

# UNITED AT LAST



CHAPTER XVII.  
BRIEF FILLS THE ROOM OF MY ABSENT CHILD.

Sir Cyprian had told himself that, in coming to Marchbrook, nothing was further from his thoughts than the desire to see Constance Sinclair; yet now that he was so near her, now that he was assured of her unhappiness, the yearning for one brief meeting, one look into the sweet eyes, one pressure of the gentle hand that used to lie so trustfully in his own, grew upon him hourly, until he felt that he could not leave Marchbrook without seeing her. No motive, no thought that could have shadowed the purity of Gilbert Sinclair's wife, had his soul's desire been published to the world, blended with this yearning of Sir Cyprian's. Deeply pity and compassion moved him. Such sorrow, such loneliness as Constance Sinclair was undoubtedly ascribed to the man who had loved and surrendered Constance Clancy.

Sir Cyprian lingered at Marchbrook, and spent the greater part of his days in riding or walking over familiar grounds. He was too much out of spirits to join Lord Clancy in the slaughter of innocent birds, and was not a little bored by that frivolous gentleman's society in the winter evenings by the fire in the comfortable bachelors' smoking-room, the only really snug apartment in that great house. Every night Sir Cyprian made up his mind to depart next morning, yet when morning came he still lingered.

One bright, bleak day, when there were flying snowstorms and intervals of sun and blue sky, Sir Cyprian—having actually packed his portmanteau and made arrangements for being driven to the station to catch an afternoon train—took a final ramble in Marchbrook park. He had not once put his foot on the soil that had been his, but he could gaze a peep at the old place across the railing. There was a melancholy pleasure in looking at those wintry glades, the young fir-trees, the scudding rabbits, the screaming pheasants, the withered bracken.

The sun had been shining a few minutes ago. Down came the snow in a thick driving shower, almost blinding Sir Cyprian as he walked swiftly along the oak fence. Presently he found himself at the end of the Monks' avenue, and under the classic temple which was said to be built upon the very spot where the Benedictines once had their chapel.

Ten years ago that temple had been Cyprian Davenant's summer retreat. He had made it his smoking-room and study; had read Thucydides and the Greek dramatists there in the long vacation; had read those books of modern travel which had fired his mind with a longing for the adventures, perils and triumphs of the African explorer. Twenty years ago it had been his mother's chosen resort. He had spent many a summer morning, many a pensive twilight there by his mother's side, watching her sketch or hearing her play. The piano, the classic temple, the stone work, the ivy, the old engravings on the walls.

"Poor old place," he thought; "I wonder if any one ever goes there now, or if it is quite given up to bats and owls, and the evil spirits of the dead?" He stepped under the stone balcony which overhung Marchbrook, on a level with the eight-foot wall. In Gilbert Sinclair's—or his architect's—plan of improvements this classic summer-house, a relic of a departed taste, had been forgotten. Sir Cyprian was glad to find it unchanged, unchanged in any wise, save that it had a more forlorn and neglected air than of old. The stone-work of the balcony was green and gray with mosses and lichens, the frame-work of the window had not been painted for a quarter of a century. The ivy had wandered as it listed over brick-work and stone, darting sharp-forked tongues of green into the crevices of the decaying mortar. Sir Cyprian looked up at the well-remembered window, full of thoughts of the past.

"Does she ever come here, I wonder?" he said to himself; "or do they use the old place for a tool-house or an apple shed?"

Hardly, for there fell upon his ears a few bars of plaintive symphony, played on a piano of ancient tone—the pensive Broadwood dear to his childhood—and then a voice, the pure and sweet contralto he knew too well, began Lord Clancy's pathetic ballad, "Strangers Yet."

He listens as if he lives but to hear. Oh, what pathos, what profound melancholy in that voice, pouring out its sweetness to the silent wall! Regret, remorse, sorrow, too great for common language to express, are breathed in that flood of melody. And when the song is done the singer's hands fall on the keys in a crashing chord, and a wild cry—the sudden utterance of uncontrolled despair—goes up to heaven.

She is there—so near him—alone in her anguish. She, the only woman he has ever truly loved, the woman for whom he would give his life as freely as he would spill a cup of water upon the ground, and with a little thought of the sacrifice.

