

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Miss Caprice," "Dr. Jack's Widow," Etc., Etc.

[Copyright, 1901, by Street and Smith, New York.]

CHAPTER I.

In the Street of the Steen.

It all happened in quaint old Antwerp, and Charlie Stuart found reason to believe that seldom in romance or history had a more singular adventure befallen a pilgrim from London than chanced to his lot on this same day.

The morning was half spent and Stuart found himself somewhat at a loss to know what he should turn to next for amusement. He had idled in the markets, discovering new and attractive features constantly; had been through the various museums and picture galleries—in short, exhausted the sights of old Antwerp, and was on the point of considering his exodus, which would occur just as soon as he could make up his mind where his next objective point on the map of Europe or the world would be.

Then it was that Fortune, fickle jade, took the pilgrim from London by the throat as it were, and radically changed the whole course of his existence.

As he stood there idly twisting his blonde mustache, he became aware of the fact that someone was bearing down upon him at a swift pace, some one whose quick, energetic movements reminded him irresistibly of a hawk pouncing upon its prey—some one who held out a hand in eager greeting and seemed bubbling over with animal spirits.

Stuart welcomed him eagerly. His name was Barnaby—Artemus Wycherly Claude Barnaby—and his profession that of an amateur dramatic novelist. It was simply astonishing, the weird fancies generated in that erratic brain of his, each of which exceeded all others in phantasmagoria and, it must be confessed, sometimes ludicrous splendor.

"Just the man of all England I wanted to see. Consider it a lucky omen, by Jove, to run across you in this manner. I'm going to enlist your sympathy and co-operation in a little scheme I have on foot, my boy, and you can depend upon it, I won't take 'no' for an answer, so consider yourself engaged as the second conspirator."

"Well, I don't know about that; but what wild, hair-brained scheme have you on foot at present?"

"Charlie, I've run across the noblest theme for a startling drama that ever bobbed up in anybody's path. Why, it actually opens an opportunity for fame and fortune to the gifted genius who has boldness enough to grasp the chance."

"You have, of course, visited the Steen, that great castle down the street yonder, once a prison of the Inquisition, now a museum. Did you take a guide with lighted flambeaux and explore the frightful dungeons under the castle, each cell and corridor of which seems to exhale hideous memories of the tortures inflicted upon unfortunate prisoners in the Dark Ages, when Spanish cruelty ruled this country with an iron hand?"

Stuart replied in the negative. His artist soul had feasted on the treasures which lay littered about the courtyard of the onetime palace; but the musty dungeons he had but hastily surveyed, being naturally averse to the contemplation of such horrors.

"Oh, I am glad of that," said Artemus, eagerly, "for you will be better prepared to accompany me to those same dungeons now."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Charlie, taken aback; but, not in the least disconcerted, the other went on: "Tell me, have you heard the story or rumor that is circulated here and there through certain circles about a modern man in the Iron Mask supposed to be incarcerated in the Steen dungeons?"

"I remember hearing some little talk about such a thing, but really never pursued the subject."

"Briefly, then, it has long been whispered that there was recently, and may still continue to be, a secret prisoner confined in a lonely dungeon under yonder massive pile of masonry—a man whose face is forever hidden behind an iron mask that is secured by a padlock. I have reached the conclusion that this man of mystery might be some troublesome heir to the German throne, or else a son of Louis Napoleon. Think for a minute what wonderful possibilities this vista opens to the dramatist! It is quite enough to inspire the dullest mind! And I am resolved to explore those ancient dungeons personally, as no one has ever done before, with the secretly avowed purpose of learning whether I may find my great drama upon a truth, or the mere fabric of a Dutch legend. And you will accompany me, my boy, out of pure philanthropy, to share in the exhilaration of success—touching a suspicious bottle-like package he carried under his left arm—or to support me in case of exasperating failure."

Charlie Stuart could not say him nay; he really had nothing on foot whereby to kill time, and Artemus was such a jolly and original dog that it were worth something to have the pleasure of his society for a space of time.

So, hesitating, he fell.

