

# DICK RODNEY;

## Or. The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### The Island of Alphonso.

We had some dread of savages, and being totally unarmed, we penetrated inland with more anxiety than pleasure at first; but ere long we became convinced that the island was totally destitute of human inhabitants.

Not a vestige of wigwam or hut, of road or path, not even of the smallest track or trail (save such as the wild goats made) was visible anywhere, and thus we became impressed with new emotions of wonder and awe, in treading a soil where man lived not—where no human foot seemed to have trod and where only the hum of insect life stirred the solitude of that wild island of the South Atlantic.

For a considerable distance we traversed flat ground that was covered with sedge grass, interspersed by shrubs of bright green. Beyond this level plain rose a series of ridges covered by trees, and those ridges formed the first slope of the great mountain, which was some thousand feet in height, and also of the great bluff we had first descried at sea.

We found Alphonso to be the largest of a group of three islands. It is a mass of rock nearly twelve miles in circumference. The other two are cavernous and inaccessible, and every approach to them is dangerous and difficult, in consequence of the foaming of the sea about them, so that during the weary days of our sojourn there we made no attempt to explore them, lest the longboat, in our circumstances a priceless property—might be swamped or dashed to pieces.

Hislop informed me that he had read somewhere that in the month of March, 1506—the same year in which the great Columbus died—two adventurers of Spain or Portugal, named Tristan da Cunha and Alphonso de Albuquerque, sailed for the Indies on a voyage of discovery, with fourteen great caravels.

During this expedition they found three great islands, which they named after Tristan da Cunha, and elsewhere three others, which were named from Alphonso, who, after their fleet had been scattered by a great tempest, sailed through the Mozambique channel. He discovered many sea isles and channels hitherto unknown to the Portuguese or Spaniards, and ultimately reached the Indies, of which he became viceroy for Ferdinand the Catholic, and died in 1515, holding that office.

It is very strange that since that remote period no European country has turned these islands to any account, as they do not lie more than fifty leagues from the general track of the shipping bound for the coast of Coromandel or the Chinese seas, and in time of war would form a useful and important rendezvous for a fleet. They lie exactly in that portion of the wide and mighty ocean where it was fabled and believed a great continent would yet be found.

The three isles of Tristan da Cunha, which lie some hundred miles distant, have now a mixed population of English, Portuguese and malattoes; and a strong garrison was maintained there during the captivity of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena.

Being thus cast away upon a shore so far from the general track of ships we resolved to make preparations for a probable residence of some time—to build a hut wherein to store our provisions, and to use every means for adding to our stock, by angling in the creeks, which seemed to abound with fish, and by hunting in the woods, which teemed with goats and boars running wild; by collecting birds' eggs, as the cliffs seemed to be literally alive with petrels, albatrosses and sea-hens; and all these exertions were the more necessary, as none could foresee the probable length of our sojourn there.

A ship might leave in sight tomorrow; but a year might pass before one came near enough to be attracted by our signs.

We resolved to have a signal-post erected on the mountain top, a beacon-fire prepared, and amid these and many other deliberations the night closed in and found us tolerably contented with our island, and even disposed to be merry over misfortunes that we could not control.

But considerable speculation was excited when Billy Wilkins, the cabin boy, who had been in pursuit of a little kid along the beach, returned to us, dragging after him a long spar which he had found among the layer of shingles, bright shells and dusky weeds deposited by the sea; and on examination this spar proved to be one of the lower studding-sail booms of the *Eugenie*, and the same which had parted from the brig on the eventful evening of the punishment!

"It is our own property," said Billy, "and may be useful when we have a fire to light."

"Boy Bill, we have a better use for it than burning," said Tattooed Tom; "tis the mast for our signal-post, already made to hand, and we'll step it on the hilltop tomorrow."

For that night we bivouacked under a large tree, the name and genus of which were alike unknown to us. At times some were conversing, some slept, others lay waking and thinking, with the murmur of the shining sea close by in their ears; and I could see the stars of the Southern Cross shin-

ing with wonderful brilliance at the verge of the watery horizon.