The lower edge of the balcony is within reach of his hand. The century-old ivy would afford easy footing for a less skillful athlete. To climb the ascent is as simple as to mount the rigging of his yacht.

In a minute, before he had time to think, he was in the balcony, he had opened the French window, he was standing in the room.

Constance Sinclair sat by the piano, her arms folded on the shabby old mahogany lid, her drooping head resting on her arms, her face hidden. She was too deeply lost in that agony of hopeless grief to hear the rattling of the frail casement, the footstep on the floor.

"Constance!"

She started up and confronted him, pale as ashes, with a smothered scream.

"My dearest, I heard your grief. I could not keep away. Only a few minutes, Constance, only a few words,

# SUGAR-TRUSTS HEAD

CONTROLS THE SUGAR OUTPUT FOR MILLIONS OF PEOPLE.

The Evolution of a Giant Monopoly from the Original Havemeyer "Bakery" in New York to a Trust Capitalized at \$85,000,000 and Making \$25,000,000 a Year.

Henry O. Havemeyer, who is the First Vice President, manager and active front of the great Sugar Trust, and who of late has been so conspicuous in the Washington investigation of the trust's method, political and otherwise, is the grand old man of Frederick C. Havemeyer, who, with his brother, William F. Havemeyer, came to this country in 1802 from Buchenburg, Schumburg-Lippe, Germany. These two original Havemeyers began the sugar-refining business as soon as they reached this country, and their refinery was well as the refinery was in Vandam street, New York City. It was in this street that Henry O. Havemeyer's father, who was then Frederick C. Havemeyer, Jr., was born in 1807.

At the time Henry O. Havemeyer's father was old enough to begin to be interested in the mysteries of the sugar refining business, the establishment in Vandam street was a very modest little affair. The two brothers, who came originally to seek their fortunes in the United States, had learned the sugar-baking business in London, and even when Henry O.'s father began work in the Vandam street concern it was called the Havemeyer "bakery." It was considered a very creditable day's work in those days, when they baked an entire hoghead of sugar in a day. The building in which the entire Havemeyer business was conducted was a little concern only 25 feet wide by 40 feet in length. This is in rather striking contrast with the present-day William F. Havemeyer "plant" covering acres of ground, and the output of the sugar trust's works—and the Havemeyers virtually are the sugar trust—is very many times more in a single day than was the entire yearly production of the Vandam street factory. Yet even in those early days the Havemeyers were, as they are now, at the head of the sugar-refining industry in the United States, for the Vandam street concern was the largest establishment of the kind in the United States.

When the two original Havemeyer brothers retired they were succeeded by their two sons, William F., who afterwards was mayor of New York for several terms, and Frederick C. When Frederick C. died, Henry O. Havemeyer, who is now at the head of the enormous trust interests. In 1831 the two cousins, William F. and Frederick C., took charge of the business and continued it until 1842, when both retired, each letting a brother, Albert and Frederick, continue the business.

The great sugar trust, which monopolizes the entire sugar-refining business of the United States, was formed in 1887. So far as the production of

outlook for independence was very gloomy. The colonial army had met many reverses in the South; the treasury was exhausted and there was mutiny in the army. This was the condition of affairs May 1, 1781. A month later the prospects were brighter. In the middle of June Lafayette was in not chase after Cornwallis and Washington was planning with Rochambeau to effect the capture of New York City. On July 4, 1781, their forces met at Dobbs Ferry. Washington's army of 11,000 men defeated the British force of 1,000 men. The British evacuated the city and moved back to the Hudson, on what was later called Washington's Hill, to the Van Brugh Livingston mansion. There he and the leaders of the Continental Congress.

When Washington learned that the fleet of the French commander, the Comte de Grasse, was headed for the Chesapeake, he determined to abandon the movement against New York City and join Lafayette at the York peninsula, and force the end of the war by compelling the surrender of Cornwallis. By a curious chance the commanders-in-chief of the two armies met in the Van Brugh Livingston mansion the year and a half after the battle of Yorktown to arrange for the evacuation of American soil by the British.

A FLOOD-STRICKEN FAMILY MADE THEIR HOME IN THE BRANCHES.