And, thus sauntering down the street of the Steen, the two friends arrived in the shadow of the great building whose history stretched back centuries into the dim past.

Together they entered, like other pilgrims desirous of gazing upon the art treasures which lay within those ancient walls.

Charlie had seen all these before, and cast but a casual glance around, being more deeply interested in the actions of his confederate.

An old dame with her wide cap started toward them, but one glance from Artemus' eyes seemed to bring about a decided change in her intentions, for she stood still, and then backed away.

It was a signal victory, or, as Artemus expressed it, a "howling success;" nevertheless, his companion was still fain to believe the magic of gold had more to do with the old lady's sudden blindness than the exertion of rare hypnotic powers on the part of the proud wizard.

Content to follow the other's lead, Charlie soon found himself in that apartment where several tall brass candlesticks stood upon an antique table, to be used in exploring the mysteries below.

Artemus motioned that he should straightway possess himself of one, in order that their candles might have a proper receptacle, and Charlie, having enlisted for the war, came weal, come woe, took up the nearest of the lot, which was in itself a treasure of art.

Nervously Artemus tried several keys in rapid succession, muttering to himself the while in a way peculiar to him. At last came a little subdued screech that announced success on the part of the chattering idiot at his side. They were evidently in for it, since the ponderous door opened before them.

Charlie was not the one to hold back, so he stepped beyond the portal and went down.

Immediately the door closed, and the clang of it was unlike any sound he could ever remember hearing. That creaking, rusty key turned in the lock.

"Now," said Artemus, in a shrill voice, pregnant with eager anticipation, "now we are in control, and the devil dungeons of the Steen must yield up their ghastly secrets to a master."

Down the venerable stairs they wended their way. Could those same steps have been gifted with the power of speech, what strange and startling tales they might have given forth, of human misery, of historical personages and deeds that would have made the bravest cheeks pale. But they were mute. The dread secrets of the dim past would ever be safe in their keeping.

"Hark!"

Artemus uttered this word in a shrill whisper, and at the same time clutched his companion's arm. Their surroundings were so eerie that it was not wonderful that his vivid imagination seized upon the slightest pretext to arouse the ghosts that had lain here for long centuries.

"What you hear is only the gurgling of the river Scheldt beneath our feet. At the foot of the worn stone staircase we descended there is a trap in the solid stone, through which opening many a wretched condemned man met his fate. Yes, it was only the fretful flood you heard crying peevishly for more victims."

Charlie's calm manner quite reassured the other.

"Perhaps you are right; but it sounded wonderfully like a human voice calling for help."

Thus in tiers the dungeons lay, each individual one seeming to surpass its predecessors in awful associations.

Long had they been at their task. The regular routine pursued by tourist and guide had been done; but there were other dark passages to explore, gloomy as the river Styx—passages that the ordinary voyager never saw, but which Artemus was bound to investigate; for if perchance there was a grain of truth in the story he had heard, surely the prisoner of the Iron Mask must be found in such an unused quarter.

Charlie began to feel a bit anxious. He was about ready to confess that for one he had quite enough of it, and only figured on how he might manage to curb this insatiable ambition on the part of his companion.

The task was taken from his hands, however, and in a most unexpected manner.

Artemus was eagerly urging him on to "fresh fields and pastures new," while Charlie held the other in check, fearful lest they fall into some horrible pit, with rusty spikes at the bottom, such as they had discovered in one dungeon, when, suddenly, without warning, there came to their ears a sound so strange in this uncanny region, so utterly out of sympathy with their surroundings, that both men stood still, as though paralyzed—and the sound was as of a woman weeping!

CHAPTER II.

What They Found.

There were those who knew Prince Charlie well who had reason to be-

lieve he had passed through some unpleasant experience with lovely woman—been deceived, perhaps jilted.

Although always gallant toward the fair sex, he seemed to be ever on his guard, as though quite determined no mortal who wore petticoats should have a second opportunity to play battledore and shuttlecock with his heart.

But this was something entirely out of the common run; and as he stood there listening, to make sure there could be no mistake, he felt an electric thrill pervade his whole being, such as he never before experienced.

