Copyright. 1901. Street and Smith, New York. CHAPTER VIII.

Of course it was very annoying. His cigar had gone, and, that source of consolation lost, Charlie had to turn to something else in order to interest himself.

A companion in misery was alongside. Up to the present Charlie did not know whether he were young or old-all he saw was that a man had been shoved in ahead of him.

So he leaned his head toward that of his fellow-passenger and exclaimed in French:

"Monsieur, it seems that we are companions in misery. Might I ask your name?" giving his own at the same time.

The other did not appear downcast -indeed, he answered, quite cheerful-

"I am Henri, the Marquis of Montpensier, a blood relative of Don Carlos of Spain."

Further conversation was prevented by a gruff demand from one of the guards for silence.

At length they drew up to the pris-Without ceremony the two prison-

ers were hustled into the jail. Charlie silently walked into the dark cell which yawned before him. To have refused would have been folly, since by force he would doubtless have been thrown over the thresh-

old. Ah! he might be worse off. His cigar case still held a few choice weeds, such as appeal most strongly to the heart of the confirmed smoker.

So he hastened to secure a cigar. Next came a match.

As he struck this latter and a light sprang into existence he heard an exclamation, and remembered he had a comrade in misery.

He saw a young chap with a resolute face. There was more of an American look about him than European, and yet Charlie remembered having heard him give the name of Guiseppe Brignoli, as though he were

an Italian. "Pardon, comrade," Charlie said in French. "Allow me to light my weed, since matches are scarce and then I shall offer you a cigar," with which sore. he proceeded to put his words into execution.

"Thanks awfully, but I don't smoke," said the other laconically in the best of English.

The match expired before Charlie could get another look at his comrade. But he knew his first suspicion was true-the young fellow came of Anglo-Saxon stock, and had assumed an Italian name in order to keep his own from disgrace or from some other rea-

They might exchange confidences while trying to pass away the long hours, or at least engage in social dis-

"Pardon me again, sir, but can you spare a couple of matches?" asked

"Half-a-dozen, at your service." "Thanks. They may serve my end

well and yours in the bargain." Charlie's curosity flashed up.

What did the other mean to do? Was he desperate enough to think of setting the prison on fire? Nonsense! There was not one chance in a million of accomplishing such a thing to men shut up here in this grimy dungeon.

Nevertheless, he knew that nothing was ever accomplished without effort, and that often a capricious fortune aids those who help themselves. A cursory examination of their dun-

geon revealed a startling, yet cheering, fact.

Under the boards the youngsters discovered a tunnel.

When the flat stone was lifted up, behold! an opening yawned below. The youth gave thanks in his peculiar way, and without much more ado jumped into the breach.

"I shall return, comrade," he said. And Charlie believed him. He sat there smoking his cigar and feeding the flames with bits of the splintered planking.

Minutes passed. Evidently his companion was making quite a tour under the prison

a head appeared above the stone flag-

ging. "Give me a hand, please." Charlie knew from the look of tri-

umph upon his face that the other was decidedly pleased with what he had discovered.

"In luck, eh?" he hazarded. "The best in the world. Some good chap in the past has made a tunnel all but breaking through. I did that part while I was gone. In fact, to tell you the truth, I've been under the | the governor unbend his dignity and

starlight." "Outside the prison walls?" incred-

"Yes. When I tapped the end of the tunnel I found it came up in an old wagon yard some ten feet or more beyond the outer walls. But I suppose

we might as well go." "Then good-by, my dear fellow." "But-you will share my escape. We

don't separate yet, you know." "I'm not going."

"Not going? You prefer to remain in this accursed hole, when freedom offers? Come, you are joking, sir." "Oh, no. You see if I crawled out of

here I would, by implication, admit my and stretched out his hand. connection with those whom Baron Peterhoff has hauled in. Being innocent, I shall sit here until he comes boy, for what has happened. It was a flexible.

to beg my pardon and personally conduct me to freedom."

The youngster looked at him with kindling eyes.