The novelty of our situation kept me long awake, and with my head pillowed on a bundle of dry seaweed, with the sail of the long boat spread over us as an impromptu tent, and for protection from the dew, I lay in meditation and full of melancholy thoughts ere sleep came upon me, and with it confused dreams of the burning ship, of my secluded home, and of—

—the schoolboy spot.

We long remember, though there long forgot.

Again I was at Eton! Again I saw the smooth green playing-fields alive with ardent schoolboys in the merry summer sunshine, and again I heard the clamor of their young voices and the balls rattling on bat and wicket; again I heard the pleasant green leaves rustle in the old woods of the Tudor times; or again I was in the shady quadrangles where the monotonous hum of many classes poring over their studies stole through the mullioned windows on the ambient air; and in my dreaming ear that "drowsy hum" seemed strangely to mingle with the chafing of the surge upon "th' unnumbered pebbles" of the lonely shore close by.

At last, overcome by weariness, by lassitude and toil, I slept soundly.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### We Build a Hut.

My old tutor at Eton used to say, quoting some "wise saw," that "a lazy boy made a lazy man, just as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree."

It was fortunate for me, however, while on the island of Alphonso, that my habits were those of activity, and that I was never lymphatic by nature.

After dawn next morning we set about the erection of a hut, though we had no other tools than a small hatchet and our claspknives. With these we cut or tore down a great number of large branches, and stuck them in the earth, selecting a place where two angles of impending rock conveniently enough formed two solid walls for our edifice, leaving us but two others to erect.

As Tom Lambourne said, "the fellow who cannot use a hammer or ax is only half a man," so we all worked hard with such implements as we had, until our hut was complete.

We left an entrance next the rocks by which to creep in and out, and then thatched or built over the inter-twisted branches with turf, torn up by our hands, and with broad plantain leaves, creepers and all kinds of tendrils that had toughness and consistency woven to form a roof.

At the erection of this most primitive wigwam we toiled the whole day, save during the scorching interval at noon, and ere nightfall it was complete, with piles of dried leaves and seagrass for couches and bedroom furniture.

Therein we placed all our provisions—the three bags of bread, two kegs of rum (which, by unanimous consent, were placed under the sole supervision of Hislop); our four casks of water were also brought ashore, though there was no lack of pure springs on the island.

In this wigwam were also placed our blankets, the sails and tackle of the longboat, and then the succeeding days were spent in accumulating provisions (as we looked forward with dread to our last biscuit), and a signal-post was erected on the mountain.

With Probart, the carpenter, and Henry Warren (two of our stoutest hands), Tom Lambourne and I went upon this duty.

Alternately carrying upon our shoulders or dragging in our hands the studding-sail boom, we toiled through wild and untrodden wastes toward the summit of the great and yet nameless conical mountain that rears its lonely scalp to the height of five thousand feet above the waves of the Southern sea.

The hope that on reaching its summit we might descry a sail was an additional incentive to toil up the steep slope without lingering by the way.

On leaving a flat savanna of sedge grass we reached a series of wooded ridges, which form the base of the mountain, at every step rousing clouds of birds, especially a species of black-cock, and twice in the jungle we came upon the lair of wild boars of great size and such ferocity of aspect that we were glad to shrink astern of Tattooed Tom, who carried the hatchet.

This jungle was exceedingly difficult of penetration, owing to its density, the number of wild aloes, with creeping plants, prickly pears and other tropical weeds, of what kind I know not, twined about them, it was a literal wilderness of serrated grass blades, yellow gourds and great squashy pumpkins, like gigantic vegetable marrows, all woven into an inextricable network of leaves, tendrils and branches.

In other places we had to force a passage through thickets of richly flowered shrubs and tall plants, with mighty leaves, the general greenery of the landscape being increased by the many runnels of fine spring water which poured down the fissures of the mountain into the plain we had left.

By the sides of these runnels we frequently paused, and making a cup of a large leaf, filled it with the cool, limpid water that gurgled over the rocks, to quench our constant thirst;

and for a time such cups were the only drinking vessels we had while on the island of Alphonso.

