

DICK RODNEY;

Or, The Adventures of
An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

He took us so suddenly by surprise, that, although we had been waiting and watching for him since dawn, his resolute aspect and the arms he wielded controlled us all, and we stared at each other with irresolution in our purpose and in our faces. No man, apparently, cared to act as our leader.

"Presto!" roared the Cubano; "obey and keep quiet, or, demonio! as there are so many, I have a great mind to shoot one-half, that I may control the rest. Cast loose those top-sails, and up with the royals again—set the flying-gib and main trysail—quick, perros, or I'll make shark's meat of some more of you!"

The crew seemed to lack either resolution or the power of combination, and no man appeared anxious to incur the sure penalty of instant death by acting in opposition to his peremptory orders in setting an example to the rest. So, suddenly and silently the sail trimmers stood by the tacks and braces; the wheel revolved in the unwilling hands of Ned Carlton, who was compelled to obey, for the cold muzzle of a six-barreled revolver, capped and cocked, was held close to his left temple.

The head of the Eugenie payed off in obedience to her helm, the yards swung round and were braced sharp up; and with the starboard tacks on board, in three minutes we were steering as due westward as her head would lie for the coast of South America.

The alteration of our course furnished the crew with a new source of speculation. It was evidently the intention of Antonio, if he could reach the coast of Seguro, or that of Babia, to escape with all his valuables and his vengeance; and to this end, if ships passed without scorching or overhauling us, and if we did not destroy him, he might certainly destroy us, by scuttling the brig, or setting her on fire.

The noon passed over without an "observation," for there was no one to work it, to estimate the latitude or longitude, to keep a reckoning, or take note of our variation and leeway; and lest we should signal any passing ship, Antonio, who was a most thoughtful scoundrel, threw every color overboard. He did not come on deck again for some time, as he had plenty of spirits and provisions below, and the tell-tale compass in the skylight afforded him constant information as to whether the brig was steered in the direction he wished.

He was constantly drinking, but never became so intoxicated as to be unwary.

And so the fated brig glided over the hot sea, under the blazing sun. The albatrosses came round us again, with tripping feet, flapping wings and open bills; but no one molested them now—we had other things to think of; and as I sat on the anchor stock in the weather bow, watching them floating in the water, or skimming over it with their vast wings outspread, I thought of the "Ancient Mariner," and all that he had suffered for killing "the bird of good omen."

I felt a strange dread creeping over me while these verses seemed on my tongue—they were so descriptive of the atmosphere and of the situation:

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat,
For the sea and sky, and the sea and sky,

Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet."

CHAPTER XXI.

I Confront the Cubano.

From the wild thoughts and fancies which the horrors of that early morning, our strange situation, and my own rather active imagination, were suggesting, I was roused by Ned Carlton, who, on being relieved from the wheel, came forward to the bows, where most of the crew were seated on the wind-lash, or were lounging against the bits, speculating on what might turn up next.

In an excited and impressive manner, he reported that he had heard, from time to time, the sound of moans, as from some one in great pain in the cabin; that he believed that either the captain or mate yet survived; and if we could get down by any means we might be in time to save one or the other. If he was bleeding to death, the victim could not last long—a little time, and we should be too late!

This information increased our anxiety, and greatly excited us.

Remembering the manner in which Antonio first came on board—the mystery of his being alone in the blood-stained boat—his dreams—the disappearance of Roberts—the occurrences of the morning—and though last not least, the rough treatment to which the crew had subjected him on the night we passed the line—none were very willing to enter the cabin where this savage Cubano, flushed with brandy, bloodshed and ferocity, sat with loaded pistols in his hands. But all felt that something must be done; that, while a doubt remained, it should be solved, and a life so im-

portant to us saved, even though others be risked for it.

I volunteered to become the envoy of the crew.

"No, no, Master Rodney," said Tattooed Tom; "this will never do! What do you think we will let you venture into that murderer's den while so many able-bodied fellows hang astern?"

"But I know his language, which none of you do."

"He speaks the Queen's English now as well as any of us," said Carlton, "and if I had only a pistol or a musket to give me but one chance for my life, I would have made it speak to him long ago, in the lingo such pirates know best."