"Bravo! I like your spirit," he said. his dignity. Would you mind shaking hands with me, sir?" "It will be a pleasure on my part." And they exchanged a warm grip.

"I hope we may meet again. Let me give you my card. Who knows what strange chance may drift us together again. Who can say under what condithe baron. tions we may come together again?"

Who indeed? Both of them would have been you, baron," he said, smiling. chilled with horror could they have Charlie hesitated. even guessed the truth, but the veil

of the future mercifully hid that from mortal ken. Another hearty Anglo-Saxon handshake, then the youngster dropped and some surprising things to tell on ward.

into the hole. Charlie made as comfortable a seat planks and kept the fire going with | pleasant; to anticipate a feast.

fragments. By degrees his thoughts came around again to his late companion. Then he remembered that as yet he

did not even know the other's true Where was the card? Ah, just where he had thrust it, and, bending down,

he read the name by the flickering light of his fire. Then it dawned upon him why he had felt such a singular interest in invoked in order to bring them up the young fellow, and why he had with a round turn.

deemed his features familiar, yet for the name, written boldly, was. ALEXANDER BRAND. Here then was the most remarkable

coincidence in the whole course of his varied experiences.

There could be no mistake. This young fellow bore some relaperhaps-to Arline.

He had her name, and there was

There must be a sense of awe in present whereabouts. the realization that one is a mere puppet in the hands of destiny-that the power which sends unnumbered worlds whirling through space in their exact orbits, without danger of coltheir course, can condescend to super- | means. intend such a small thing as the welfare of one puny human life.

Charlie pondered upon the matter a long time. Then, before he knew it, he fell

asleep, despite his hard seat and his determination to remain on guard. When he awoke he was stiff and

bread and water.

Charlie seated there and blinking like | face, and that right speedily." an owl, he was much amazed. He demanded to know where the

other prisoner had hidden himself. Charlie calmly pointed to the hole still uncovered by the slab of stone. "Oh! he's gone out for a walk," he

said, coolly. The man began to grasp the situation, and when he could move, he sprang to the door of the dungeon to bawl for assistance.

Several other wardens came tumbling into the cell. Then ensued a great powwow of

Dutch phrases, while Charlie yawned and stretched himself. Then came the commandant.

"How did this happen?" he demanded. "Well, you see, he had an appoint-

ment, and did not wish to break his engagement."

remain? Do you like this residence so well?" grimly.

to, that I was an innocent party-that | chips in the middle of the table had Baron Peterhoff was my friend-that my arrest, under the circumstances. was an outrage; and hence I utterly refused to leave this place until you and the baron had humbly begged my pardon. Indeed, I am not sure but that I will insist on remaining here until the English consul comes to see me and takes action against your miserable government for treating me, a British subject, in this disgraceful

Just as he had expected, his manner awed the flery commandant, who

way."

He began to whine at once, and expressed his rgret that any mistake should have occurred. Surely mein herr must hold him blameless, since At last there was a movement, and | he had only done his duty in the premises. It was not given to him to investigate when the all-powerful Baron Peterhoff brought in political prisoners with orders to hold them securely.

> Would mein herr be pleased to go with him to his office, where he could be more comfortable, and there await the coming of the baron, who would with a word set him free?

> But mein herr was obstinate. The baron must come to him. As Paul and Silas, in days of yore, made come to plead with them to go away, so Charlie meant to keep hold of his advantage.

So the commandant went away. Charlie was still smoking, with one of the keepers for company, and the door of his cell wide open, when voices

were heard in the corridor. Then entered the baron.

The great man looked both disturbed and amused. He had heard the amazing story of the commandant, and sifted the wheat from the chaff, so that he had a pretty fair idea as to the

He marched straight up to Charlie

"My most abject apologies, my dear

miserable mistake, on my part. I trust REJECT COMPROMISE. you will forgive me," he said.