Charlie determined to go forward. He was surprised at himself for the peculiar resolution that urged him on. It seemed as though he were being dragged forward by some inexorable fate, whether he would or not.

And the sound of sobbing still continued, stealing along the gaunt passageways. The darkness beyond was apparently as fearfully dense as that which descended upon poor, plague-stricken Egypt at the time Pharaoh declined to let the children of Israel go.

As Charlie advanced he noted that the sound, which had erstwhile reached their hearing but faintly, grew more distinct. Thus he was presently able to place the sobbing, and, still advancing, he began to discern the dim outlines of a figure upon the ground.

As he drew closer he saw that this was a girl in a long cloak, and that she had hidden her face in her hands, as though to shut out the ghostly figures conjured up by the gloom.

One thing was very sure—when Artemus, in the earlier stages of their exploration, declared he heard a faint shout, it had not been the gurgle of the greedy Sheldt gliding underneath the crypts and corridors, as he (Charlie) had so confidently declared, but in all probability, this lost explorer calling for help.

Well, thank God they had found her, and were in a position to render her the assistance she craved. After all, it had not been such a wild-goose chase as he had believed when yielding to the importunities of his adventurous comrade.

They advanced closer still.

As yet the distressed one was not aware of their presence, or the blessed answer to her prayers.

Her attitude of abandon was most effective, and Charlie could not but think what a charming picture she made there, overwhelmed, not by grief, but the terror of her situation.

It was not intentional on Artemus' part, but some sudden chill draught caused him to give a vociferous sneeze.

This was instantly followed by a little shriek as the girl's hands fell from her face, and she turned a pair of very large and very startled eyes upon the two comrades.

It was, of course, Charlie's bounden duty to immediately speak and reassure the alarmed fraulien that they were flesh and blood like herself, and not spirits of the olden martyrs who had met deaths of torture in these dungeons; but for the life of him, and perhaps for the first time in the course of his whole experience, he could not say a word.

For the soft light of his waxen taper fell full upon the face that had until now been hidden behind the girl's hands—a face that, tear-marked as it was, and more or less begrimed from contact with foul walls during her groping in the dark, electrified him with its peculiar charm of beauty, and started his traitor heart to beating as it had not done these many moons, since he had quitted the presence of another fair woman, with bitterness against the whole sex raging in his bosom.

(To be continued.)

Costume for a Bride.
The slender, girlish bride who desires softness and fluffiness in her wedding gown and yet has a penchant for smart Louis Quinze effects will choose a draped skirt of embroidered mousseline de soie, its deep double flounces being festooned across the bottom in a charming and graceful manner and caught at intervals with clusters of orange blossoms. Her coat may be of handsome brocade and it will be simply ornamented with a fichu of embroidered mousseline.

Green the Prevailing Color.
Green is the color of the spring and it appears in all shades. Mercerized gingham, German linen or French chambray are ten times its durability. Silk gingham, striped or figured, to be made in combination with plain gingham, are effective, and are made up by fashionable modistes with all the elaboration of foulard costumes, and such toilettes are considered in perfectly good form for afternoon teas or for church.

Corded Brillantine.
A charming white fabric for shirt-waist suits, also very light weight, is corded brillantine. It is striped, a triple-cord stripe, alternating with an inch-wide stripe composed of satiny serpentine bayadere stripes. This is lots of description for a really simple effect, but nothing less would tell the story. This costs 45 cents per yard and has the glossy quality which makes brillantine popular.

To Study Ancient Lake Basins.
An expedition to Lake Eyre, the great depression in Central Australia, which is below sea level, in charge of Prof. J. W. Gregory, it is announced, has recently left Melbourne with the object of studying the physical history of the lake basin and the collection of fossils, especially of extinct vertebrates.

POSSIBLE MILLIONS.

SUGAR TRUST HAS ANTICIPATED TARIFF CONCESSIONS.

Long Ago Havemeyer Laid His Plans for Realizing Enormous Profits Through the Reduction of Duties on Cuban Raw Sugar.

