

DICK RODNEY;

or, The Adventures of
An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

"All's over now," said Tom Lambourne, as he grasped the tiller with a firm hand, after carefully wrapping a blanket round poor Hislop, who drooped beside him in the stern-sheets.

"Which way shall we pull?" asked the bowman, as we paused with our oars in the rowlocks.

"It matters little, mates," cried Tom, in a loud voice, with his left hand at the side of his mouth, to send what he said forward above the roar of the wind and sea. "We must be many hundred miles from Brazil, the nearest land, and we can do nothing now but keep our boat alive by baling and steering till daylight. Now, Master Hislop," he added, lowering his voice, "how do you feel, sir?"

"I feel that I am quite in your way, my lads—a useless hand aboard, to consume your food and water," replied Hislop, faintly.

"Why, sir," said Probat, the stroke oarsman, "you don't think we could have left you to burn in that poor old brig?"

"No, not exactly; still I am of no use to you, and I feel—"

"What, sir, what?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"Heart sick and despairing," moaned Hislop, letting his chin drop on his breast.

"Don't talk so, sir," said Lambourne, stoutly; "despair never found a place in the heart of a British sailor."

"You are right, Tom; and perhaps I'll gather headway and get to windward yet."

"Of course you will," replied Tom, cheerfully; "but here's a sea coming—together, lads, pull together!"

Despair might well have found a place in all our breasts at that awful crisis; but Tom's bluff and cheerful way prevented our hearts from sinking, though the hours of that awful night seemed dark and long.

Well, without compass, chart, or quadrant, there we were, ten in number, in an open boat, tossing upon a dark and stormy sea, enveloped in clouds, with the red lightning gleaming through their ragged openings, or at the far and flat horizon—ignorant of where we were, where to steer for, or what to do, and full of terrible anticipations for the future!

We were silent and speechless. My heart was full of horror, grief and vague glories, when I thought of my home—the quiet, the happy and peaceful old rectory, with all who loved me there, and whom I might never see again.

The hot tears that started to my eyes mingled with the cold spray that drenched my cheeks, and there seemed but one consolation for me, that my father, my affectionate mother and sisters, dear Dot, and little Sybil, could never know how I perished by hunger or drowning, if such were to be my fate.

All the stories I had heard or read of ship-wrecked men—their sufferings, their endurance of gnawing hunger and burning thirst, their cannibalism, their mortal struggles with their dearest friends for the last morsel of food, for the last drop of water, and how the weak perished that the strong might live—crowded upon my memory to augment the real terrors of our situation.

So suddenly had this final catastrophe come upon us that we had considerable difficulty in assuring ourselves of its reality, and that it was not a dream—a dream, alas! from which there might be no awakening.

So hour after hour passed darkly, slowly, and silently on. The turbulence of the wind and waves abated, the lightning passed away, the sea ceased to whirl, the vapors were divided in heaven, and a faint light that stole tremulously upward from the horizon served to indicate the east and the dawn of the coming day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Discover Land.

The following are the names of those who escaped with me in the long-boat:

Marc Hislop, mate.
Thomas Lambourne, second mate.
Francis Probat, carpenter.
John Thomas Burnett, ship's cook.
Edward Carlton.
Henry Warren.
Hugh Chute.
Matthew Hipkin.
William Wilkins, usually called "Boy Bill."

As the morning light came in there appeared to the southwestward a vast bank of mist or cloud, which shrouded half the sky and assumed a variety of beautiful tints when the rising sun shone on it—yellow and saffron, deepening into purple and blue as its masses changed in the contrary currents of air; while to the eastward, in the quarter of the sun's ascension, the rippling ocean shone as if covered with tremulous and glittering plates of mingled gold and green.

A ration of rum-and-water in equal proportions was now served round to each man, the leathern cover of a bung being our only cup, as we had omitted a drinking vessel among our hastily collected stores. Half of a biscuit given to each constituted our breakfast, and with hope dawning with the day in our hearts we shipped our oars and pulled stoutly toward the west.