Charlie saw he was sincere, and as his indignation passed away he unbent

"Then you know it was Miss Arline Brand, and not the Countess Isolde, whom I assisted into a carriage at the Steen?" he asked, eagerly, determined to put his fears to the test.

"Yes; she has assured me she never saw you, save at a distance," returned

Then it is all right. Now I am ready to leave here and go out with "To breakfast with me, I hope."

True, he anticipated more or less pleasure in his coming interview with Arline. There would be much to hear,

his part. But these would keep a little longer; as was possible from some of the old | besides, it is sometimes exceedingly

> He had something which he wished to relate to the baron, seeking in return his advice and material aid.

Whenever men wont to the desperate length of contemplating crime, in order to secure wealth, as the so-called Capt. Brand and his confreres had certainly done when they purposely abandoned the young girl among those awfil passages amid the Steen dungeons, it was time the stern arm of the law was

And to whom could he go with a could not grasp the tangible substance better show of results than to the baron?

So, arm in arm, Charlie and Baron Demetruis Peterhoff sauntered out of the prison.

It was about eight in the morning. Charlie could imagine the young fellow standing on the deck of the vestionship-that of brother or cousin, sel bound for London, and snapping his fingers at the baron's dragnet.

He was determined not to give the a strong family resemblance in their slightest clew to his companion concerning Alexander Brand, his plans or the Union we had saved was bank-

A vehicle stood near. Into this Charlie was shown; the baron followed, and presently they drew up before a palatial abode, where the widower baron resided in great lision, or of the slightest change in style, as became a man of his immense

And over the elaborate breakfast Charlie found a chance to spin his little story, the baron proving greatly interested, as the sparkle in his eye at-

He could read Charlie's secret as easily as though the other carried the story on his brow.

"You have done excellently, Charlie, A light gleamed in his eyes—it was | my boy," he said, finally; "but it is the warder making the rounds with just as well you ask my assistance in unmasking this unholy fraud. He When the gruff man held up the and his unprincipled accomplices light in order to view the confines of might be too much for you. Depend of the dungeon, and beheld only upon it, I shall tear the mask from his

(To be continued.)

DREW THE LINE ON JACK POTS Conscience of Theological Student Has Sudden Awakening.

At a certain university in this state the game of hearts has been exceedingly popular among the students the last winter. A group of them, accustomed to meet in one of the fraternity houses to play, included a theological student, who, although a member of one of the stricter denominations, did not find it against his conscience to be an ardent devotee of the game, which, however-at least when he made one of the party-was never played for money. Even when chips were introduced for counters, as being an easier method of keeping score than the tiresome tally with pencil and

"But you, mein herr; how is it you paper, the theologue did not balk. But there came an evening when his sense of the fitness of things re-"I told you last night, or attempted | ceived a rude shock. The pile of reached rather large proportions, and one of the players, inspired by a desire to make the prospective winnings still more worth while, remarked:

"Let's have the next a jackpot." The effect of these words on the theological student was electrical. He knew of their being associated with only one game, and that scarcely to

be mentioned in highly moral circles. "A jackpot!" he exclaimed mechanically. "Then I guess I'm through with this game," and he rose and walked out. No amount of explanations or apologies was sufficient either to reinstate hearts in his approval.-New York Tribune.

The Swiss Language.

We sometimes hear that the French language has less vitality than some others, and it is in particular pointed out to what an extent it is giving way to English and German, says the London News. Some figures just published do not, however, bear out this, in the case, at any rate, of Switzerland, where French, German and Italian are all spoken. In 1888 the number of persons speaking German in the Helvetian republic was 2,083,097; those speaking French 634,613, and those speaking Italian, 155,130. At the recent census it was found that the position had changed considerably. There are now, according to the official figures, 2,319,105 persons whose language is German, 733,220 who speak French, and 222,247 who use the language of Dante. Certain cantons appear in particular to be giving up the use of German. In Neufchatel, where formerly 22,000 persons spoke that tongue, there are now only 17,000.

Isn't it funny that in many parlor windows the best marble bust turns its face to the strangers outside and its back on the family within?