In the annual report of the American Sugar Refining company for the year ending Dec. 31, 1901, may be found a statement whose significance should not escape general notice. It is, perhaps, too much to expect of the sympathy and reciprocity zealots that they will direct attention to the state of things disclosed in this annual report of the sugar trust. To do so would not be likely to help the cause of "Cuban relief." It would be more likely to hurt than help, for it would be certain to concentrate public thought upon the fact that the sympathetic uproar is being artfully fomented by the sugar trust "for business reasons," and that if Mr. Havemeyer's benevolent organization succeeds in putting through its scheme of tariff reduction on Cuban raw sugar "there's millions in it." From the sworn annual statement of the sugar trust it appears that on the 31st day of last December the assets of \$122,551,777—an increase of \$12,250,195 over the assets of the preceding year—included the following item:

Sugar, raw, unmanufactured, etc.	1901.	1900.	Decrease.
	\$12,249,640	\$22,488,790	\$10,240,150

Commenting upon this showing, the New York Journal of Commerce, a hot gossiper for "Cuban relief," is frank enough to say:

"The item of sugar, raw, unmanufactured, etc., is given at \$12,248,640, a decrease of \$10,240,150. From this it would seem that the company has been carrying a smaller amount of raw sugar than usual at this season, a move that finds explanation in the anticipated reduction in duties on Cuban sugar by congress."

Nearly three months have elapsed since the annual report was filed. During that time the sympathy uproar has been in full blast, and imports of Cuban raw sugar have dwindled to practically nothing.

Writing from Havana under date of March 13, Mr. Charles M. Pepper, who represents a syndicate of sympathetic newspapers, states that "the shipments of sugar last week from the port of Havana amounted to six sacks"—that is, 1,920 pounds, scarcely enough to keep the sugar trust refineries busy for one minute. So it may be safely assumed that, at this rate of shipment, there is precious little raw and unmanufactured sugar remaining on the 28th of March out of the \$12,248,640 worth which the sugar trust had on hand on the 31st day of December. Compared to the quantity on hand a year ago to-day it is probable that the present stock would show a shrinkage of fully \$20,000,000.

On that sum alone the sugar trust would make \$4,000,000 outright through the proposed tariff reduction of 20 per cent. When the total bulk of unshipped Cuban sugar is reckoned on the same basis it will be seen that the sugar trust's grab out of the sympathy fund becomes a much bigger thing than merely \$4,000,000. It is conservatively stated at \$15,000,000.

It was in December, 1901, just prior to the making up of its annual report, and fully three months before the publication of that report, that the sugar trust's literary bureau started the Cuban sympathy uproar in the shape of the Willett & Gray circular setting forth the enormous saving that would be realized by the American consumer if congress would reduce or remove the duty on raw sugar from Cuba. Since then Mr. Havemeyer has publicly stated that the price of refined sugar to the American consumer would not be in the least degree affected by the reduction or removal of tariff duties on Cuban raw sugar. He did not see fit to add that the price of refined sugar would not be reduced unless the sugar trust should at any time decide to repeat its tactics of last fall and put in force a heavy cut in price for the purpose of giving beet sugar production a black eye. As we have said, three months have elapsed between the close of the sugar trust's year 1901 and the publication of the sugar trust's annual report for that year. It was a long time to hold back the report, but it was time well spent. During that interval the sympathy uproar has reached a volume which it could not have reached if the real interest of the sugar trust had been made manifest at the outset.

Sympathy and Sugar.
There is method in the campaign of the sugar trust for a reduction of Cuban sugar duties. The plea is kept at the front that "we must do something for Cuba." Great chunks of sympathy are lying around Washington. The fact that reduction in sugar duties will redound to the benefit of the trust and not to Cuban planters, or to the people of the United States who consume sugar, is kept in the background. The trust is playing to add millions to its annual income by keeping "Cuban sympathy" ringing in the ear of Congress. Mr. Oxnard, who is managing the campaign of the beet sugar producers, is exposing the game of the trust. He is credited with the statement that he would not object to a 20 per cent. or even a 25 per cent. reduction in the Cuban tariff if the same would inure to the benefit of the Cuban planters, and not place more dollars in the pockets of the trust.