Tom Lambourne steered; the sea was smooth, the wind light, and in our favor; so ere long the mast was shipped and a sail hoisted to lessen the labor of the rowers.

We were anxious for the dense bank of purple cloud to clear away, that we might have a more extensive view of the horizon, and perhaps discover a sail, but the envious vapor seemed to darken and to roll before us, or rather before the wind that bore us aft after it.

About midday, when we were pausing on our oars, breathless and panting with heat, drenched with perspiration, which ran into our eyes and trickled down our breasts, and when visions of ice-water and bitter beer came tantalizingly to memory—for sea and sky were equally hot, as the former seemed to welter and become oily under the blaze of the latter—a sharp-winged bird that skimmed past us suddenly caught the hollow eye of Hislop, who, I thought, was sleeping.

"Do you see that bird, Tom?" he exclaimed, half starting up from the stern-sheets; "it is a man-of-war bird!"

"What then, sir?"

"We must be near land," replied the mate.

"Land!" reiterated every one in the boat, their voices expressing joy, surprise or incredulity.

"Is it Brazil?" asked Tattooed Tom, with amazement in his singular face.

"I do not think so," said Hislop, passing a hand wearily and reflectively over his pale forehead. "Brazil—it is impossible, by the last reckoning I made before that Spaniard wounded me. But Heaven only knows where we may have drifted to since then!"

"The wind and currents may have taken us many hundred miles from where the last observation was made," added Carlton.

"But I am convinced that we are near land—look at the sea-wrack that passes us now; and we must be out of the track of the Gulf-weed," continued the mate, with confidence.

"And may I never see the Nore again if that ain't land now, looming right ahead through the fog-bank!" exclaimed Tom, starting up and shading his eyes from the sun with both hands, as he peered intently westward.

As the reader may imagine, we all gazed anxiously enough in the direction indicated by the old seaman, and a swell of rapture rose in the breasts of all when something in the form of a headland or bluff could be distinctly seen right ahead, bearing due west, about seven miles distant, standing out from the bank of vapor, or looming like a darker shadow within it.

This appearance never changed in outline, but remained stationary, and every moment became more defined and confirmed.

Exclamations of joy now broke from us, and we congratulated each other on making the land so soon and so unexpectedly, without enduring the miseries which so frequently fall to the lot of those who are cast away, as we were, in an open boat, at sea.

"But what land is it?" was the general inquiry.

Another allowance of grog was served round; the oars were again shipped, we bent our backs and breasts stoutly to the task, and at every stroke almost lifted the boat clean out of the shining water in our eagerness to reach this suddenly discovered shore.

This had such an effect upon Marc Hislop that, though weak and sinking as he had been, he begged that he might be allowed to steer the boat a little way, while Tom Lambourne kept a bright lookout ahead, to watch for any ripple or surf that might indicate the locality of a treacherous coral reef, as such might prove dangerous to a large and heavily laden craft like ours.

With every stroke of the bending oars the land seemed to rise higher and more high.

Ere long we could make out its form clearly. It was bold, rocky and mountainous, and as the mist dispersed or rose upward into mid air, we could see the dark brown of the bluff, and some trees of strange aspect, with drooping foliage on its summit, were clearly defined, as they stood between us and the blue sky beyond.

We soon made out distinctly that it was a large island. The shore was somewhat level to the northeast, and in the center towered an almost perpendicular mountain of vast height, the sides of which seemed covered with furs, gorse and brushwood.

Elsewhere its dusky and copper-colored rocks started sheer out of the sea, whose waters formed a zone of snow-white surf around their base.

We headed the boat to the northeast, where the shore seemed more approachable, and as we pulled along it, but keeping fully three miles off, we saw high crags, deep ravines, shady woods and dells in the interior, though no appearance of houses, of wigwags, or of inhabitants.

Many speculations were now ventured as to what island this might be. "May it not be land that has never before been discovered?" I suggested, with a glow of pleasure, in the anticipation of being among the first to tread an unexplored and hitherto unknown shore. Hislop smiled and shook his head.