Perhaps the most thrilling story of adventure in connection with the floods in several parts of the West was the rescue of the Stewart family at Pueblo, Colo. The Arkansas and Four Rivers join in that city, and the recent heavy rains caused them to overflow their banks, flooding the city in some places to a depth of fifteen feet. Many lives were lost and much property destroyed. The Stewart family consisted of Mr. Stewart, his wife, mother and three children. Their house was caught in the flood and carried away.

In one district, comprising four square miles of territory and inhabited mostly by poor foreigners, the special agents found everything in a state of panic. The flood was so great that a force of 400 vaccinators was at once added to the health department, the force of regular physicians was doubled and a detail of police drafted and held in readiness if it should be needed. Then within ten days a descent was made upon the afflicted region and a house to house canvass was made. Every one who had not a well-defined scar of recent production was obliged to be vaccinated again. There was some strong resistance, particularly in the Polish district, where the police had to be called in, but the work was thoroughly and impartially done.

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There was finaly anchored among some trees. The three grown persons climbed out into the branches, carrying the little ones with them. They were in the treetop for thirty-six hours before they were rescued. All were in a terrible condition and utterly exhausted. It is believed that the woman and two children will die.

Relative Merit.

The super had not been paid for weeks by the hard-pressed manager, and he had starved and gone half-clothed and shelterless. He could stand it no longer, and he went to the boss for money.

"By thunder," exclaimed that person, "I've got no money; how can I pay you any? I'm only human; I can't do impossible things."

"And I suppose you think I'm superhuman and can," yelled the poor fellow in such a tone of helplessness that the manager lent him a quarter to get his super paid.

# CHECK ON JAW WORK

HOUSE WILL LIMIT DEBATE ON THE TARIFF BILL.

Representative Brookridge of Arkansas, a member of the committee, says the first step in the House on the receipt of the bill will be to refer it to the Ways and Means Committee. This will take several days, perhaps a week, in carefully going over the bill, and determining on the policy to be adopted toward it in whole and in detail. Thus far there has been no decision as to a policy, as it was likely to be construed as improper influence on the Senate. But when the Senate's work is complete, the House members will go over the bill in detail to see how far they will recommend an agreement with the Senate and to what extent they will join issue with the Senate's changes. The determinations of the committee will be largely advisory to the House, but they are likely to fix the future program of the conference. The committee will select the House conferees, to be recommended to Speaker Clegg for his appointment.

When the bill is once in conference frequent reports will be made to the House on such agreement as may be reached. Some of the Ways and Means members say ten days will suffice for agreement. Others are less sanguine, and foresee the necessity of a rule, or series of rules, to prevent another protracted debate.

Representative Outwalt, of the Rules Committee, says there will be no disposition to cut off fair debate. "The House will not consider itself bound hand and foot by the Senate amendments," he said. "On the contrary, they will be fairly and reasonably discussed. The good sense of the House will undoubtedly decide when the debate has proceeded far enough. If, however, a rule becomes necessary, it can undoubtedly be brought in and passed for closing the debate. As yet, however, no suggestion of a rule has been made."

Representative Burrows, a Republican member of the Rules Committee, says: "A rule can be undoubtedly made effective in disposing of debate on the tariff. It can prescribe a limited time for discussion, and then direct that the previous question be considered as ordered without any dilatory motion. Of course the House would have to vote on such a rule, but if the gentleman on the other side determine on crowding the bill through they can probably get through a rule strong enough to accomplish that purpose."

SMALL-POX IN CHICAGO.

Terrible Condition of Affairs Reported by Agents from Neighboring States.

A startling state of affairs has been brought to the notice of the Mayor and health officials of Chicago in relation to the spread of small-pox. Special agents from Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois were sent to Chicago not long ago to make secret inquiry into the matter, and the report they made to Mayor Hopkins in the manner in which the health authorities of the city were endeavoring to check the epidemic seems scarcely credible. The report recommended a quarantine against the state of Illinois, and the health officials at once added to the health department, the force of regular physicians was doubled and a detail of police drafted and held in readiness if it should be needed. Then within ten days a descent was made upon the afflicted region and a house to house canvass was made. Every one who had not a well-defined scar of recent production was obliged to be vaccinated again. There was some strong resistance, particularly in the Polish district, where the police had to be called in, but the work was thoroughly and impartially done.

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