"Moreover, as I did not molest him on the night we crossed the line, he has no particular grudge at me," I urged.

"There is some sense and truth in that," muttered several of the crew.

"I'll go—it is settled," said I, anxious to solve the mystery of the groans, while feeling a glow of triumph at the applause I should gain for the risk I ran, which assuredly was not a small one.

"It is a shame for us lubberly fellows to stand by here and see that lad risk his life," said Probat, one of the crew; "and if so be that creole pleuroon falls foul of him—"

"If he does," exclaimed Tom Lambourne through his firmly set teeth, while striking his clenched right hand on the hard palm of the left, "may I never see England again if we don't attack him at stem and stern at once! I'll drop down the skylight, with as many as will follow me, while you, Ned, will dash down the companion-way with the rest, and then at him with hatchet, handsaw and capstan-bar. He can't kill us all, shipmates, that's one comfort—he can't kill us all!"

The prospect of an early demise was neither soothed nor encouraged by this promise of the bloody scene that was to follow.

The carpenter gave me a small but very sharp tomahawk. I concealed it in my breast, and resolved to use it to some purpose if molested in the cabin. The idea flashed upon me that by one determined blow I might disable him forever, and perhaps do an act of justice by dispatching him outright.

With a vague sense that I was about to face a terrible danger, and that the sooner it was faced and past, the better, I walked hastily aft, and on descending the companion-ladder, paused when halfway down, and after knocking on the bulkhead called out distinctly and boldly—

"Antonio! Hallo, Cubano!"

"Well, what do you want?" asked he, sulkily.

"To speak with you; may I come down?"

"Enter, companero; you have not yet harmed me, thus I bear you no malice."

Putting a hand in my breast to ascertain that my little hatchet was secure, I entered the cabin, where the Cubano, with his broad back placed against the rudderpost, was seated on the stern-locker at the table, which he had covered with bottles, biscuits, cheese and polonies while papers, dockets, broken desks, and boxes lay scattered about him. He was clad, as I have stated, in the poor skipper's best shore-going suit of clothes, which he wore open and loose, for the atmosphere of the cabin, notwithstanding the shattered skylight, was oppressive-ly hot, as the sun was now almost vertical; the flies were in noisy swarms, and the cockroaches were crawling over the beams and bulkhead panels.

On first hearing a foot on the companion-ladder, he had evidently snatched up a revolver, and cocked it; but on finding that his visitor was only me, he put it down, threw away the far-end of a cigarito, and said, with a ferocious grin and ironical politeness—

"Buenos dias (a good day), senior; to what am I indebted for this visit?"

It was the first time I had ever looked in the face of a man who had coolly destroyed a fellow-being as he had done, and my flesh seemed to creep with an indescribable loathing; but I had a purpose to achieve, and determined to do it.

I was about to enter Weston's stateroom, when the Cubano cocked his revolver and cried, in a voice of thunder—

"Come back, or I will shoot you as dead as he is! Ha, ha! por grados" (by degrees) "I shall get rid of you all."

I paused and looked at him; my young heart beat wildly; I felt that I was facing death, and what would I not have given had my hatchet been a pistol, even with one barrel, though my opponent was master of twelve charges.

"He is dead, then?" said I in a husky voice.

"Who—which?" asked the Cubano, with a fresh cigarito between his strong white teeth.

"Captain Weston."

"Aye, dead as Judas!" said he, laughing hoarsely.

"But I understand that Hislop—"

I stammered.

"El contra-maestre—well?"

At that moment a low moan which went through my heart came from the stateroom or little side cabin of Marc Hislop.

"Well, hombre, what of him?" growled Antonio.

"He is bleeding to death, and I wish to remove him."

"Do as you please; he will be food for the fish before the sun sets!"

"You will allow me to take him on deck?" said I, earnestly, almost impudently.

"Yes; you have done me no harm" (he repeated this very often); woe to those who have done so!"

A gleam of suspicion flashed in the eyes of Antonio as he said:

"True; but not a man shall enter here, and leave alive. The ship-boys may assist you; but I will shoot the whole crew down like dogs if they venture to approach me; so I give you five minutes to carry the contra-maestre to the forecabin bunks, or to pitch him overboard, whichever you please, though the last would please me."

