



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 3

### Alexander Hamilton—"Father of American Credit"

DANIEL WEBSTER says of Hamilton: "He smote the rock of National resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth; he touched the dead corpse of public credit and it sprang upon its feet." No man did more to build the Constitution of the United States than did Hamilton. He took a prominent part in every debate, and worked indefatigably on all the important committees. His genius, individuality and daring foresight are indelibly stamped upon every clause of our National Law—the law under which Americans are guaranteed for all time Religious, Commercial and Personal Liberty. During Hamilton's lifetime he used his great influence to encourage and protect the brewing industry. Among all the Fathers of the Republic none knew better than he that honestly-brewed barley-malt beers make for true temperance. This American Colossus, who was second only to Washington in the service rendered to his country, drank good beer all his days. We know of no one who has yet dared declare that it injured him in any way. Under the tenets of the Constitution, which Hamilton did so much to make a fact, Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago launched their great institution. During these years they have honestly brewed honest beers. To-day 7500 people are daily required to meet the public demand. Their world-famed brand BUDWEISER because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other beer by millions of bottles.

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to hesitate long. Yet she did hesitate for a moment; for the sacrifice demanded of her was not only of herself, but of the man she loved. What would Edward say, what anguish he must endure, when he came back and found her the wife of Ralph the earl!

She hesitated, but it was only for a moment or two. For her father's life no sacrifice, even that of Edward's happiness, could count as too great. She went back to Ralph, who sat leaning on his stick and eyeing her with covert impatience, and he was surprised by her calmness, the determination in her beautiful eyes.

"I-I have considered, Lord Raton," she said in a monotonous voice—a voice that seemed absolutely expressionless. "And—and I consent!"

He sprang to his feet, and tried to take her hand. She drew it back suddenly, then resigned it to his feverish grasp.

"You—you consent—you'll marry me?" he said, his face red in patches, his eyes flashing.

"I will marry you. Wait! Let me understand," she said, as he made a movement as if he were going to embrace her. "It—it is a bargain between us, Lord Raton? You—you will help my father—you will save him from—from ruin? It will not be necessary for him to leave Hatherley?"

"No, no!" he said, eagerly. "I swear I'll act on the straight by you! I'll pay everything. I'll make a handsome settlement. Dash it all! You'll be the Countess of Raton, you know! It's not a bad match—you might have done worse!" he exclaimed, nettled by the resignation, the coldness in her eyes.

"Forgive me," she said, almost inaudibly. "I know—I am grateful for what you are doing for us—for my father, for me; but—but—"

Her voice failed her, and she turned her burning, tearless eyes away from his eager gaze.

"But it's just for his sake; just to save him," he said, bitterly.

Then he checked back the oath that rose to his lips, and forced a smile.

"I know. But look here, Lady Mary: I'm not a bad sort when I'm not thwarted and get my own way; and I—I—dash it! I love you!"

He was about to catch her to him, when Lord Hatherley's step, slow and heavy, was heard on the path outside.

Ralph, with a muttered curse at the interruption, let his arms fall to his side, and catching Mary's arm, led her to meet her father.

"Here is a young couple that want your blessing, Lord Hatherley," he said, in the manner of the fifth-rate actor in a fifth-rate melodrama. "Lady Mary's promised to be my wife."

Lord Hatherley stopped short and looked from one to the other, the colour coming and going in his lined face.

"Mary, is—is it so?" he faltered. She drew her hand from Ralph's hot grasp, and putting her arm round her father's neck, kissed him.

"Yes, father," she whispered, fighting, not with her tears, but the feeling of suffocation and faintness which threatened to overcome her.

He drew her to him, and, with tears in his eyes, murmured: "God bless you, Molly! God bless you! I—I am very glad."

"Then I am glad also, father," she murmured almost inaudibly.

(To be Continued.)

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## Stella Mordant:

### The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XXX.

"My father is not well, Lord Raton," she said; "and I think, I am sure, that he is not well enough to talk business. Is it anything of great importance?"

He hesitated, and Mary, with the woman's instinct of protecting those they love, went on, hurriedly: "Lord Raton, what is this business which causes my father so much anxiety? Until recently he was free from care, and—and quite happy. It is only of late that he has been harassed and anxious. Oh, I wish I knew what it was that troubled him, then I would help him!" she added, with painful earnestness.

"Do you mean that?" he asked. She regarded him intently, with knitted brows.

"Can you ask? Am I not his daughter? My father's happiness is dearer to me than life itself, Lord Raton. I would do anything to remove this burden which presses on him so heavily."

He was silent a moment, his face flushing, his teeth catching in his under-lip.

"You could remove it easily enough, could you not the whole thing straight, if you liked," he said. "I may as well admit that there is a tangle—a hitch!"

"What is it I can do? Tell me!" said Mary, with feverish eagerness.

"I've half a mind to tell you. Let us go and sit down in the arbour," he said.

They went to a garden-house on the lawn, and Mary sat down and waited, her eyes fixed upon him impatiently. He sat, scratching the gravel with the end of his stick, his eyes downcast, his under-lip still caught in his teeth.

"Please don't keep me in suspense, Lord Raton!" said Mary, imperiously. "I will ask you to tell me everything. I know, I can see, that there is something wrong, that something is harassing my father and making him ill."

He glanced at her from under his half-closed lids.

"Yes, he's worried!" he said. "It's on your account, Lady Mary."

"On mine?" said Mary, with amazement.

Ralph nodded.

