

A WARRIOR BOLD.

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CHAPTER XI. Hot Shot.

One look told Charlie that his friend had good news. Artemus was fairly bubbling over with the intelligence he had picked up.

Such a smile upon the face of Barnaby looked bad for Capt. Brand and his great game; the foundations of his Spanish castle were getting shaky, and possibly the whole tremendous structure must come crashing down, engulfing him in the ruins.

"What's the word?" asked Artemus. "All goes on serenely, so far as I know."

Artemus shut one eye. "There's some high old fun in prospect."

"Well, yes, I suppose so; St. Patrick's day is always booming with good cheer in New York."

"Ah! I mean for us; for our friend the captain."

"That strikes closer home. Now, I knew you were the bearer of good news when I saw you enter."

"I always said I was born under a lucky star, and this settles it beyond peradventure."

"Well, tell me your adventures, and how good fortune attended you. All of which shall be to the glory of our cause, the vindication of truth and right, and the utter demoralization of Capt. Brand."

"Come over here, where comfort and velvet chairs await us, and prepare yourself for a surprise that will, I guess, surpass anything you ever heard."

So they settled down. Charlie endeavored to retain his composure and possess his soul in patience.

He knew Artemus of old and that a ceremony had to be gone through with ere he would disgorge the secrets he possessed, such as would not disgrace the cross-questioning in one of the higher courts.

"Well, now, you know what hopes I had with regard to the fellows on the Rialto; how I built up air-castles concerning the finding of one or more among them who knew Macauley by heart, and would, for a proper consideration, take pleasure in denouncing him to his face."

"I only ran across one man who had played upon the boards with the great Macauley; he declared he would know him under any disguise; that his mannerisms must always betray his individuality even though he represented an Arab or a heathen Chinese."

"Ah! that's the man we want," said Charlie.

"And that's the man we won't get. You see, he had one experience with Macauley, and to this day he declares the mention of the man always sends a chill up and down his spinal column. In a word, he fears him worse than the devil fears holy water, and neither bribes nor pleading could induce him to say he would open his batteries on Brand. The most I could get him to promise was to see the other from a safe hiding-place and then secretly give us his opinion, with the iron-bound proviso that his name would never appear in the matter."

Charlie elevated his eyebrows. "I should say that man was a little bashful."

"He admitted the soft impeachment, and confessed to a ghastly fear. No Macauley for him, thank you. A burnt child dreads the fire, you know."

"It might be some satisfaction to us if he added the weight of his secret testimony to our own strong convictions in the matter; that is, it would perhaps influence Lady Arline."

"No doubt, no doubt."

"Will it pay to summon him, then?"

This direct method of questioning was the best way of assisting Artemus along.

It compelled an answer, and thus necessitated the unmasking of his strong batteries.

"I hardly think so."

"You know best, but I should like to hear your reasons for refusing what small favors the gods throw in our way."

"And you shall, Charlie, my boy. In the first place, it would hardly pay us to depend at all upon such secret testimony. If we could inject some alcoholic fluid into this low comedian, to give him backbone, so that he would face Brand and finish the game in a blaze of glory, it would do very well; but I fear the only thing that would give the poor devil artificial courage, would at the same time steal away his senses, so that our cause would hardly make much progress. Don't you agree with me?"

Charlie nodded in the affirmative. "That is one reason, you see. It wouldn't pay to bother with such a witness; time and labor and good point I wish to make. His evidence isn't needed."

"Ah!"

"Since I have found another way of ensnaring the wonderful Capt. Brand in a net which must render him utterly helpless. When the Rialto prospects grew dim, I had in my mind another alternative, by which I meant to make one last, desperate move, you know. It was suggested by something you said a long time back, in case business took us to London."

"First of all, I began to make diligent inquiries among the various shipping houses down in the region about Fulton market, and soon struck off

"One man remembered the Hespasia and her sad fate perfectly. He had sailed a voyage on her, and was later on connected in some clerical way with the American branch of the house in whose interests she was sailed up to the time of her loss."

"That branch house is still in existence and only a block away from where we stood talking at the moment; if interested in the Hespasia or her gallant captain, I could not do better than to turn in and make inquiries there."