"Five minutes?"

"Yes, five by this watch," he added, pulling out of his fob a gold repeater, which, even in the excitement of the moment, I recognized to be mine, the same which my mother gave me when I first left home for Eton, and of which I had been robbed at Tenneriffe. There was no doubting the little rings and charms which my sisters, Dot, Sybil and one of their female friends had appended to it; and thus I discovered another black link in the life of Antonio.

I dared not appear to recognize it when his strong brown hairy hand, the bloody spots on which made me shudder, held it toward me, lest he might shoot me down, but summoned Billy Wilkins, the cabin boy, by desiring the man at the wheel "to pass word forward for him and another apprentice."

The boys came, but not without great fear and reluctance; and while Antonio proceeded leisurely to make another paper cigar, keeping his ears open for every sound, and his black eyes fixed keenly on us the while, we entered the little stateroom of Marc Hislop and beheld a sight which filled us with the deepest commiseration and dismay.

CHAPTER XXII.

I Rescue the Mate.

Pale as marble, with his lower jaw relaxed and his eyes almost closed, motionless as if dead, but, nevertheless, still breathing slowly and heavily, poor Marc Hislop lay in his bed, the clothes and pillows of which were saturated with blood, for he seemed to be covered by wounds, and the crimson current had flowed over the piles of his favorite books, which were scattered upon the cabin floor, where they had been trod under foot by Antonio while overhauling the repositories of the unfortunate proprietor.

Shuddering, and in haste, we lifted him from the bed, muffled him in a blanket and conveyed him, passive as a child in our hands, from the cabin.

As we passed out, for a moment it seemed as if the ruffianly Spaniard repented of his temporary clemency; for when he saw the pale, bloody and insensible form of the poor fellow trailed past, he made an ominous stride toward us, and threateningly clutched the haft of the Albatross knife in his sash. Then waving his hand, almost contemptuously, he said:

"Basta—go, go—it matters little now, either to him or to me. Demonio! I always strike deep."

Alarm and pity endowed us with unusual strength, and we bore the speechless victim of Antonio up the steep stair to the deck, where our crew, with muttered oaths of vengeance, and expressions of commiseration, bore him into the forepart of the vessel. There a bed was made for him on deck; for coolness, an awning was rigged over it, and we had his wounds examined.

We found a deep stab in the neck, most dangerously near the jugular vein; a second in the breast, a third between the bones of the right forearm and a fourth in the left thigh; all had evidently been dealt through the bedclothes, and with a savage energy of purpose.

(To be continued.)

HIGH TEMPERATURE.

How It Affects the Mortality of Cities—Suffering from Sunstroke.

It will not now be difficult to understand in what manner high temperature affects the public health of large cities. Evidently in the direct action of heat upon the human body we have the most powerful agency in the production of our great summer mortality.

While sunstroke represents the maximum direct effect of solar heat upon the human subject, the large increase of deaths from wasting chronic diseases and diarrhoeal affections, of children under one year of age and persons upward of 70 years of age, shows the terrible effects of the prevailing intense heat of summer upon all who are debilitated by disease or age and thereby have their "heat-regulating power" diminished. The fact has been established by repeated experiment that when solar or artificial heat is continually applied to the animal the temperature of its body will gradually rise until all of the compensating or heat-regulating agencies fail to preserve the equilibrium, and the temperature reaches a point at which death takes place from actual combustion. In general, a temperature of 107 degrees F. in man would be regarded as indicating an unfavorable termination of any disease. In persons suffering from sunstroke the temperature often ranges from 106 degrees F. to 110 degrees F., the higher temperature appearing just before a fatal termination.—Popular Science Monthly.

"Pluck is the secret of success on the stock exchange." "Well, I'll give you \$5,000 if you'll teach me your method of plucking."

FOREIGN TESTIMONY.

WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF OUR TRADE EXPANSION.

Nations of the Old World Alive to the Aggressions of the United States in the Capture of Outside Markets for American Products.