At last we gained the summit of the mountain, and with mingled satisfaction and anxiety in our hearts, swept the horizon with eager eyes.

Not a sail was in sight! Far as our eyesight could reach around us in a mighty circle, rolled the waters of the Southern Atlantic, almost tepid with heat, and pale and white, they seemed to palpitate under the rays of the unclouded sun.

At our feet lay the whole isle of Alphonso and its two rock appendages, with the encircling sea boiling in the narrow chasms between them with a fury which was the result of contrary currents, and which formed a singular contrast to its calmness elsewhere.

After a brief rest we prepared to set up the signal-post.

Tom took off his shirt, and drawing from his pocket a piece of spungy yarn, which a seaman is seldom without, he lashed his undergarment to the end of the studding-sail boom, and by the aid of the hatchet and our hands, we scraped a hole sufficiently deep in which to erect the spar, and then jammed it hard and fast with stones. As the shirt was blown out flag fashion upon the wind, we hoped it would prove a sufficient indication to a vessel approaching from any quarter that there were people on the island in want of succor.

For some hours we lingered on the mountain-top, in the fond hope of seeing a sail, and then returned slowly downward to the beach, where our shipmates awaited us at the wigwam which now formed our home, and which we jocularly designated the capital city of Alphonso.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### A Wild Boar.

We felt very much the want of firearms. The air seemed alive with birds—the woods with game of several kinds; and now an old musket with a few charges of powder would have proved more useful to us than the treasure of the Bank of England.

Hislop recovered strength rapidly, and his convalescence inspired our little band of castaways with new confidence and vigor, as they had implicit reliance in his superior knowledge and intelligence.

We were never idle; for, unarmed as we were, the task of procuring food for our general store was by no means a sinecure to those who undertook it.

Tom Lambourne and John Burnet, the cook, first brought us a valuable contribution in the shape of a great sealion, which was furnished with a rough and shaggy mane, that added greatly to its terrible aspect, for it was an unwieldy brute, as large as a small-sized cow.

They had fallen in with it when it lay basking on the beach. Burnet courageously attacked it with one of the stretchers of the longboat, and dealt it a severe stroke on the head.

The animal uttered a hoarse grunt and turned upon him open-mouthed, when he thrust the staff down its throat and held it there till Lambourne hewed off the head with his hatchet.

One or two others were afterward dispatched in the same way; but we had to lie long in wait, and could not catch them only by cutting off their retreat to the water.

Their hearts and tongues were considered the best food by the sailors, who broiled them over a fire which we kindled by striking two stones together, and letting the sparks fall upon a heap of dry leaves; and to the discovery of these impromptu flints we were indebted to Ned Carlton.

As for salt, I found plenty of it, baked in the crevices of the rocks upon the beach, where the spray had been dried by the hot sunshine.

(To be continued.)

### ENGLISH JOKES FROM RIVAL.

Grocer: "What are you grumbling about? D'ye want the earth?" Customer: "No, not in the sugar."

"Miss Makeup wears her hair just the same as she did ten years ago." Yes, Tom, but not the same hair.

"Is it true that sailors, after becoming quite old, always stop swearing?" Old Salt: "My friend, you'll have to ask some one older than I."

Grocer: "Well, little one, what can I do for you?" Jenny: "Please, sir, mamma says will you change a sovereign for her, and she'll give you the sovereign tomorrow."

"Have you broken off your engagement, old man? What's the matter?" "Well, I was hard up, you see, so I quarreled and had all my presents returned, and was able to realize upon them. Couldn't possibly have raised the money any other way."

"Auntie, dear, Mr. Maler, the artist, has asked me for my photo; he wants to make use of it for his next picture. Ought I to send it to him?" asked Alice. "Yes, you can do so, but be sure to inclose with it a photo of your mother, or some elderly lady. It would be highly improper to send your photo by itself!" exclaimed her aunt.

