

# A WARRIOR BOLD.

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## CHAPTER V.

The Game Grows Warmer. Out of the frying pan into the fire. Charlie had just taken leave of the professor's wife, and had not made two turns from the little parlor ere he ran directly up against the enemy.

There stood the professor, glaring at him like a wild beast.

"Will you again deny the truth, villain?" he said, endeavoring to calm himself lest he lose his voice.

Charlie surveyed him with amusement. "Yes; this time, I confess, it was your charming wife whom I have just left. Do you know that two women, your wife and her cousin, Hildegard, have played a very neat little game upon you?"

"What? She and Hildegard—upon me? Pray, with what object?"

"To arouse your jealousy; to make you realize how dear to your heart this same wife is; to take you out of your musty books and induce you to devote a fair part of your time to the woman who has given up her life to you."

The professor seemed stunned. "Man, can this be true?" he gasped.

"As heaven itself. She is in yonder. Go and learn for yourself. Forgive as you wish to be forgiven, professor."

"Sir, a thousand pardons. I shall take your kind advice. Our duel, then, is off. Oh, what an ass I have been!"

And Charlie quite agreed with him.

"So ends the scene in the drama. Now for another which may not have quite so pleasant a finish," muttered Stuart.

Again he bore down upon the functionary who kept watch and ward over the books. When he had cornered the clerk he made his request known, and a messenger was sent to find the countess and request her presence in a nearby boudoir.

Minutes passed. Still no one came to summon him.

Tired of waiting he walked directly to the door of the little parlor and stepped inside.

Involuntarily a groan welled up from his heart. He had entered this room to meet the countess, that charmer of men, who played with ambassadors and princes as though they were pawns upon a chessboard, and now he had found—Arline Brand!

There she stood before him, more beautiful than even his ardent recollection had painted her, a smile of welcome dimpling her cheeks, the azure eyes glowing with pleasure.

Yes, it was Arline Brand.

Ye gods! if she and the countess were indeed one, he could readily comprehend how men were ready to give up honor and fortune for the hope of her love and favor.

Almost a minute they stood thus, each evidently busy with a train of thought.

Arline was the first to recover.

She dropped the curtains and advanced toward him. "Ah! you have come, Mr. Stuart," she said.

He took her hand and pressed it, shame, because the person who has, I sadly fear, been plotting in secret against me, is one who should be my best friend upon earth—my father!"

Young though she was, this beautiful girl had known what it was to sup with poverty, to be left alone and friendless in the world and to meet with the most unexpected and glorious fortune.

Her story, even when briefly told, was a series of dramatic surprises, such as are well fitted for the stage, yet occur so seldom in real life.

She barely mentioned her earlier years, save to tell how her father, a sea captain, had been lost as it was believed, at sea; and with her mother she had fought the grim wolf in London, sewing, as such people of refinement reduced to poverty must do in order to earn bread.

Then came her mother's death, followed by her bitter fight against the world, and especially the persecution of a dashing gentleman, who seemed determined that she should marry him, no matter if dislike and disgust took the part of love in her breast.

Then the wonderful freak of fortune that brought Arline in contact with an eccentric old aunt who was exceedingly wealthy.

It was the old story—Arline's mother had married beneath her, and from that hour had been as dead to her relatives; but when a kind Providence threw the forlorn young girl under the high-stepping carriage horses of the dowager Lady Wallis, and she later on discovered that this lovely creature was her own flesh and blood, a sudden love for the girl sprang up in her withered old heart, which resulted in her adopting this niece as her sole heiress.

Two years later Arline was bereft of her eccentric, but kind relative, and found herself once more alone in the world, this time possessed of a most bountiful fortune.

Then it was, with the abruptness of a cannon shot, Captain Brand appeared upon the scene.

He had a thrilling story to tell of his vessel's foundering in a gale off the African coast, his narrow escape from drowning, of being cast ashore, found by wandering Arabs, taken into captivity, sold some years later to a

tribe of the Great Sahara, so that he finally drifted to Dahomey where, through the assistance of the faithful woman he had been forced to marry, he eventually made a bold and successful escape, though his companion gave up her life in throwing herself in front of a spear that was meant for him.