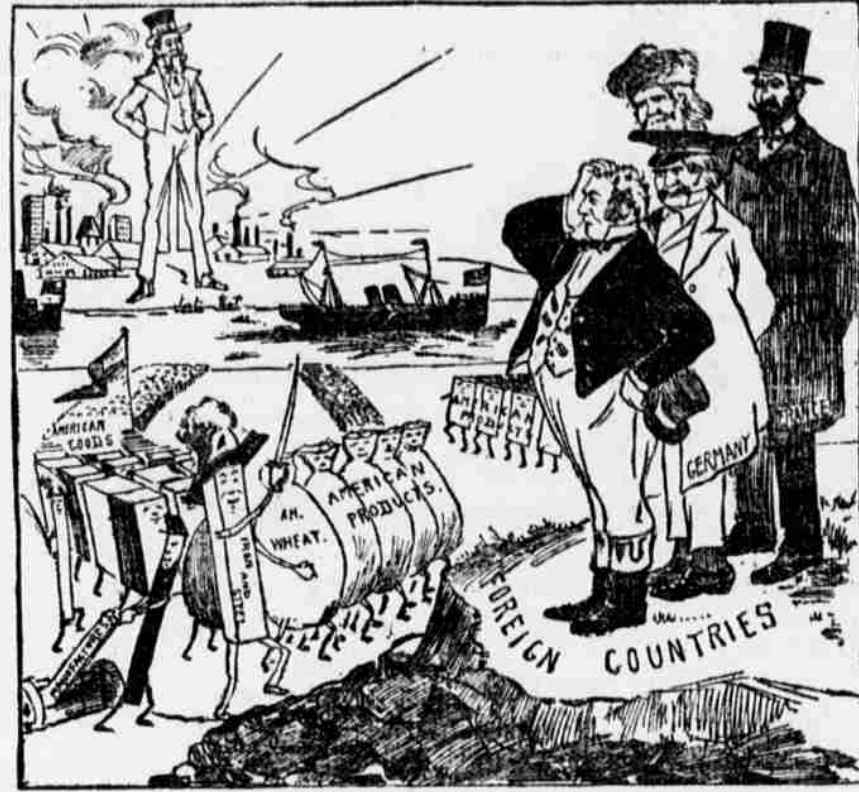
Less than sixty days remain of the current fiscal year of the government business of the United States. From the evidences at hand it is plain that this fiscal year will be one of the most important in the history of the government, notwithstanding the fact that a portion of the time was covered by conditions of war existing between our country and Spain. It is a marvelous testimonial to the powers of the American people in their trade and industrial pursuits that they have been able to carry on a war with a foreign foe, pay all the expenses incident to that war, and not only maintain a treasury overflowing with gold, but at the same time afford conditions in our domestic relations under which there has been a marvelous increase at home and foreign trade. Evidence is being produced by the daily reports of the newspapers and the commercial agencies going to show how handsomely industrial conditions are improving, wages advancing and trade and commerce among our own people returning to the high standard which was set under the McKinley protective tariff law of 1890. Unless all signs fail, the trade and business results of the current year will far surpass those of the banner year of 1892, and this result in the face of conditions of war.

Attention was called in the last budget of this correspondence to the testimony furnished by foreign governments and authorities of note in the world's trade of the tremendous strides that have been made in the world's commerce during the past year. Let us now examine some testimonials by our own authorities. It is only necessary

affords another striking illustration. Probably no branch of American industry has had a greater number of years of solid and adequate protection than the cotton manufacturing lines. The result is that during the period since last July there has been an increase of more than \$4,000,000 worth in our exports of cotton manufactures. It will be remembered that the Dingley tariff, without increasing the average dutiable rates of the cotton schedule greatly above those of the Wilson-Gorman law, yet by equalizing those rates, and giving a systematic and scientific schedule of protective rates, bettered the condition of our cotton manufacturing industries and brought about these handsome results that are now the boast of the American people. The line of builders' hardware, representing as it does the skill and ingenuity of the American mechanic, as well as the highest utilization of machinery, methods, is making grand strides, increasing more than a million dollars in exports during the months of the present fiscal year. Steel rails also showed an increase of a million dollars in exports, and in all those lines of specialized and efficient machinery produced products there was such an increase during the past three-quarters of a year, compared with the corresponding period of a year ago, that the total increase in exports of manufactures aggregates more than \$25,000,000 worth.