The men who have put millions into beet sugar plants in the West and the growers of the sugar beets by which

those factories are maintained are entitled to sympathy and encouragement before the Cuban planters. Sympathy, like charity, begins at home. In the present instance the sympathy expressed is the merest pretense. The trust is after dollars.—Denver News.

Cuba and Beet Sugar.

We are going to make our own sugar in this country, don't you doubt it, and make it from the beet, the soil for whose production may be found almost everywhere. Last year the output in the United States was 185,000 tons, an increase of 108,000 tons over 1900. Forty-two factories were in operation last year, with nine in course of construction. Factories have been established in nineteen states. This is one of the most promising young industries in the country, and one of the most important, and it is no sin to guard its development here as we did that of iron, steel, tin plate and scores of other industries that are now the glory of the nation and its strength. In truth, beet sugar production is the most promising new industry on a large scale the country has in sight, and there is force in the plea that if Cuba wants free admission to the markets of the United States, let her come in and be part of the United States and take pot luck with us. The grave, the singular, the almost unaccountable mistake Cuba made was in not asking immediate annexation. And there will be friction and dissatisfaction without end, one ground or another, till it does occur.—Oswego Times.

Avert or Deplore.
The Boston Journal scolds Congressman Thayer for offering a resolution looking toward an investigation of the relation of the sugar trust to the proposed scheme of tariff reductions for Cuban "relief." It says that the resolution "was a piece of transparent demagoguery, discreditable to him and to the Democracy of New England, of which he is the leading representative."

Our Boston friend, usually sound on economic questions, herein shows a disposition to let its zeal run away with its discretion. Why not investigate first and legislate afterward? Some day the relation of the sugar trust to this Cuban sympathy uproar is going to be made known. It is more than suspected now. Scandalous relationships between the sugar trust and sugar tariffs have not been so unheard of in the past as to justify anybody in pool-poohing the idea at this time. It is better to avert a scandal than to deplore it.

Would Scuttle the Ship.
A cartoon titled "AMERICAN INDUSTRY" shows a ship with a large funnel labeled "FREE TRADE" and a smaller funnel labeled "RECIPROcity". The ship is being scuttled by a man with a pitchfork.

A Question and a Reckoning.
We already buy from Cuba nearly twice as much as we sell her. We shall buy still more under the scheme of relief-reciprocity, and very likely shall sell more of certain articles, but the trade balance against us will remain and probably be larger than ever. In any event, will the increased volume of our sales to Cuba operate as compensation to the domestic interests which are called upon to make all sacrifices? Will the American sugar and tobacco growers and the American cigar makers be able to trace to their own pockets enough of the profits on increased Cuban trade to make good their direct losses through reduced tariff duties? This question is to be asked, this reckoning is going to be made. Is the Republican party ready with an answer that will meet this question? Is it provided with a solution that will satisfy the reckoning?

A Warning.
The fact that a clear majority of the Republican members of the House of Representatives are decided opponents to sacrificing our domestic sugar and tobacco interests for the benefit either of the sugar trust or of a foreign nation should be a warning to Republican leaders as to what they may expect should the scheme succeed. Weak-kneed congressmen may be won over by executive pressure. The masses of the people cannot be thus won over and they cannot be fooled. If they are betrayed, they will remember who betrayed them.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Curious Distinction.
The free trade papers pronounce unconstitutional the proposition to repay some of the duty charged on Cuban sugar. But they insist that it is perfectly proper to refrain from collecting the duty. The distinction as to effect between the two methods is not very marked.—Lowell Courier.

How to Satisfy Them.
Free traders are assailing the proposed concession of 20 per cent. on Cuban importations. The only way to satisfy the champions of a souphouse tariff like that identified with the last Democratic administration is to knock off the other 80 per cent. also.—Tionesta (Pa.) Republican.

JACK WILSON'S ONCE GREAT GRAFT.

Way of the Plute Indian Who Started the Ghost Dance.

"Jack Wilson, the famous Plute Indian who started the ghost dance craze among the Indians all over the United States a few years ago, lives in Mason Valley, Nevada," said an official of the Indian bureau the other day.