Arline accepted it all as gospel truth, and would have at the time believed even a much more miraculous series of adventures could have been by any means invented by this modern Munchausen.

This was before she knew Captain Brand so well.

She spent money with a liberal hand. He was enabled to indulge his love for fine clothes to its full bent. He smoked the finest cigars, drank the most expensive liquors, and she feared he frequently indulged in gaming.

Thus a year went by. Captain Brand had ceased to beg for money. He demanded it as his right, and in sums so large that Arline was growing alarmed.

He had tried to influence her to make her will leaving all her wealth to him; something might happen to her, though Heaven forbid, and she would not like to think of the great property going to strangers while her poor papa was left unprovided for.

Arline refused to do as he requested, something within warning her against it.

Some time after the dreadful suspicion had flashed into her brain that Captain Brand was having a will forged to suit his ideas governing the case.

Even then she had not realized what this might portend. How should an innocent trusting young girl desirous of bestowing all reasonable benefits upon the man she had come to believe was her father—how should she suspect that this ungrateful man could conspire with unprincipled confederates to actually take her life, yet by such means as would make it seem a cruel accident?

While in Antwerp he had professed a keen desire to visit the dungeons of the Steen, and yet always made it appear as though she were the one most interested in the abode of ghostly memories.

An expedition was accordingly planned.

Arline never could tell just how it came about. She remembered Captain Brand's enthusiasm in leading her deeper into the recesses, and how he suddenly disappeared while she was examining some object of interest; now she waited for him to reappear, until, growing alarmed by the diminishing size of her candle, she had endeavored to find her way back to the party; how she tripped and fell, losing her light. Then she cried out in terror as the awful darkness closed around her, but no answer came.

Then she realized that the others had gone; that this cruel-hearted man she called father, had deserted her, pretending to believe, no doubt, that she had gone above with a portion of the party upon whom the horrors of the dungeon soon paled.

He could also take it for granted she had gone away with her new-found friends, and not show any alarm for hours.

It was a cleverly concocted and diabolical scheme, which had for its ultimate outcome the dethronement of her reason.

Doubtless Captain Brand had arranged it so that in such a case he would be appointed the natural protector and guardian of his afflicted child, and thus, of course, have the handling of her fortune.

Charlie was aghast.

He had never heard so terrible a thing in all his life. He almost doubted his senses.

"I have made up my mind regarding one thing, Miss Brand," he said, positively, "which is to the effect that I do not believe this man to be your father!"

(To Be Continued.)

## HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DELIGHTED

Ladies Calling on President Thought He Had Reason to Be Pleased.

"Just send in your cards," said a well known army officer to two New York state women who were wondering how they could arrange "just to shake hands with the president."

The advice was followed next day, and much to their surprise and delight they were at once shown into the reception room, where the president was busily engaged in refusing the request of a prominent senator who had called on the ever-present and everlasting topic of offices.

"Very sorry, senator, but this is impossible; I cannot do it," the president was heard to say.

"Please think it over, Mr. President," said the senator, "and I shall call again to-morrow."

"Absolutely final. I cannot do it. I cannot do it."

"My," said one lady to the other, "but wouldn't we better be going? That man is a senator and we don't know what may happen."

The next moment the president was shaking hands with both.

"I am delighted to see you, delighted," said he.

"Well, you ought to be," said one of the women, recovering from the whirlwind of cordiality.

The president looked embarrassed.

"We don't want anything, you know."

## Cigarettes for Subscribers.

El Pais, which is a pushing paper of Buenos Ayres, offers to give every subscriber for three months an equal value in cigarettes, so that the customer gets \$5 worth of news and tobacco each for the one price.

## REFORM THE TARIFF?

EFFECTS OF SOME PREVIOUS EFFORTS IN THAT DIRECTION.

When Congressman DeArmond Tried It Eight Years Ago Even the Mules in Osage Township, "Skeered at It Worse Than at a Locomotive Whistle."