"When I opened my business with a little gray-headed chap, who was resident agent, I wish you could have seen him jump about six inches off the floor, while the look of astonishment on his face was quite killing. For, as he presently informed me, as luck would have it, I had come asking about a vessel lost many years ago, about which no vestige had ever been discovered, in the very hour that the sole survivor of the luckless Hespasia had been sitting there in the same chair I occupied, and telling the most thrilling tales of his adventures in the deserts of Africa—the most exciting that ever fell from the lips of mortal man."

"That was quite a unique situation—to sit in the same chair and this survivor of the Hespasia wreck had occupied within the hour. How it must have stirred your blood and set your nerves tingling! And then, just to think what rolicking adventures he had to tell of his life in Africa. By the way, haven't we heard something in that line before? I have an indistinct recollection of listening to some very entertaining reminiscences that rivaled the feats of old Munchausen. Perhaps, after all, it was only a dream."

"Plainly, then, you think the old boy has been up to his tricks, and spinning his yarns to a fresh audience," Artemus remarked.

"I confess that thought came to me."

"Well, it struck me that way—at first."

"Ah! then you found occasion to change your mind?"

"I did."

"And it wasn't the ogre?" breathlessly.

"Not a bit of it."

Then Charlie gave vent to a whistle.

There were two Richmonds in the field.

The man they knew as Capt. Brand had a rival for the honors.

It was growing decidedly interesting, and Charlie Stuart realized that his friend had certainly stumbled upon news of importance.

Here, then, was Mate Ben Hazen, come to the surface after his long exile.

Yes, it was a grand stroke of luck.

They could doubtless easily prevail upon the mate to meet the imposter face to face, and tear away the mask with which he had all this time concealed his identity.

Surely he would be willing to do this for the sake of his old captain's daughter.

No wonder Charlie felt pleased.

"Well," he said, at length, "it begins to look like business, I declare."

"Very much so," remarked Artemus.

"I can readily see there is some great fun in prospect if we can bring these two wonderful African travelers into contact."

"Oh! glorious!"

"And if we can get the mate to denounce this old ogre, our end is gained."

"Who is to denounce him?"

"Why, Ben Hazen, the mate, of course."

"Ah! where will you find him?"

"I thought—that is, I understood, or, at least, I took it for granted, you had found him."

Artemus slowly shook his head in the most tantalizing manner.

"I never said so."

"Then I jumped at conclusions, and was wrong?"

"You were."

"If Ben Hazen is out of the question, I suppose this is one of the crew who has turned up?"

Artemus lay back in his chair, with thumbs in the armpits of his vest. His attitude was consequential and triumphant; it plainly gave warning that he was about to fire a volley.

"Guess again."

"I am at my wits' ends."

"How about the genuine Simon Pure captain?"

Charlie caught his breath.

"Good Heavens! that would be the most stupendous thing on record—coincidence without a parallel. But see here, as he detected a quizzical gleam in the other's fun-loving eyes, 'this is too serious a thing to joke about, you know, my dear fellow.'"

"You bet it is."

"And you are in dead earnest?"

"Never more so in all my life—cross my heart if it isn't so."

Then Charlie realized that he could believe him.

the coast of Africa—he having at last escaped from the Arabs who held him prisoner so many years.

"This steamer was bound from Cape Town to New York, and had been thrown out of her regular course by a series of terrible southern storms."

"They wanted to put him aboard some vessel bound for London; but, strange to say, spoke none during their subsequent voyage, so that he has been landed here."

"Most remarkable. What a surprise for Arline! I truly hope this papa will prove more acceptable than the ogre has been," said Stuart, reflectively.

"I think he will," remarked Artemus, calmly.

"What grounds have you for believing so?"

"The evidence of my judgment as brought to bear upon the matter by eyes and ears that are at least equal to the average."

"Then you have seen him?"

"Oh, ay."

"And talked with him?"

"Spent three hours in his company and he was very loth to have me break away, then."

Really, that should settle it.

In three hours Artemus could learn scores of things that would go to prove matters were as the new claimant declared.

"And the captain—what of him? Is he anything like—well, our ogre?"

"Not a whit in manner, and very little in appearance. These long years on the desert have darkened his skin and whitened his hair, but they could not destroy his noble nature. It shows in the determined and kindly glow of his eyes, in the almost heavenly smile, and warm clasp of the hand."

"H'm! Well, I hope he'll be friendly," said Charlie.

"Oh, he's wild to see you—to thank you for all that has been done. Don't worry a bit about that part of it—I've fixed matters," significantly.