"He does not have the influence among the Indians now that he had ten years ago, although he is more than the ordinary Indian intellectually. His success as an apostle was due to his superior intelligence, combined with low cunning and an utter lack of conscience. To secure the influence and power he wielded over his followers in the early days of his notoriety he resorted to numerous tricks and deceptions.

"On one occasion when he had been lecturing on the new religion he told his audience that on the next day he would make ice from the river and invited all to see him perform a miracle. It being August he knew that to make them believe he had made ice would give him greater prestige. He selected a point below a bend in the river, and after securing a trusty accomplice, who took from a neighboring icehouse a generous lump, and deposited it in the current above the bend, Wilson, with wild gestures and weird incantations, placed himself at a convenient point where he lifted the floating ice from the water when it reached him from above, and thus made the Plutes believe he had supernatural power. By such trickery he made his associates believe that the ghost dance would drive the white man away from this country and bring back the buffalo."

EXPERIENCE MEETING ANECDOTE.
Bishop Used a Lost Child to Point a Christian Moral.
It had been an experience meeting. Ten thousand people were assembled in the great auditorium by the sea. There had been the handshake, the waving of handkerchiefs, the hymn, the prayer, the word which told the spiritual history of many a soul.

The bishop stood upon the platform in the act of pronouncing the benediction. Emotion was at its height; it seemed as if a spiritual wave had crept over the multitude, wrapping it in a divine caress.

At that moment a little child was passed up to the platform and the bishop took it in his arms. "Lost child," were the whispered words. The baby put its dimpled arms around the bishop's neck and laid its head upon his shoulder, its yellow curls mingling with his gray hair.

"Lost child," said the bishop, in his deep, sympathetic voice, "does anyone in the audience know this baby or to whom it belongs? Will the father and mother come and claim it?"

There was silence and the baby nestled closer, and the women who sat near said: "Oh!"

Then a man was seen making his way to the altar; it was the baby's father. Instantly the child stretched out its arms to go to him. Then, as he gave it up, the bishop said:

"There are 10,000 lost souls in Ocean Grove. The Father's arms are waiting to receive them. So, go to your Father's outstretched arms as does this little child."—Detroit Free Press.

HE COMPLIMENTED THE CZARINA.
Lord Tennyson Records a Rather Humorous Experience.
Lord Tennyson once told Capt. McCabe the following story as one result of his defective eyesight: "Hallam and I went with Mr. Gladstone as Sir Donald Currie's guests on a cruise in the Pembroke Castle among the Hebrides and thence on to Denmark. While lying in the harbor of Copenhagen we were invited to dine at Fredensborg with the king and queen of Denmark, and the next day the whole royal party came on board the luncheon. There were the king and queen, the princess, the czar and czarina and their attendant ladies and gentlemen. After luncheon the princess asked me to read one of my poems and some one fetched the book. I sat on a sofa in the smoking room next the princess and another lady came and sat beside me on the other side. The czar stood up just in front of me. When I had finished reading, this lady said something very civil and I thought she was Andrew Clark's daughter, so I patted her on the shoulder very affectionately and said, 'My dear girl, that's very kind of you, very kind.' I heard the czar chuckling mightily to himself, so I looked more nearly at her, and God bless me! it was the czarina herself. I fancy that was the first time that august lady had been patted on the back and called a 'dear girl' since she had left the nursery."

The Luck of a Greenhorn.
Down on the Wenham golf course, a few weeks ago a new member was playing around the links for the first time. It was really his first serious effort to play golf. He made a pretty good strike-off from an elevated tee across a valley to the top of a hill about seventy-five yards beyond. Thinking to have a little practice across the valley, he struck his ball back toward the green beside the tee whence he had previously struck off. The ball sailed gracefully over the hill, and to his inexpressible surprise, the player heard it go "kerchunk" into the hole on the green. He had struck a ball seventy-five yards and landed it in the hole. Probably few players ever did such a thing, and this player says he does not expect ever to do it again if he plays golf for a quarter of a century. It was "the luck of a greenhorn."—Boston Herald.