In 1894 Mr. DeArmond came home to the bosom of his political family, fresh from the halls of a congress which had labored long and hard with the question of "tariff reform." He came direct to Clinton, and was received under an arbor, where he spoke to the dear people on this subject for two hours. The "Republican" had hired a Democratic court stenographer to take the congressman's speech, that it might be preserved for posterity, but, after the oration had been delivered, the stenographer was bought, and the Republican could never get that speech in long hand for love or money.

Mr. DeArmond spoke as one direct from the fountain head. He came straight from Washington, where he had seen the sugar trust and George Vest laboring with "tariff reform" on the floor of the senate, and he brought with him doubtless, though not for display, Grover Cleveland's denunciation of the "tariff reform" of himself and his colleagues, branded as "party perjury and dishonor." All over the sixth district Mr. DeArmond talked "tariff reform," and when the polls closed on the night of the election his majority of thousands had dwindled down to less than a hundred, and it's ancient history that, had Bob Lewis tried, he could have been the member from the sixth Missouri at the next session of congress.

The reason for all this was that the peculiar brand of "tariff reform" advocated by Mr. DeArmond had been working in the sixth district and the people were experiencing some of its peculiarities. Up in Shawnee township, Charlie Powers was buying mule colts for \$15 a head. The stock feeders were selling their fat cattle in the Kansas City markets for about what the hide and horns were worth under a protective tariff. Calves were worth about the price of jack rabbits, and horses sold on the streets of Clinton for \$5 a head. The banks were as good as closed, and gilt-edged paper could not get a hundred dollars for thirty days. Bank presidents spent their time whispering to each other, while the cashiers whittled boxes on street corners. The mills shut down and there was no market for their products; the coal mines followed suit because coal was not needed at the mills. People had plenty and to spare, but no person wanted the surplus. Long trains loaded with Mexican cattle were running through the country and the fat steers of Henry county were not worth shipping. Since that time our congressman has let tariff reform severally alone as a political issue when speaking his little piece to the people in this neck of the woods, and has had free silver, anti-imperialism, anti-Americanism, down with Republican rural mail carriers and down with the trusts as his plea, but the "hants" have ceased to frighten the mossbacks and doubtless Mr. DeArmond has concluded that his ancient argument and its dire result has been forgotten, and when he comes home again he will spring it as something fresh upon the voters. "Tariff reform!" The dog blamed thing almost knocked this county silly the only time it was ever tried, and they say that even the mules in Osage township "skeered" at it worse than at a locomotive whistle.—Henry County (Mo.) "Republican."

Orthodox Republican Doctrines. The Republican members of congress who have taken a firm stand against any concession to Cuba involving an exception to protective principles are thoroughly consistent and on solid ground. If the tariff on sugar is to be reduced especially to oblige Cuban planters and middle men the protective tariff system will be assailed at other points to assist foreign interests at the expense of our own. The Republican national platform goes no further with reciprocity than to approve of it in dealing with articles that we do not produce ourselves. That is the true basis of action for Republicans. If they introduce an exception they open the door to other exceptions and to tariff tinkering, the end of which no one can foresee. The impartial protection of American industries is acknowledged unquestioned Republican doctrine. Special tariff concessions to a foreign country are not Republican doctrine and never can be until the party abandons one of its principle and cardinal articles of faith.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Future of Sugar. It may be that the American Sugar Refining company, otherwise known as the sugar trust, has become a bugaboo with which to frighten us honest, hard-working tillers of the soil, and it certainly appears in multifarious shapes, now as a Cuban sympathizer in Washington, deploring the recalcitrancy of congress in admitting brown sugars at a fraction of the present duties and at the same time religiously prohibiting the importation of Cuban white sugars; appearing again as a great plantation owner in Cuba and then again in Porto Rico. We learn that the trust is a partner of Claus Spreckels in California, including his immense new beet sugar factory at Salinas, the largest in the world, and now from Denver comes the news that the American Sugar Refining company has made the first move to take up the beet sugar industry in Colorado, Henry L. Nies of New York, superin-

tendent of construction and refiners of the American Sugar company, after two weeks spent in an investigation of the situation in Colorado, has returned to New York. Two companies, to operate in Boulder, Weld, Larimer, Arapahoe, Jefferson, Morgan, Washington and Logan counties, have been incorporated with a combined capital of \$1,000,000, and Mr. Nies has secured options on lands suitable for beet culture and for the erection of sugar refineries. These lands are those which independent beet sugar companies were examining with a view to purchase.