Charlie blushed a little.

"Hope you haven't overdone it and made me out a heroic sort of figure. By the way, what did he think of the other?"

"You mean—the ogre?"

"Yes, Capt. Brand Number One we may say."

"Well, I wouldn't care to stand in his boots when those two meet. There's going to be war to the knife, I can tell you."

"Just as I thought."

"All these years he has lived on the hope of seeing his dear ones again, and to find an usurper in his place makes him furious."

"Could he cope with the rascal?"

"His wild life among the Arabs has hardened his constitution like iron. Besides, he isn't an old man, although his hair is white. God help the ogre if once he falls into the avenger's hands."

"Then we must see that this happens as soon as possible. There is need of haste. Such a romantic story as the captivity and escape of Capt. Brand can't long be hidden under a bushel. Some enterprising reporter will get hold of it, and the affair can be spread out over a whole page of a yellow journal."

"Correct. And for that reason I thought you had better see my captain at once, so I took the liberty of fetching him along, and if you will kindly take a little walk with me, I'll introduce you to—papa!"

(To be continued.)

WOULD BUY JERUSALEM.

Dowie Tells His Followers of His Object in Life.

For the first time in his career John Alexander Dowie has announced to his followers what his real aim in life is. Before a gathering of 4,000 persons in Shiloh Tabernacle, Zion City, he said that his only purpose in building Zion was to make enough millions of dollars to buy outright the city of Jerusalem and lead his people there to await the coming of Christ.

"From the present outlook it will not be many years before we will have several Zion cities," said Dowie, "and we will make enough to accomplish our great purpose."

The theme of Dowie's talk and every remark were to show that Zion City is the fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah. He spoke upon "The City of God," and told of the great things Zion was to do in the world.

Dowie averred the millennium is closer at hand than people imagined. The recent volcanic eruptions, he believed, are warnings to prepare for the end of the world. He cited the Lake Shore as particularly susceptible to seismic disturbances and declared that when the world is burned up in the awful fire that is kindling for it Zion City will stand alone, unharmed.

"The theocratic party," declared Dowie, "will before long rule the world. Zion City will be the leading city of America in education, religion, commerce and finance. It will have a fleet of vessels plying between the continents."

Cities like Zion are to be established in other places. Already offers of land have been received.

Crowning a Queen Consort.

There is quite a little difference between the ceremonies attending the coronation of queen consorts and those in connection with the crowning of reigning sovereigns. Thus while both are anointed with the holy chrism and invested with the crown the words accompanying these acts differ. When the crown is placed on the head of the queen consort, it is called "the crown of glory, honor and joy," and in the same way the sacred oil is described as "destined to increase her honors," but not to "set her apart for dominion."

LAW WAS A DEAD LETTER.

City Marshal Had Good Reasons for Not Enforcing It.

"I happened to be laid over at a own in the southwest," said the traveler, "and as I walked about the streets I noticed dozens of hogs wallowing in the mud or sleeping on the sidewalks. When I finally came across the city marshal, I mentioned this act and asked him why the animals were not restrained."

"Waal, I believe 'ar is a law to do t,' he slowly replied. "And why isn't the law enforced?" "It's left to me, and I can't skassly ee my way clear."

"But there are the hogs, and there s the law."

"Yes, but that's something else."

"I was about to ask him what it was when a dog came along, and pitched into a hog fresh from a roll in the mud, and the porker uttered a loud squeal as the sharp teeth nipped at his leg. The squeal had not yet died away when fifty men, each with a gun in his hand, came running out of houses, saloons and stores and looked for somebody to shoot."

"You see," said the marshal, as the crowd broke up and scattered, "that's the law and that's the haws, but when every man in town owns a hawg and is willin' to fight for him, what you goin' to do about it?"

LONDON IS BEING REBUILT.

Yankee Sky-Scrapers Will Revolutionize the Great Metropolitan.

Someone has said that London is the most backward white man's city in the world. This is true to-day. Tomorrow it will be all different. For a new city is coming into being, not quickly—it would not be itself if it hurried—but surely. Within twenty years one will see it not only almost wholly rebuilt, but a city with all the modern conveniences. Great government buildings in the course of construction, as well as Yankee-built skyscrapers, will give the old town its new dress. And tube railways burrowing in every direction far underground will actually make it possible to cross London in a reasonable time. Everywhere that it is possible, streets are being widened, and great avenues cut at untold expense through populous sections. This rebuilding and renovating is not received wholly with satisfaction. The English love the leisurely way of their capital as much as they love its dinginess and dirt. As one old Tory put it, to his mind the reformers were trying to convert the place into "a shrieking American pandemonium." "I am sure that man if fond of penny buses.—World's Work.