One of the most interesting documents that has been issued from the executive departments here in recent years is the report of the review of the world's commerce for 1898, as prepared by the bureau of foreign commerce of the state department. In his letter transmitting this publication Secretary Hay says among other things: "It is gratifying to be able to state that the development of our exports of manufactured goods, as well as of our raw products, which was so strikingly exhibited in the annual reports transmitted to congress on May 16, 1898, continues with constantly enlarging prospects." Secretary Hay also pays a deserved tribute to the consular ser-

A PEACEFUL INVASION.



In this connection to quote from the recent figures prepared by the officials of the treasury department to show how marked has been the growth of our foreign trade, and also the strikingly interesting points showing the decline in the imports of manufactured commodities, compared with the exports of like goods, as well as the general exports of all classes of goods during the past few months. But it is due to the officials of the state department, who are doing some excellent work through the medium of the consuls of the government in foreign lands toward promoting American trade, to note some things said by the state department officials in recent comments upon the growth of our foreign trade.

Attention has been repeatedly called to the fact, which should not be lost to the constant attention of protectionists the country over, that the development of our trade in foreign countries, especially in lines of manufactures, is mainly in those lines wherein the skill and intelligence of American working people in the utilization of machinery methods, has gained and is gaining for us broader markets in regions where, if conditions were equal and without protective rates of duty to build up and strengthen our domestic industries, our high priced labor would be unable to compete with the lower paid labor of foreign countries. This is, after all, the strongest point that can be made in support of the protection doctrine, and upon it rests the good works that are being done under the influence of protection, and which tend to make that policy stronger with the American people every succeeding day. Upon those lines of manufactures into which labor largely enters directly it is impossible for our industries to produce goods in competition with the producers of foreign countries.

Probably no branch of industry in this country has been more effectively brought under the influence of machinery methods than the iron and steel industry. Years of protection have developed in this country mighty mills and factories for the production of iron and steel goods. The result is that these producing plants are now able to undersell foreigners on many lines of machinery made goods. Since the beginning of last July there has been an increase of more than \$15,000,000 worth in our exports of iron and steel, compared with the corresponding months of the previous year.

The case of manufacturers of cotton

PLAIN LESSON IN ECONOMICS.

Enormous Exports of Specie Necessitated by a Free-Trade Policy.

The grand total of gold and silver exports for the 116 years ended with 1898 was \$66,272,938,373, or fully six times the value of the gold and silver mined since America was discovered. The total exports of the period, merchandise and specie, were valued at \$34,352,826,566, and the total imports at \$31,920,111,807. The specie exports were valued at \$3,406,623,581, and the specie imports at \$1,940,150,320, making a balance against imports of \$1,466,473,261. In other words, it took almost a billion and a half of hard coin to square accounts in our foreign trade during the period.

During the '50s, while the gold of California was being mined on a large scale, the foreign shipment of our specie was enormous; when the war came it was still larger; but it was greatest under the operation of the Wilson tariff. The gold shipped to Europe during the last year of Cleveland was \$172,951,617, an excess over imports of \$110,649,366. It is no cause of surprise that Cleveland was alarmed and cried out against the "endless chain." During the first full year under the Dingley bill the imports of specie alone exceeded the exports by \$80,807,825. It is doubtful if the trade reports of any other nation ever pointed so plain a lesson in political economy as this contrast.

For the first twenty-one years of the period covered by this report our imports of merchandise exceeded our exports. Not only so, but very few of our exports were really merchandise, in the usual acceptation of the term. What we exported was agricultural products, lumber and other raw materials. It was not until the centennial year that our exports equaled in value our imports, except at rare intervals. During the Whig rule in the '40s there were three consecutive years of exports that exceeded imports, but with this exception there were not even two years in succession showing a favorable balance of trade until 199 years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Since then the balance of merchandise trade has been in our favor every year, with three exceptions. This was true even while the "endless chain" was carrying our gold over to Europe.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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Doing Its Duty. The customs receipts for the first eight months of the current fiscal year amount to over \$130,000,000, indicating that the total for the year will be over \$200,000,000, which approaches the figures of the years prior to 1891, when we had annual surpluses averaging over \$100,000,000. The Dingley bill is doing its duty, so far as producing revenue is concerned.—Chicago Times-Herald.