Evidently the sugar trust must be casting anchors to the windward, and when sugar refining becomes a lost art, as is certain as soon as the plantations make white sugars, which they can easily do, the magnates of the sugar trust will come to the cane and beet fields and earn their living by the sweat of their brows, like the rest of us.—The Louisiana Planter and Sugar Manufacturer.

## INVITING RETRIBUTION.

Southern Democrats Cannot Afford to Vote with the Tariff Robbers.

The sugar interest could defeat the Cuban concession if the Democrats of the house were to stand by the insurgent Republicans and refuse to make any change in the tariff. It looks, however, as if they are willing to open the bill for amendments only that they may attack the tariff at various points. This is a dangerous policy, especially for the members from the South. If the representatives of the cotton states insist upon attacking the tariff at various points, how can they expect to defend the iron and steel schedule by which Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia are so largely benefited? How can they refuse to reduce or entirely remove the tariff on cotton goods as being an unnecessary protection for a country where the raw material is grown and where we are experts in machinery? To glance for a moment at our great and growing cotton industry must convince every Southern congressman that he is inviting perilous retribution when he attacks schedules in which this section is either not concerned or is greatly interested.

In the cotton industry the number of workers employed has increased 38.4 per cent while wages have increased 31.3 per cent. This is explained by the expansion of the industry in the South and the comparatively low rates of wages prevailing here. Details are as follows:

COTTON GOODS, INCLUDING COTTON SMALL-WARES.

	1900.	1890.	Inc.
Number of establishments	1,631	995	63.6
Capital	\$167,249,157	\$354,629,843	32.9
Wage earners, av. number	202,361	218,876	28.4
Total wages	\$86,689,732	\$66,634,533	31.3
Miscellaneous expenses	22,112,673	16,716,524	32.3
Cost of material	176,551,527	154,912,979	14.9
Value of products	339,198,619	267,931,724	26.6

If the census has been taken this year instead of in 1900, the returns would undoubtedly have been still better, as trade conditions have improved materially during the past fifteen months.

Now, if Southern Democrats attack certain schedules, in which they are not specially interested, they need not be surprised to find the Republicans retaliating in kind. The mills of the North, which turn out a finer grade of goods, can stand a large cut in the cotton goods schedule, while it would be simply ruinous to the South. To reduce the cotton schedule is to displace from the home market, in favor of British and German mills, much of the products of our Southern mills. It is therefore good policy for the Southern Democrats to stand by the Louisiana sugar growers and by the cotton factories that are now springing up in every direction. If an alliance is formed between the Democrats and the "insurgents" let it be an honest alliance!—New Orleans "Item."

The Talkative Drummer's Retort. Prof. E. E. Sparks of the university of Chicago tells this story of a trip he made:

"A traveling man boarded the train one day and took a seat beside me. Thinking this a good opportunity for a pleasant chat with so interesting a fellow-passenger as I looked to be, he remarked:

"Pleasant day, isn't it?"

"Now I had been thinking of the lecture I was to deliver that night, and not appreciating the interruption, curtly replied:

"Umph—yes."

"Then the drummer said: 'Crops look fine, don't they? I guess we'll have a good season.'"

"Even so interesting a subject as crops failed to rouse my enthusiasm, and I again briefly and curtly responded, 'Umph—yes.'"

"By this time the traveling man was annoyed. He turned sharply upon me and asked, 'What line are you in, anyway?'"

"Irritated at his continued importunities, and thinking to be witty, I in an irritated fashion replied, 'Brains.'"

"Well," said the drummer, "you carry a mighty small sample case."