### To Paint California Flowers.

New York Tribune: Paul de Longpre, the well known flower painter, after spending seven years in New York, is transporting both his studio and his entire establishment from West End avenue to Los Angeles, where he proposes to spend the next three years, devoting himself to the portrayal of the beautiful and relatively unknown flora of the Pacific coast. He expects to start next week.

### Possibly.

"If that isn't just like a woman? Here two fellows fought over a girl, and she married the loser." "Perhaps that was a condition of the fight."

## IRONY OF HISTORY.

### SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS FACING TOWARD PROTECTION.

They Are Urged to "Get Together" Without Delay in Order to Reap the Benefits of a Policy That Has Brought Prosperity to the North.

"Between prosperity and tradition the choice should be prosperity." Such is the closing sentence of an article of exceptional interest which lately appeared in the New Orleans States, a Democratic newspaper, over the signature of "W. H. R." It is a conclusion full of force and strength. Well indeed it would be for the south if it had long ago chosen for its motto, "Prosperity rather than tradition." The tenor of the article printed by the States is protectionist. Obviously written by a Democrat and a former free trader, its argument is all the more effective in favor of the support of protection by the people of the southern states. He says:

"If the south forces the tariff issue to the front again it will be detrimental to the best interests of this section. It is an inexorable fact that the south now needs a protective tariff more than any section of the Union. With cotton and its other agricultural staples at present prices there is no apparent possibility in this section of rivaling the north in the accumulation of wealth as long as the chief local interest is agriculture. The south is naturally the best manufacturing region of the country. It has the ores, the coal, the timber and the intelligent population to compete in industrial enterprises with any portion of the world, and its future prosperity depends more upon the number of factories that are built here than the quantity of cotton which can be raised to the acre.

"The south for years has borne what was to this section no doubt a burden in the form of a protective tariff, and at this hour when its industrial development has just begun it would indeed be superlative folly to cast aside what in the future will not be a load, but a fostering influence in the development of its resources.

"What the tariff has done in the past for the north it is calculated to do in the future for the south. The infant industries of the present are located below the Mason and Dixon line, and it is a question if a large percentage of northern manufacturers would not soon be better off with free trade and unrestricted European competition than with protection by tariff and the south doing as much industrially as its resources warrant."

Then follows a stirring appeal to the Democrats of the southern states to follow Samuel J. Randall's advice and "get together." But it is to be a new sort of getting together. Instead of maintaining an unbroken front for free trade, as they have done for nearly three-quarters of a century, they are now urged to "get together" on the tariff question and concentrate their strength for the continuation of the protective policy. Perhaps the oddest feature of this rallying call is the reason cited in support of the plea for prompt action—namely, the possibility that the flourishing industries of the north may, in a few years' time, decide to abandon protection rather than see its aid extended to the establishment of powerful competing industries in the south. It is the dread of such an eventuality that impels the writer in the States to say to his fellow Democrats:

"The Republican party is not so wedded to the protective tariff theory that it will seek to perpetuate the Dingley or any other variety of the mercantile interests of the states it controls. It would be the irony of fate, indeed, if tariff for revenue only, or free trade, became a national policy at the hour when it would blight the infant industries of the south like a Dakota blizzard."

Whatever the irony of fate may have in store for southern Democrats in the far future, it is the irony of history to find so queer a turn as this in the meandering ways of politics—to find the party which followed Calhoun's lead into the ranks of free trade chiefly because protection was building up New England and the eastern states into great manufacturing commonwealths whose potency in national affairs menaced the south's supremacy, now contemplating a swift right-about face to protection lest that policy should be abandoned by the north through fear or jealousy of a great industrial rivalry from the mills and factories which the south shall build up by the aid of protection. Politics has furnished few developments more unique than this. In any case, however, it is to be construed as a cheering indication of the dawn of better things in the south. That portion of our common country will prosper mightily when its people shall once for all turn their backs upon a past full of mistakes and stand with their faces toward a future full of promise. As "between prosperity and tradition the choice should be prosperity." Undoubtedly.