TRUSTS AND PARTIES.

The Solution of the Problem Not a Partisan Question.

The effort to deal successfully with the trusts will fall if it shall take on the aspect of politics. The question is not political. Restraint upon these combinations cannot be improved by playing one political party against another. It is the people's fight, and it cannot be won except in the people's interests. Except the people apply the correction, their labor is but lost that apply it, is a not irrelevant paraphrase of a great text.

For example: These combinations show flush times. Money is abundant, and those who control it have confidence in the future and are untingling for activities. This is to be remembered when the charge is made that trusts are the offsprings of a protective tariff. Plenty of money is a good thing—a blessing. Nobody wants to bring about hard times. The whole question relates to the operations of these combinations. They should not be permitted to become tyrants over both markets and people. They should not be permitted to corrupt public officials in order to secure legislative and other advantages. The protective tariff is justified in the present flush times, and money can be used to advantage by its holders without their resorting to any oppressive or corrupt methods.

Another point relates to the personnel of these combinations. There are as many prominent Democrats as Republicans to be found among the shareholders. Mr. Cleveland stands very close to E. C. Benedict and William C. Whitney, both of whom are money men of extensive connections. The most prominent figure in Wall street today is Roswell P. Flower. Richard Croker is in touch now with big money institutions. The late Calvin S. Brice was a large and successful operator, and at the time of his death was preparing to launch enterprises of international consequence. Ex-Senator Smith of New Jersey, where the trusts are securing legal sanction, is a rich man of much enterprise, and so is ex-Senator Gorman. The list is a long one, and extends to all the states where the question of these combinations is one of live interest.

There is in Kentucky just now a suggestive situation. A campaign for a full state ticket is approaching, and Democratic aspirants for places are on the stump. All are declaring against trusts, and all are charging them up to the Republican party and the protective tariff. It so happens that both of the leading Kentucky industries, whisky and tobacco, are now in the hands of trusts. The principal distilleries are in one combination, and the principal tobacco manufactures in another. Prominent Kentucky Democrats—business men—have assisted in forming both combinations, and have largely profited by them. Shall they pocket this money and yet join in a political cry against their own work, and help elect a state ticket on the basis of that cry?

The trusts alone will benefit if the effort to curb them becomes political. They cannot be checked or restrained by any such means. Neither party is responsible for them, and neither party single-handed can cope with them. Both parties must enter the lists against them in the general interests.—Washington Star.

Prosperity from Protection.

The New York Evening Post, the free trader par excellence, says:

"President McKinley's address to the Commercial Club in Boston contained a frank announcement that the protectionist 'racket' is played out. 'We have quit discussing the tariff,' says Mr. McKinley, 'and have turned our attention to getting trade wherever it can be found.'"

Yes, the "racket," as you call it, is played out, because it has accomplished all that it aimed to do. The manufacturing industries of the country never were in better condition and the exports of manufacturers never greater. The victory of the protectionists has no parallel in history. Everything they claimed has come to pass, and the only regret is that the Greeleys and Kelleys and Morrills and others who made the fight for American workmen and American industries are not living, justly to say, "we told you so." And if you live another generation you will see the benefits of expansion, though now you see as through a glass, darkly. American ideas, ways and methods have never suffered a defeat, and we are hopeful enough to believe they never will.—Hamilton (Mo.) Hamiltonian.

Always True to Its Pledges.

With the coming session of congress, when the Republicans will have control of both houses, the people may expect an intelligent effort to reach and control the trusts and combines. It is somewhat doubtful under the limitations of the constitution, which have reserved to the states certain sovereign rights, whether an effective national measure can be enacted. But the people may rest assured that the effort will be made, for the Republican party never betrays its pledges.—Kansas City Journal.