BACK TO NATURE'S BREAST.

Reasons for Exodus From Cities in Summer Time.

Every summer the exodus of the well-to-do American from the city is larger and begins earlier. Every year his return from the country is later in the season. At the present rate it is only a question of time before he and his family will come to town for only a month or two in winter. His home will be in the country; he will visit and do business in the city. The cause of this return to the soil is complex and presents a number of interesting features. One cause is that every man with red blood in him feels at intervals the impulse to get back to nature's breast, "far from the madding crowd." He may never have heard of the fable of Antaeus, but he has an instinctive feeling that he gains fresh strength every time he touches old mother earth. That is his heritage from primeval man. But we do not have to go far back; only a few generations away at most is an ancestor who helped conquer the wilderness. So this longing in our blood.

The University of Cairo.

A queer university this at Cairo with its 10,000 students! Its central square is open to the sun; about it are separate "riwaks," or porches, for each of the twenty-four recognized nations of Islam; in each riwak, youth from all the Moslem world study to chant the Koran, to write beautiful Arabic script, and in the end to be doctors, lawyers, kadis, rulers. Each nation has its own ceremonial way of doing so simple a thing as drinking water. Nor are sect differences a trivial matter. The schism between the Sunni and the Sufi is so bitter that each deems it duty to pollute the holy wells and sacred places of the other, though if detected the penalty is death. Minor variations in belief and customs are numberless. There are Moslems who wear the fez, the turban, the tarboosh, or no head covering at all; those who do not; those who reek of garlic and those who hold onions sacred, because, as they claim, Mohammed never ate them. And the plain man needs guidance.—Era.

It Is Dogwood Winter.

A man from North Carolina, who was visiting in Philadelphia the other day during the cold snap, expressed surprise that nothing was said about the dogwood winter. "What do you mean by dogwood winter?" asked his host. "Don't you really know what dogwood winter is?" demanded the man from Hickory, N. C. "Why, we've been having it for the last three or four days. There is always a spell of it in May, when the dogwood tree is in bloom. For several days there is cold, disagreeable, cloudy weather, and often a touch of frost. Down our way it never falls, and we call it dogwood winter. I thought the phrase was general."

FEEDING A VOLCANO

Curious Superstition of Inhabitants of a Small South American State.

About thirty miles from the port of Acajutla, in Central America, there is generally in a state of eruption a huge volcano called Izalco. At night when lying in the harbor of Acajutla, you may see him every twenty or thirty minutes cover his summit with a mantle of glowing lava.

So far, well. That is exactly what the people of the state keep a careful watch over, and they go to sleep with a sense of security as long as he is in eruption. But if he stops for a few hours then they are alarmed, as from centuries of traditional experience they look for a tremendous explosion soon, and they put it down to this reason:

In the mountain, they say, lives one big devil with a very large family, for which he finds it difficult to provide, and over whom he has much trouble in exercising control. As a consequence there are times when the big devil's larder is empty, the kitchen fire goes out, or some one in the fiery household has stomach disorder with no medicine to hand.

So reasoning in this way they take food, chickens and bananas, some medicine, and cautiously approach as near the mountain as they dare venture. Then they light a fire, place the fold beside it, and hasten away to a safe distance to watch and see what will happen. If Izalco again commences to eject lava they are relieved and cry:

"Ah, ha! The devil is happy again. See, he is getting his supper." And then they go to a cock fight or start a revolution in perfect contentment.

But if Izalco does not begin to smoke and get his supper, then they take flight away out of reach of his vengeance until his angry humor has passed over; and really their way of predicting a catastrophe seems to be as good as any other.

The possession of great means often produces great meanness.