Baron Rothschild's Reply. Some years ago, while Baron Rothschild and a nobleman friend were taking a pleasure trip along the Rhine a young lad on the boat noticed the end of a silk handkerchief sticking out of Rothschild's pocket. Turning to his chum he said: "If I could only get that handkerchief! Think of how much it must be worth!" "Try to get it then," said his chum, with visions of the fabulous value of a Rothschild handkerchief. So the lad took the end of the handkerchief between his fingers and gently tugged at it. At this point the nobleman turned to the baron and whispered: "Baron, that boy beside you is taking your handkerchief." "Let him alone," said the baron. "We all have to start small."

## LEGAL POINT WAS WELL RAISED

Force of Student's Explanation Recognized by the President.

"The late President Harrison was a connoisseur of rare old wines, although he was extremely temperate in the use of them. At the time when he visited Stanford university to deliver four lectures on international law for a fee of \$10,000 (which is probably the record price for university lectures), he was quartered in one of the college halls, where a suite of rooms had been especially prepared for him. Immediately after his arrival," says "Beverages," "there came also a case of carefully selected clarets, burgundies and maitras, which were placed in one of the rooms set apart for his use.

"The next day all these wines had disappeared, and the only reminder of their previous existence was found in a long train of empty bottles in the midst of the campus. When President Jordan heard of this he summoned before him the students of the university and made them a little address, in the course of which he said that he was about to institute an investigation into the purloining of Mr. Harrison's wines and that it would go much easier with the guilty persons if they would have the manliness to come forward and own up. After he had ceased speaking there was a long pause, and presently one of the students in the back part of the room rose and said with a bland, impersonal air:

"Mr. President, the by-laws of the university forbid the bringing of any wines or spirituous liquors upon the university grounds or into the university buildings. Consequently, if any wines or spirituous liquors have been so brought in and if they have disappeared, which we all regret, they have probably been seized as contraband, and therefore the owner has no redress."

"President Jordan made a few somewhat inarticulate remarks and then dismissed the meeting. Nothing more was said about the wine, and it is probable that Mr. Harrison's legal mind recognized the force of the point that had been raised against him."

## FRENCH PAPER'S PECULIAR PRIZE

Most Original Offers Made to Secure Additional Readers.

The latest and most original addition to the crowd of prizes nowadays offered by newspaper proprietors, says a correspondent, has been exhibited during the Easter holidays in the streets of Paris. A Parisian journal has commissioned a very popular novelist to write a sensational romance, and every reader of the romance is tempted, by the chance of winning an "automobile with four seats," to make guesses at the fate of each of the eight leading characters in the story. Life-sized "portraits" of these persons are placarded about the streets; five are women and three are men. Under each portrait stands the name of the person and a series of questions for the competitors to answer. For instance: Catharine: Will Catharine marry? If so, whom will she marry? Again: "Liane: Will her scheme to gain the marquis be successful?" Next comes: "Germaine: Will she deceive her husband?" Then "Marie: Will she marry or die before the end of the romance?" Lastly "Zizi: How many men will she attract? Who will be her last lover?" These individual queries are followed by a group of general problems for solution. "Which of these five women will die of poison? Which of them will administer poison? To whom? Each of the three masculine portraits is also underlined by one or more similarly ridiculous questions. No competitor may send in any reply until a specified number of the chapters of the novel has been published.



Will the Farmers Stand It?

Before making the cut in the sugar tariff the dominant party in Washington should study the statistics of the last election. Where did the big majorities come from, majorities which elected Republican congressmen and gave the presidential ticket an unprecedented vote? The answer will be, from the farmers of the Middle West and Western states. The cities had overcome their alarm at the white metal menace, but the farmers, many of them carried away by the silver craze of '96, lined up for the Republican party as they never did before. And now the first change proposed in the tariff is one that will lower the protection on a product of the farm. Is this fair treatment of the farmers? Will the farmers stand it to see their prosperity threatened while other industries are left undisturbed? Unless all the signs fail the tariff will be a leading issue in the next campaign, and where will the Republican party be with the farmers alienated?—Grand Rapids (Mich.) "Herald."