Henry Warren, who had been an old South Sea whaler, suggested that it was the island Grand, but Hislop as-

ured us that this was impossible. In the first place, by the position of the sun, he could see that we were not so far south as the parallel of Port San Giorgio on the Brazilian shore, and in the second, the existence of such an island was doubted.

"Can it be Trinidad Island—Tristan da Cunha, or the Rocks of Martin Vaz?" asked Tom Lambourne.

"If the latter," replied Hislop, "we should now be in south latitude 20 deg. 27 min., but this land in no way answers to the aspect of the Martin Vaz Rocks."

"Did you ever see them, sir?" asked several.

"No; but they are described by La Perouse as appearing like five distinct headlands." After pausing and pondering for a moment, he suddenly added, with confidence, "It is the island of Alphonso de Albuquerque!"

"How do you know?" I inquired.

"By the appearance of that cliff, and the mountain inland."

"You have been here before?" asked Probat.

"Never; but I know it to be Alphonso by that cliff on the north, and the mountain, too, which were particularly described in a Spanish book I lost in the Eugenie. The mountain is a peak which the author says resembles—did any of you ever see a place like it before?"

"It is as like Tenny Reef from the port of Santa Cruz as one egg is like another!" exclaimed Tom Lambourne.

"Exactly, Tom, that is what the Spanish author likens it to, though he doesn't use the simile. So if it is the island of Alphonso, we are now somewhere in south latitude 37 deg. 6 min., and west longitude 12 deg. 2 min. Pull southward, my lads, the shore opens a bit beyond that headland. We shall find a smooth beach probably within that light wonder."

"Anyway we're not in pilot's water," added Tom, laughing; "give way, mates—stretch out."

We pulled with a hearty will, and ere long were close in shore—so close that our larboard oars seemed almost to touch the mighty rocks which rose sheer from the sea, like mighty cyclopean walls, but covered with the greenest moss; they overhung and overshadowed the dark, deep water that washed their base, and as they shielded us from the fierce noonday heat of the sun, we found the partial coolness refreshing and delightful.

As Hislop had foreseen, on rounding the bluff, the shore receded inward, and through a line of white surf, like that which boils over the bar at a river's mouth, we dashed into a beautiful little bay, the sandy beach of which was shaded by groves of bright green trees.

Still we saw no trace of inhabitants; but selecting a small creek, which was almost concealed by trees that grew, like mangroves, close to the edge of the water, we ran our boat in, moored her securely, where none were likely to find her save ourselves, and then all save Hislop and Billy the cabin boy, who remained to attend him, we went on an exploring expedition in search of natives or whatever might turn up next.

(To be continued.)

Weeping at the Theater.

"There's just this about crying at the theater," said the average woman.

"You'll cry if you're in the mood for it and you won't if you're not—no matter how harrowing or nonharrowing the play may be. Like most average women, I rarely cry, either at the theater or anywhere, but I long ago discovered that it depends entirely upon my mood at the time. I once went to a genuine comedy and found the tears filling my eyes just because I happened to be blue at the time, and I've been at many a play with all the women around me mopping their eyes and drying their pocket-handkerchiefs on their fans, while I—being for some reason or other uplifted—sat there dry-eyed, almost smiling. No matter what my mood, however, the thing sure to keep me from weeping at the theater is any emotional display on the part of her who is with me. I can attend the weepiest kind of a play unmoved with my sister, for she starts in away ahead of time, making me feel more like laughing than crying, and then when the true lachrymose opportunity arrives it finds me pathos-proof. This is the only way by which I may make myself immune from weeping at theaters upon all occasions."—Philadelphia Times.

The "Eye" of an Awful Storm.

The observations of Captain Carpenter, of the Royal Navy, show that the hurricane which destroyed more than 17,000 houses and hundreds of lives in the islands of Barbados and St. Vincent last September had a calm "eye" at its center four miles in diameter. The phenomenon of a central calm at the core of a whirling storm is characteristic of the West Indian hurricanes. The diameter of the storm center, including the circling winds that enclosed the eye, was about thirty-five miles during the period of greatest destruction. After the hurricane passed St. Vincent, the storm center enlarged to a diameter of 170 miles.

