," she said half-defiantly.

"I think not," said John.

"Tell me whose it is."

"I am very sorry. I cannot tell you. It is a private correspondent."

Meg said no more. She relinquished the letter meekly, and John took it unopened into his study and did not appear again.

## CHAPTER XIV.

It was a cold, boisterous day, but I had shopping to do, and was out alone all the afternoon. I came in to find Meg sitting pensively before the fire, her hair untidy, her morning dress unchanged, her elbows on her knees, her chin on her hands. She was looking