"Yes. He's been trying to make provision for you—the property, as you know, goes away from you if he dies—he has been speculating so that you should have a small fortune if anything happened to him; and—well, he's made a mess of it. That's the worst of speculation. If it doesn't turn out right it's a serious business. And your father has been putting all his eggs in one basket. The basket's fallen and the eggs are broken, and there's a regular hash."

Mary grew pale.

"Please explain," she said. "I—I don't understand!"

"You must give me your promise, your sacred promise not to tell him, if I do," he said.

She inclined her head.

"I promise!" she said.

"Well, then, he's been buying shares in a certain mining company, and

there's a slump in them; in fact, the thing is a kind of fraud, and your father has to meet claims which will swamp him and force him to sell his life's interest in the estate—"

"Oh, wait—wait! One moment!" breathed Mary, overwhelmed and confused. "Do—do you mean that my father is ruined?"

"Well, that's it," he said. "He'd have to let the place and go and live on the Continent—peace, retrenchment, reform, you know."

"Leave Hatherley!" she panted. "Oh, it would kill him!"

"I shouldn't be surprised if it did," he said, promptly, "for he seems bound-up in the place. But it's not himself he's worrying about so much as about you. You see, Lady Mary, he's very fond of you, and the thought that he has brought you to ruin—"

She drew a long breath.

"I know—I know! It is not of himself he would think, but me! Ruined! Oh, poor father! But—"

She turned on him so suddenly that Ralph started guiltily—"you said I could help him."

"Yes; it rests with you," he said, as calmly as he could, for his heart was throbbing with anticipation of the triumph which he saw so near at hand. "If you like to say a word, one word, you can lift this trouble off him as easily as I lift this stick."

"How—how?" demanded Mary, swiftly.

"By marrying me," said Ralph.

Mary started and her face went white.

"Look here, Lady Mary," he went on, edging a little nearer to her and speaking in a thick voice; for the nearness, the beauty, of the prize he was striving for sent the blood to his head. "I asked you once before this to marry me, and—and you declined. I said I'd wait; and I have waited. I'm the sort of man who knows what he wants and means to have it; and I want you. I've loved you ever since—"

He saw her shudder, and his lip took the nasty twist which Mr. Workley had noticed.

"It's for you to decide. Your father's happiness is in your hands. Yes; that's just it. If you marry me, I'll help him out of this hole. You'll know that you are provided for."

"Do not speak of me—my future; it is of himself," she panted.

"Just so! Well, if you'll marry me, I'll advance the money that is necessary to clear him; and, instead of having to turn out of Hatherley, he can end his days here in peace and comfort."

"In peace and comfort!" she repeated, mechanically; she was thinking at that moment only of her father. "That's it!" said Ralph, emphatically. "I wouldn't insure his life at any premium if he had to turn out of here."

"No; it would kill him!" she murmured.

"I daresay; I shouldn't be surprised. So now you understand! I hope I haven't spoken too plainly; and—anyway, I have got your solemn promise that you will not tell him."

"Yes; you have my promise," she said, dully.

"And what do you say?" he asked.

"Come, Lady Mary, you must admit that I'm not a bad match; you know that I am fond of you. I love you!"

She rose and stood trembling, grasping the end of the seat.

"Let me think—give me time!" she panted. She went slowly, falteringly, out of the summer-house, and stood with her hands clasped, her head bowed. At that moment she thought of her promise to Edward Bryan. How lightly, with what smiling serenity, it had been uttered! She had said that she would not marry Lord Raton "if she could help it." If she could help it! But could she help it? Her father's happiness, his salvation from ruin, his very life, seemed to hang upon her decision. And in such a case Mary was not one

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(Correspondence of The Boston Transcript.)

Washington, May 31.—When the Verne dreamed his fabled submarine the Nautilus, and "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," he accomplished in vivid imagination what the United States sea-going fleet submarine, the Schley, for which a contract has recently been awarded, really accomplishes in fact. The Schley will almost realize what the Nautilus did in the fertile brain of the author, who entertained the generation with what seemed the possible. Of course the design and this Government do not believe that the Schley, if it performs as a designer predicts, will be able to reach the lowermost depths of the ocean's floor, but, what is more important to this Government, she will be able to travel 7,000 miles without replenishing her supplies, and with a surface speed of twenty knots and a submerged speed of from eleven to fourteen knots. This opens a entirely new era in the building of submarines and makes the Schley the fleetest and greatest underwater craft.

Lawrence Spear, Designer. So a great deal of what Verne accomplished with pen and paper, plus the teller's art, is now about to be accomplished with iron and steel. The shipbuilding science, the last to be furnished by the United States naval contractor, Lawrence Spear, who originally conceived the idea of a sea-going submarine and ultimately drew the plans which the Navy Department has bids for the Schley.

Just what it means to be the progenitor of a class of fighting craft such as the Schley will be summed up in the statement that launching of the giant diver will immediately place the United States in the forefront of all nations who are concerned in the development of the submarine. It has been a long time since this country carried a first laurels in the development of any distinct types of fighting craft. For instance, Great Britain launched her first "super" fighting craft in 1906. It was not until 1910 that Delaware, the first of the United States fleet to qualify in the Doughty class, came off the ways.

England Ahead in Submarines. But as European submarines are day, according to the best information possessed by this Government, those of the greatest size and power are possessed by England. The class F boats are only 200 feet long against the Schley, which is 265 feet long over all, with a displacement of about 1,100 tons. She conceived the idea of the new marine, drew the plans, and

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