The Special Delivery Letters.

A special delivery stamp crowns an ordinary letter and insures it royal care. It travels first-class; the clerks pass it rapidly on its way; on reaching its destination all schedules are disregarded; it is honored by being sent by a special messenger. This service was begun in 1888; in 1898 the number of these stamps issued was over 5,000,000. New York city delivered the greatest number of these letters—about 993,000. Boston came next, with 275,000. The average time, throughout the nation, for delivery from postoffice to addressee was seventeen minutes.

WHERE THEY THRIVE

TRUSTS FLOURISH IN FREE-TRADE BRITAIN.

Any Attempt to Grapple with Combines by the Abolition of Protection in the United States Would Prove Dangerous to Domestic Industries.

San Francisco Chronicle: Under the caption, "The Growth of Monopoly in English Industry," H. W. Macrosty, in the March Contemporary Review, furnishes some interesting information respecting trusts in Great Britain, which deserves to be attentively studied by those misguided writers who assume that protection is responsible for the movement in the direction of industrial combinations so prevalent in this country at present.

Mr. Macrosty furnishes abundant evidence that the phenomena is not confined to protective countries, and shows that the movement is as far-reaching in free-trade England as in the United States. Speaking of the growth of combinations in the United Kingdom, he says:

"Single amalgamations, while not entirely excluding competition, control the screw, cotton, thread, salt, alkali and India rubber tire industries. In other cases a formal agreement of masters fixes prices; thus, in the hollow-ware trade (metal utensils) prices are arranged by an informal ring of a dozen Birmingham firms. Similarly there is no open market in antimony, nickel, mercury, lead pipes, fish supply and petroleum. Steel and iron rails are controlled by an English rail ring, which so manages matters that it is undersold by American, Belgian and German competitors. All the largest firms in the newspaper making industry have just consolidated their interests into one large combination. In the engineering trades twenty-four firms have a subscribed capital of £14,245,000. In 1897 Armstrong & Co. absorbed Whitworth & Co., raising their capital to £4,210,000 in the process. Vickers & Co., the armor plate manufacturers, are another example of a very large amalgamation. In the spring of 1897 they bought up the Naval Construction and Armament company, and later they acquired the Maxim-Nordenfeldt Guns and Ammunition company. Now they boast of being the only firm capable of turning out a battleship complete in every respect. The most noteworthy examples of combination, however, are to be found in the Birmingham staple trades and in the textile industries."

This condensation is supplemented by extended details showing that slowly but surely the British organizer is bringing every possible plan of money making within the field of his operations, and that England is rapidly becoming the home of trusts. Here is his summing up:

"We thus see in British industry a steady movement toward combination and monopoly, a movement which is the natural outcome of competition, and therefore not capable of being prevented or undone by law."

The keen critic will not fail to note that this admission is fatal to the assumption that protection is responsible for the creation of trusts. If trusts are the natural outcome of competition, as Mr. Macrosty avers, then the evil cannot be attributed to a policy which has the effect of restraining the area of competition. We may add that this view, that competition is responsible for combinations, has found expression in the works of such distinguished free traders as J. Thorold Rogers, and that it is only the "feather-weight" economists, fighting under the Cobden banner in this country, who have sought to fasten the responsibility for the evil on protection.

Not only is protection not responsible for the trust evil, but it may be claimed that it offers the only remedy for its suppression. We venture to say that no protectionist will assent to the proposition that combination is "not capable of being prevented or undone by law," but it is natural enough for a free trader to assume that the evil is irredeemable, as Mr. Macrosty does in his closing sentence, in which he says: "Nevertheless, with the weapon of state control in hand, combination may be welcomed, and if control proves insufficient, state purchase and public administration remain behind."

Protectionists, accustomed as they are to the idea of regulation, will not hesitate to resort to the most drastic measures if they find it necessary to do so in order to stamp out the evil. By carefully limited the area of competition to their own country the statesmen of a protective nation can control trusts, but that will be found an impossible achievement in a free-trade country, for the simple reason that the attempt to prohibit combination in a land with wide-open trade doors will prove destructive to domestic industry.

