

# KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," etc.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Arthur St. John—alias Leslie—something else, no doubt, nowadays. He looked like a man of fifty. But I knew him; I knew him almost in a moment."

"You couldn't be sure," I said doubtfully.

Meg smiled, but did not contradict me. But the smile was eloquent—it despised my folly.

"I had gone down stairs early," Meg continued, leaning back in her chair, and pushing her hair from her brow with a nervous impatient little gesture. "It's not my way to get up early, is it? But I was restless, I couldn't sleep, and I thought I should find a novel if I went down stairs. The servants weren't moving; but there was a fire in the study. The blinds were all down, but the fire looked cozy; I went in and stood before it and warmed my toes. I dare say I was looking untidily, Kitty; I think he took me for an early housemaid; he came into the room quietly, and came up behind me, and—he kissed me, Kitty. I hadn't heard any one come in, and I nearly screamed. But as I turned my head round quickly I saw his eyes, and I knew him, and I didn't scream—I was too frightened to move or make a sound."

"Go on, Meg."

"Then all at once John called to him from the passage. He called in a very quiet, mysterious sort of voice—impatient, too."

"St. John," he said, 'your sister is waiting—Come.'

"He opened the street door quietly and led some one in. They didn't come back to the study as I feared they would; they seemed to be setting out on some journey, and time seemed to be pressing. They stood for a minute speaking softly and quickly in the hall. Do you know, Kitty, whose voice I heard? It was a voice not to be mistaken—Madame Arnaud's voice. She was thanking John. She said such an

and only one, had taken possession of my mind. John had had business matters to talk of with Madame Arnaud! It was business that had taken him there so often—business that they talked about in such lowered, confidential voices! My spirits had suddenly grown buoyant, my voice almost gay.

"Meg, stay here for a little while," I pleaded eagerly. "I want to see John all alone."

"An uncommon wish!" laughed Meg; but the soft little glance with which she looked back at me robbed the mocking speech of all its stings.

CHAPTER XVI.

John was in the breakfast-room. He was seated in an arm-chair beside the fire, his elbow on the table that stood near, his head against his hand. I was standing close to him before he saw me.

"John," I said in a quick voice that I tried in vain to steady, "don't let me go away from you! I don't want to go, John!"

He sprang quickly to his feet, his face lighting up.

"Did I want you to go, Kitty?" he asked reproachfully. "Your wish to leave me has been the bitterest trouble I have ever had to bear. I needn't tell you that, need I? You know it only too well!"

He had taken my hands in his, but I would not let him draw me near him.

"I have been jealous, John," I said, bringing out the words in a sharp, labored way. "I have been jealous of Madame Arnaud!"

"Jealous, Kitty! Have you cared enough for me to be jealous, dear?" he asked, sadly. "You have had no need to be jealous—none! Yet it is good news to me, all the same."

"It wasn't your love for her, John, that I minded," I went on tremulously, the tears springing unbidden to my eyes. Perhaps—perhaps I did mind that, too; but that wasn't what I



"I DON'T WANT TO GO, JOHN."

odd thing, Kitty; I stored it up to tell you—that was what I came to say. You have always been jealous of Madame Arnaud—and I used to think you had reason to be jealous; but now—well, now, I am not sure."

"What was it that she said?"

"She was thanking John for having given her so much of his precious time."

"We know," she said, 'that every minute spent away from Kitty is a minute you begrudge. You have been very good; you have never let me feel how my affairs have bored you.'

"They have not bored me," said John; 'we made a compact of friendship long ago; and what is the use of friends if they are not ready to serve in time of need?'

"John is a paragon to the end! How has he been serving Madame Arnaud, Kitty? What are her 'affairs' that have been 'boring' him and taking up his time?"

"I don't know. I don't want to tell you, Meg—not now."

"You are a little contradictory, dear; but never mind, mystery is the order of the day. Do you know that Madame Arnaud came and went away in a dress and bonnet, and mantle that made her look quite an old lady, an old lady of sixty or over? I looked through the chinks of the venetians and saw her go out. She had puffs of gray hair beneath her bonnet; her gown was bunched out at the sides; she looked sixty—quite. What does it all mean, Kitty? What is the mystery?"

"I cannot tell you, Meg."

"But you know? Kitty, you are trembling; what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Meg—nothing!" I returned hastily. "I was thinking—trying to think."

But, try as I might, my thoughts refused to shape themselves. One idea,

minded most. You had loved her first and you couldn't help it if you loved her best. You hadn't seen her for so long; you didn't know how it would be when you came to see her again—you couldn't help it! And I should have tried to bear it! What I couldn't bear was your always going to see her, your having so much to say to her secretly, so confidentially—

"Do you know," asked John gravely, what those talks were about? Listen, Kitty, and I will tell you."

"I know already. You were helping the man about whom you told me yesterday—her brother—yes, I know, John," I went on eagerly, "you will let me stay? I said I wanted to go, but I didn't; it would break my heart to go! I'll be content, John; I'll be different and not tease you—I won't ask you to love me very much. I'll let my love be enough for both. And by-and-by, as you said, 'love may come.' You did love me—you said so—before you married me, and the love may come back again—"

John drew me toward him. He put his arm around me, and looked down at me closely, very tenderly, very wonderingly.

"Kitty, you talk in riddles, dear," he said. "You won't ask me to love you very much? What does that mean? You know, dearest—you must know—that, whether you ask or do not ask, I love you with my heart and soul."

I looked up at him in bewilderment.

"You said—you said that our marriage was a mistake, John."

"It was you, Kitty, who said that."

"But I said so because I thought that you thought so, John. And you agreed with me. Oh, John, you have forgotten you did agree with me! You said that you felt the mistake and regretted it even more bitterly than I."