Gen. Lee's Idea as to the Destruction of the Maine

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee recently gave his theory regarding the destruction of the battleship Maine. After relating the circumstances of the explosion and describing the scene of fire and carnage he witnessed on visiting the locality a few minutes after the event, he said:

"My theory is that it was done by young officers who had been attached to Weyler. After the catastrophe they disappeared. Young officers of the (Spanish) army did not take the trouble to hide their pleasure over the horrible affair. Many of them dropped their usual portions of red wine and opened bottles of champagne in the cafes. The government of Cuba immediately tried to forestall European opinion by sending a dispatch which stated that the explosion had been caused by the carelessness of the Americans themselves. As to that I want to say that the keys to the magazine of every American man-of-war are brought to the captain and are hung on hooks at the head of his bed so that he can know where they are all the time."

"When the divers went to work on the Maine Capt. Sigsbee said to them: 'Go into my cabin and see if the keys to the magazine are hanging where they ought to be.' The divers came

up with the keys. They had found them hanging by the side of the captain's bed. Furthermore, the investigation brought out that the plates of the fore part of the ship were bent upward, showing clearly that the force of the explosion had been directed from the bottom. The court of inquiry heard plenty of testimony which showed that there had been two explosions, one when the torpedo went off and tore its way to the ship's magazine and the other when the magazine exploded with a roar."

The real cause of the destruction of the Maine is still a mystery, though there is strong reason for accepting Gen. Lee's view. The report of the United States court of naval inquiry sustained the theory of an outside explosion, but said "the court has been unable to obtain any evidence fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the Maine upon any person or persons." The solution of such mysteries comes in time, says the Indianapolis Journal, and probably this one will be solved when those who are in possession of the secret think the right time has come.

A truly great name was never bought at the price of a got 1 one.

VOWS OF JILTED LOVERS

Humorous Acts of Resentment Placed on Record by Unfortunate Swains

Jilted twenty years since on the eve of his marriage, a Huddersfield gentleman vowed that he would never again so long as he lived speak to a woman. To the day of his death, which occurred two years back, he kept his word, exception not being made even in the case of his sisters. Nor did his resentment cease with life, for when his will was read it was found that only to his male relatives did any benefit accrue, says London Tit-Bits.

On his marriage morn a Mr. A— received a callous note from his fiancée breaking off the match. So affected was he by this abrupt intimation that he swore that he would never again open a letter. Despite every argument he stuck to his determination so that all messages had to be delivered by word of mouth, or, should they come from a distance, by telegram—a form of communication which, somewhat inconsistently, was not included under the ban.

In one of the largest cemeteries at Vienna stands a handsome monument erected to the memory of the lady whose enology it bears. It was placed there by an eccentric bachelor, who, having in his youth been jilted by the deceased, swore that if he could not

usually the little things are the last we are willing to leave to God.

THREW AWAY HIS TROUSERS

Station Agent's Accurate Shot Left Him in a Dilemma.

He had been a brakeman on the G— N— railway, but, owing to injuries received in the service, had been given a less hazardous position as station agent at a small place on the line of the road. His entire wardrobe consisted of one suit of clothes, and he was patiently awaiting the next payday to get the wherewithal to purchase another.

The fast mail and express, which was due at midnight, was reported four hours late, so he thought he could get in a pretty fair night's rest by setting his alarm clock about an hour ahead of the time when the train was likely to come, as he needed little time to perform the only duty required of him, viz., to see that the sack of mail was properly hooked to the crane, so that the extending arm of the fast mail car would surely catch it as the train went by.

The alarm clock, of course, upon this occasion, failed to work, and he was awakened by the shrieking of the whistle of the engine as it warned the station of the coming of the train. He jumped for the sack and his trousers, grabbed both, rushed out on the platform, made an accurate throw, and

whiz! away sped the train. He turned to pick up his trousers, when he found he had thrown them upon the crane, and they had gone in place of the mail. As to whether or not he dressed in the mail sack— But enough said.—The Drawer, Harper's Magazine for June.

ONE VOTE HE SURELY LOST.

Indignant Irishman Promised to Re-member Judge Pryor.

When ex-Justice of the Supreme Court Roger A. Pryor presided over the naturalization court he used to subject the applicants for citizenship to a very rigorous examination before passing them, says the New York Times. His favorite story of his experiences in that court is this one. One day an Irishman appeared before him, and the justice fired a volley of questions at him concerning the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the birthplace of the President, etc. The Irishman did his best, but failed hopelessly and the court refused to give him his papers. As he walked away from the bench he said in a loud voice aside:

"Well, some day I'll be admitted, and then a day will come when that old Tammany Injun will be running for office again, an' he'll not get my vote, sure."