The Triumph of Intelligence.

A communication recently sent from London to an American commercial paper contains the following:

"Practically all the equipments of new London electric railways, including elevators, are brought from the United States. There are many outward signs of this American invasion. A large proportion of things advertised in papers and magazines the Americans recognize as home products. One big hotel in the commercial quarter has a whole wing given up to sample rooms of American drummers. They show machinery, novelties and manufactured articles of all kinds. Nor do these advance agents of Yankee prosperity confine themselves to one hotel. Some of the pioneers are reaping a harvest."

American shoes sell at 50 per cent over New York prices, and bicycles and other articles are also well up. An outcome of this movement, already apparent in some quarters, is that Great Britain is urged to impose a tariff to save her home market from her newest rival."

This state of affairs goes to show that the cheapest products, considered as to their selling prices, are today, in a large number of cases, the products of the highly paid and intelligent labor employed in the protected industries of America. We are now having a practical realization of the protectionist claim that protection will, in the end, mean cheaper production than would be possible under free trade, because protection means intelligent labor, as President McKinley once said:

"A revenue tariff cheapens products by cheapening men; a protective tariff cheapens products by elevating men and by getting from them their best labor, their best skill, their best invention."

Satan Rebuking Sin.

What did the Democrats ever do when they were in power to restrain the developments which they now affect to deplore, but at which they secretly rejoice, recognizing, as they do, in them a possible chance of salvation? They never did a thing. On the contrary, it was while the Democracy was in office that the seeds of the growth we see going on were planted. The great sugar trust, which was one of the first to be formed, was little less than a Democratic organization. Its contributions had assisted Grover Cleveland's election, and it is an open secret that by way of reward it was permitted to dictate the sugar schedule in the disaster-breeding tariff bill to which Professor Wilson gave his name. The Democracy denouncing trusts will be strongly suggestive of Satan rebuking sin.

The position of the Republicans is much better. The only anti-trust law upon the federal statute books, the so-called Sherman law, was a Republican measure, and in the anti-trust legislation of the states it is the Republican states which have consistently taken the lead. If the Democrats cannot find any other issue upon which to unite than one upon which all politicians of whatever allegiance are agreed, their straits must indeed be desperate.—Exchange.

Too Good a Thing to Drop.



John Bull—Now that we're getting to be such warm friends, isn't it about time to drop that foolish tariff of yours?

Uncle Sam—Thanks, Johnnie, for your assurances of friendship, but that foolish tariff has proved too good a thing to drop. Why don't you try it yourself? There's millions in it!

Yearning for Soup House Policy.

Two hundred day laborers of the Mount Vernon Car Manufacturing company have received a 10 per cent advance in wages. The works were closed down much of the time early in the nineties for want of orders, but now it has contracts for building 1,700 new cars, in addition to those upon which the men are at work. Business men, farmers and others in that vicinity claim that local conditions are improved by the expenditure of thousands of dollars of wages, monthly, in the city, but others who earn nothing, build nothing, pay nothing, and do nothing but talk and long for the return of the soup-house policy party to power, are not happy at the outlook, and bear upon their forlorn visages the unspoken prayer of "give us calamity or give us death."—Carmi (Ill.) Times.

The Government Could Pay.

McKinley sold 3 per cent bonds to the people; Cleveland sold 4½ per cent bonds to a syndicate of bankers. The total of our public debt is a mere bagatelle compared with our wealth and resources. The continuation of the Republican party in power, which would mean continued prosperity, would enable the government to pay it off in a few years. Western (Neb.) Wave.

Will Need the Doctor.

The balance of trade in favor of the United States is at the present time fifty-four million dollars a month. Under the Wilson bill and the Cleveland administration it was less than seven millions a month. A little argument of this kind will make a Democrat sick enough to call in the family physician.—Lawrence (Kan.) Journal.

Always True to Its Pledges.

The business and finances of the nation always have been in satisfactory shape when the management of government affairs is intrusted to the Republican party, the only national organization which ever has demonstrated its capacity to conduct them successfully.—Springfield (Ill.) Journal.