"For your sake, Kitty, for your sake, dear; because my love had failed so

signally to make you happy. You told me that I had spoiled your life, broken your heart; that, when you had a wish, it was only a wish to die."

"I didn't wish to make your life a bondage, John."

John's eyes twinkled for a moment, and then were grave again.

"Do you mean to tell me, Kitty," he asked incredulously, "that you doubted that I loved you?"

"Do you mean that you could possibly doubt, John, that I loved you?" I retorted in the same tone of incredulity.

"It was natural enough for me to doubt," said John humbly.

"Much more natural for me," I returned, looking up at him with sparkling eyes.

I had clasped my hands upon his shoulder; I put down my cheek against them.

"I thought," I confessed, "that you had married me for kindness' sake—to provide for me, John. Everyone thought so. Meg and Dora and Aunt Jane and even your sister. You yourself said that you thought of marrying me before you thought of loving me."

"Yes," admitted John; "years ago, I had some vague hope that you would give me the right one day to take care of you, to make life smoother for you. I suppose I didn't love you as long ago as that—I had only a very tender feeling for you. Love, when it came, was real enough in spite of that early thought. Don't scorn my love, Kitty, because I met it with welcome instead of rebuff."

There was not much scorn in my eyes as I raised my head and looked softly, smilingly into the gray eyes looking down at me. He kissed me; and for a minute we stood in silence.

"Kitty," he said at length, "there is something that I want to tell you. I ought to have told you long ago. It was a painful story, and I did not tell it. Come and sit down, and I will tell it now."

He drew me to the little sofa beside the fire; and there he told me the story of his first love, the story that in part I knew already.

"She gave you up because you were poor?" I asked indignantly.

"Don't blame her, Kitty! She gave me up for her brother's sake. It is more than ten years ago now that her brother forged that check of which I told you—that first check. There seemed to be nothing but utter ruin before him. Arnaud, the man that Lucia married, had money and influence. He used both on the tacit understanding that she should marry him. Her brother was saved for the time."

"Was it the only way?" I questioned.

"I think some other way might have been found. But she could not be calm and weigh chances. She was devoted to this brother. For ten long years, as she said the other night in the park, she has hoped against hope for his reformation; has tried to be brave, has tried to hope for the best. And now, at the end of the ten years, things are just where they were before. I think they are worse this time, for this time he is less repentant. She is sacrificing her whole life to him; but she does it almost without hope. She is going away with him—to South America, to banishment."

I was quiet for a moment.

"John, I have been so unjust to her," I confessed in a low tone—"so unjust to her always in my thoughts."

"She is one of the noblest women that I know!" said John.

Again we sat silent for a minute. My heart was beating fast; I longed to ask a question which I dared not ask.

"John, I won't be silly, I won't be jealous—tell me," I pleaded, "if you didn't try to love me, would you love her still—love her best, I mean?"

John answered gravely, with an air as earnest as mine.

"I respect her," he said; "I shall respect her always. I do more than respect—I admire her. But that is all! The old love was dead, Kitty, years before the new love was born!"

I was contented.—The End.

Another Trick Stolen from Nature.

The easiest way of doing anything is the way that nature chooses, and ten to one when an inventor comes out with some new and brilliant idea he finds that nature has been doing the same thing since the beginning of the world. Certain varieties of fish pay the power when hard pressed by their enemies, of throwing out an inky fluid which darkens the water all about them and enables them to escape in safety. Perhaps influenced by this fact an inventor has taken out a patent for a smoke-making device. The idea is to enable a vessel closely pressed by another to envelop herself in the smoke and to escape under cover of it. With a view to testing the efficacy of the invention a torpedo boat was placed in the center of a number of others, which made a circle of about half a mile in diameter around her. The torpedo boat thus surrounded then enveloped herself in the smoke and under cover of it was enabled to escape from the circle, though all the other boats were keeping a very sharp lookout for her. Altogether the experiment may be said to have been fairly successful, and to have proved the practical utility of the invention.

Some Can't.

Miss Daintee—What an awful occupation! To be employed in a place where they tie meats. Mr. Edgemore—Well, it argues a certain ability. Miss Daintee—Ability? Mr. Edgemore—Certainly. They only employ those who can.—New York World.

Australian Opal Mining.

Opal mining is one of the greatest Australian mineral industries.

**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 employment.

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 employees 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, \$296,880, 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 employees 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 by other parts of the world. The exportation of manufactures of iron and steel in the eight months ending with August, 1899, amount 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.

Sorely 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 10.48 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 re-creation the statement that "in all branches of industry and trade there has been an unequalled 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.

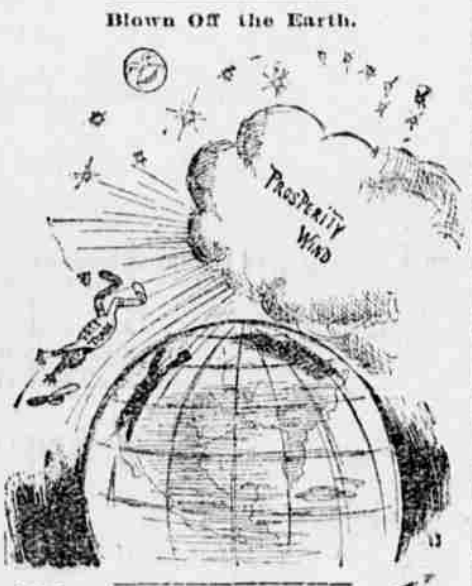
Sam Jones on Prosperity.

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.) Avont-Courier.

A Typical Bryanite.

Aguiñaldo 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.



Blown Off the Earth.

An Object Lesson for Kentucky.