### Why Retaliation Is Not Feasible.

The absurd contention sometimes made by free traders that our protective policy will call forth retaliatory measures from European nations has received another blow from the statement recently made by Robert P. Porter, who is now abroad for the purpose of studying the commercial situation in Europe, and whose authoritative knowledge on such subjects cannot be questioned. Mr. Porter said: "The importance to all European industries of American raw materials is

so great that it is almost impossible for the continental countries to threaten us with adverse legislation without injuring themselves."

No well-informed person has ever taken the threat of retaliation seriously. Nations, like individuals, buy where it is to their interests to buy, and European nations have bought from us solely and wholly because it has been to their advantage so to do. The way in which the matter is put by Mr. Porter, however, clearly indicates the impregnable strength of our position. We hold an advantage over the rest of the world, not only in our manufacturing capacity, but in the wealth of our raw materials, and especially in our capacity to supply food products.

### The Satisfaction of Cravings.

In an extended article entitled "Custom House Tyranny," in which wrong information, lack of information and bald misstatement run a close race and make a "dead heat" finish, the Evening Post, always frantic with rage at the very thought of a protective tariff, fumes forth this proposition:

"The duty on embroideries of linen, cotton, or other vegetable fibers is 60 per cent ad valorem, a rate sufficiently monstrous, one would think, to satisfy the cravings of the Protective Tariff League."

Yes; one would think that such a duty, if honestly paid and collected, would suffice for the purpose for which that duty is imposed—namely, revenue to the government and protection to competing home producers. But how if this duty be not honestly paid and honestly collected? How if payment were evaded and collection thwarted by undervaluation? How if the systematic pursuit of this nefarious practice had cheated the government of its rightful revenue under the law, and at the same time had given to certain dishonest importers an unfair business advantage over importers who turned in honestly valued invoices and paid full duties on them? Certainly such a state of things would not "satisfy the cravings of the American Protective Tariff League" or of any body else who insists upon honesty, fair play and the collection of the revenue to which the government is by law entitled. It is because of a vigorous interference with precisely this state of things that the free trade Evening Post froths at the mouth.

### Justifiable Homeids.



### To Build or Not to Build.

Henry Watterson, since his idea of running Admiral Dewey for president on the Democratic ticket has proved to be "the stuff dreams are made of," has apparently lost all hope of carrying the country for that party in the immediate future, or else he expects that party not to adhere to its old-time policy of free trade. At least such policy would seem to be the case, if we are to credit Mr. Watterson with any reasoning faculties whatsoever. He has lately been advising men of money to build new mills. The whole course of events, both past and present, has proved that one of the surest ways to sink good money where it will bring in no probable returns is to invest it in mills during the time when free trade is the prevailing policy of the country.

Closed mills do not mean profits, and closed mills are approximately the only kind of mills we have under free trade. If Mr. Watterson is sincere in his advice to men of money that they build new mills, it must be that he is convinced, as well he may be, that the policy of open mills, which is synonymous with the policy of protection, is to be continued.

### Industrial Inquiry Cards.

The American Protective Tariff League is sending out inquiry cards to the employers of labor throughout the United States, asking for information as to the number of hands employed and the amount of wages paid during the month of March, 1899, and also the figures for the month of March, 1895. In this way, it is thought, a clear and unmistakable showing may be made of the great advance in material prosperity that has taken place in the last two years. In order that this investigation may be made as thorough and far-reaching as possible, the Tariff League will take pleasure in mailing these inquiry cards to all who may apply. A summary of these industrial returns will be published in the American Economist.

### The Dearest of Levels.

"Abolish the tariff," howls the Independence Conservative, "and prices will seek their natural level." Yes, the dead level of 1893-1897 under the Democratic Wilson bill.—Manchester (Iowa) Press.

### Raising and Lowering.

The robber tariff is still at work raising the wages of labor and lowering the spirits of the Sage of Princeton Inn.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Revised by Protection.