How easy it is for some people to advise others how to conduct their affairs when their own show a lamentable want of attention.

THE BRITISH WAY.

Upon the Workingman Must Fall the Cost of Increasing Competition.

The Duke of Devonshire, in an address delivered a short time since before the shareholders of the Furness railway, referred to the fact that, as he put it, "even the most enterprising of English firms, with well-equipped works expressly put down at the coast for export trade, have been under-quoted in their own country by American-made rails," and said: "Excessive care must be taken not to demand overmuch in the way of increased wages or lessened hours, lest production be made so dear that the foreigner can cut in below our countrymen."

Americans have no quarrel with this attitude on the part of English statesmen, especially so as the policy advocated is not likely to result in the shutting out of American rails. We are more than willing to let the English manage their own affairs. Yet one cannot but marvel at the economic bigotry which prefers to secure the home market by having laborers "not demand overmuch in the way of increased wages or lessened hours," rather than to hold it by putting a protective tariff on competing products. We have had considerable experience with that same kind of economic bigotry on the part of free traders in this country. Fortunately for the interests of the country, the great majority of American workmen have not been deceived by the false ideas of "cheapness" advanced by these bigots, and have insisted on a policy which gives protection to American labor and makes good wages sure. It is not past belief that English workmen will some day wake up to their own interests and demand protection for their labor and their wages.

In Five Southwestern States.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in the course of a review of the industrial conditions of five southwestern states, published in a recent issue, said that the four years of depression had been quickly followed by a business revival never equaled in the history of this country; that this improvement had continued for two years, and that evidences of renewed prosperity were increasing daily. It continued as follows:

"New industries have been established, having a capital of at least \$14,753,150, and the plants are valued at \$13,230,600. The value of the annual output of these new industries in round figures is \$76,592,486. These plants give employment to 16,436 persons, and pay out annually in wages \$10,156,601. Those totals, large as they are, are small compared with the aggregate which a complete showing of the commercial expansion in all lines would present. There is no doubt but that the figures would reach into the hundreds of millions were it possible to ascertain the exact amount invested in commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and mining during the past two years in the states thus partly covered in the reports received from the fifty-four towns making up this enumeration."

With such a showing as this, there is little chance that these states will be found again in the ranks of free trade. The citizens will not be in a hurry to give up their prosperity through clinging to an exploded theory.

Protection and the Farmer.

The report of the agricultural department showing the increasing extent to which foreign countries were in 1898 purchasers of the agricultural products of the United States presents some interesting facts illustrative of the wisdom of an economic policy which promotes the foreign trade and domestic trade at one and the same time. Domestic exports of all kinds in 1898 exceeded imports of all kinds by the enormous sum of \$594,242,259, which was more than double the excess of the preceding year, the largest reported up to that time. Agricultural exports for 1898 amounted to 70.93 per cent of the whole, being a gain of nearly 25 per cent over 1897. There was, on the other hand, a marked decrease in 1898 of purchases of foreign agricultural products as contrasted with the fiscal year 1897, when under the free wool provisions of the Wilson law we imported \$53,243,191 worth of foreign wool, against less than seventeen millions' worth under the Dingley tariff in 1898.

The American farmer had much the best of the situation in the first eleven months of restored protection, as his sales to foreign countries more than doubled the value of our imports of foreign agricultural products, the excess amounting to \$544,216,146. Altogether, the agricultural export and import figures for 1898 show well for protection and its benefits to the American farmer.

Hard to Get Over.

A tribute to the effectiveness of the protective policy in adding to the general welfare of the United States is paid in a recent report of the German imperial commissioner at Bremen, as follows:

"The strong tendency toward the United States, in spite of immigration having been rendered more difficult, finds an explanation in the fact that American industry has largely developed in consequence of the Dingley tariff, and that the demand for experienced artisans has therefore greatly increased. Moreover, German manufacturers have, in order to save the customs duties, established branch houses of their works in the United States."

Facts like these are, like a barbed wire fence, "hard to get over." Free-trade writers don't attempt to get over them. They dodge and ignore them.