Under the present protective tariff the wool growing industry of the United States has been greatly revived and encouraged in the past two years, and the country has been able to supply its own needs more nearly than in any previous years. We have imported only such material as could not be furnished by our own wool growers. Our demands upon other nations necessarily depend upon the amount of wool grown and manufactured here each year. In 1893 we imported nearly \$43,000,000 worth. The next year it fell to \$29,600,000. In 1895, during the latter part of Cleveland's free trade administration, when our markets were open to the wool manufacturers of Europe, our wool imports reached the high-water mark of nearly \$91,500,000. The next year, the first of the operation of the Dingley tariff, the wool imports dropped to \$57,900,000, though the following year, owing to causes decreasing the domestic supply and the congestion of the market due to heavy importations in anticipation of the tariff, the imports ran up to \$90,000,000. Last year, however, they dropped to \$26,700,000, the smallest wool imports for two decades. From 1887 to 1893 the average annual wool imports amounted to \$60,000,000.—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

### Once Denied, Now Adopted.

Sugar fed with a home bounty and shipped to India is now to have the bounty scalped off by an import duty of corresponding amount, the purpose being to protect the vast and indigenous trade based on free enterprise and industry, and which the subsidized products of foreign countries tend to destroy. The economics of sugar are intricate and curious the world over, from Wall street to Hindoostan, and the statesman or stock operator who tries to regulate them sometimes finds his hands full. That is what Lord George Hamilton, secretary of state for India, promoter of the protective scheme for that country, may do, but the soundness of the principle which he advocates is unimpeachable. Protection, spurned and derided for fifty years, daily gains favor in the politics of the empire as the century draws to its close; even the relics of the Cobden club being too feeble to utter forth a bleat of remonstrance.—New York Tribune.

### Protection Times.

The failures in April, 1899, according to Dun's Review, were the smallest in any month since records by months began, 38 per cent smaller than in April of last year, not a third of the amount in 1897, and not half the amount in April of any previous year. Both in manufacturing and in trading they were the smallest ever known in that month, and in trading the smallest ever known in any month, as in manufacturing they were if the larger failures were omitted. The ratio of defaulted liabilities to solvent payments through clearing houses was less than 70 cents per \$1,000, against 90 cents in January and \$1.19 in March, \$7.98 in August and \$8.02 in September, 1896. A great share of the risk in the business world has been eliminated. Truly these are good protection times.

### Free-Trade Inconsistency.

Lord Curzon's demonstration that the Indian duties on bountified sugar are not only reconcilable with free trade, but carry out its first principles, is neat, though it lacks the merit of originality, in so far that Cobden himself made a similar announcement. We are even more pleased with Lord Curzon's view that free trade principles may, and ought to be suspended when they cease to be utilitarian. Our passion for free trade is founded on the belief that it is far and away the best policy for this country, but exceptional cases must modify all hard and fast practice. Countervailing duties on bountified sugar are as consistent with our free trade views as the existence of a deficit in the budget is with the solvency of the nation.—London Financial News.

### Should Not Be Forgotten.

The Democratic theory is never correct in practice, and the disastrous administration of Cleveland from 1893 to 1897 will never be forgotten. It was then that the Democratic party, for the first time since the close of the civil war, had full control of the government; and everybody knows what a mess it made of business. The United States is just now progressing most favorably and there is no reason why we should not still further increase our export trade. The business men are reaching out for foreign trade, and they are getting it.—Wilmington (Del.) News.

### In 1900.

The Republican party in 1900 will be more of a unit than for many years past. This has been made possible by the excellent administration of public affairs given the country by President McKinley.—Williamsport (Ind.) Republican.

### Unworthy of Trust.

With Tammany men forming some trusts and blackmailing others, and with Bryan as the chief agent of the silver miners' trust, the Democratic party asks for the people's trust.—Cleveland Leader.

### A Long Wait.

Maid—You got home early, Mr. Binks. Shall I call Mrs. Binks? Mr. Binks (who loves a joke)—Don't tell her I am here. Just say a gentleman wishes to see her in the parlor. "I'm afraid you'd get tired." "Tired?" "Yes, sir. She'd spend about two hours making herself pretty."—New York Weekly.