Your inferiors are of real help to you only when they know you are in-

PRESERVE INTACT THE PRINCIPLES OF REPUBLICANISM.

Having Declared Itself "Uncompromisingly in Favor of the American System of Protection," the Party Cannot Afford to Swerve from That Policy.

The pending bill on Cuban reciprocity is, like most compromises, satisfactory to no one, but how far reaching in its effect, should it become a law, it is not safe to conjecture. We have never had a compromise tariff law that has not been most injurious to our industries. We never compromise upward, it is always down-

In 1816 we repealed the tariff of 1789 and its amendments of 1812, and in a spirit of compromise and conciliation passed a law that was thought to be protective, but, alas! how disastrous it proved to be. We let down the bars just far enough for England to dump her surplus at prices which ruined our own manufacturers. It was in 1816 that Brougham said in the House of Commons:

"It is well worth while to incur a loss upon the first importation, in order, by the glut, to stifle in the cradle those infant manufacturers in the United States which the war has forced into existence."

And England poured in her fabrics far below cost, and we dearly paid for the repeal.

Again, in 1833, for compromise and conciliation, we substituted for a splendid protective law, low duties that were to be even lower and lower as the years went on. We compromised our industrial liberty and progress to save the Union. We saved it for a spell, but, oh, how dearly it cost us! Ruin came quick and fast, and rupt.

The tariffs of 1846 and 1857 were free trade "on purpose," just as the tariffs of 1841 and 1861 were protec-

tive "on purpose." But, in 1883, we resorted to compromise again. Both houses of Congress and the President were Republican, but there was a clamor for revision. So we had the commission and we lowered the duties, especially on wool. Again we compromised with the freetraders of the South and their northern allies, and again we lost millions

by the transaction. And now again we are in the same position as in 1816, 1833 and 1883. We have a splendid tariff law in successful operation. We have prosperity, and we have a president and both houses of Congress professedly protectionist. And yet we have a bill pending to lower duties, and which strikes at our agricultural progress and prosperity, as well as a growing industry giving employment to thousands, and bound to become one of

our great industries if left alone. What does it mean? Why this desire to compromise again? A man or woman who compromises his or her reputation is treated with contempt and opprobrium. It should be and will be the same with a political party. The Republican party once declared

in its national platform: "We are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protec-

tion." And yet to-day we are debating a compromise. History forbids it. Experience forbids it. Intelligence forbids it. Common sense forbids it. Honor forbids it. "But it is such a little compromise and so harmless," say Payne and Grosvenor and Dalzell and Babcock and Russell and Lane. So says the frail creature at the beginning of her downward career. But there is always a next step, and soon the descent becomes easy and rapid, till shame and dishonor and ruin

No man can afford to compromise his reputation. No woman can afford to compromise her fair name. No party can afford to compromise its honor. Every Republican in Congress should be "uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection." If any swerve from that principle he is dishonorable towards his constituents and toward his country. He was elected to protect all the industries and all the labor of his country. If he has changed his faith he should resign his seat and let another take his place. There should be no voluntary surrender; there should be no willing compromise. We are making history these days, as we were in 1816 and 1833 and 1883. Shall the present be a repetition of the past?

WAS ORIGINALLY A GOOD IDEA But It Has Gone Wrong in the Con-

fusion of Conflicting Claims. In an obviously unkind spirit the New Orleans Item digs up some ancient history to prove that consistancy is a rare jewel among the truly great. Taking its cue from the sarcastic remark of Congressman Cushman that with a collection of Gen. Grosvenor's speeches to fall back on he had made a triumphant campaign, because he could always prove or disprove anything that ever came up," the Item goes back to the time when that erratic statesman from Ohio said of the Dingley tariff, then under consideration:

"There is not a rate of duty, not a been protested against by the sugar | Teddy in 1904."-Exchange. trust and fought to the bitter end beevery pound of sugar that we want | warmth of the sun.

to be produced in the United States of America. The Republican party comes and offers to the agriculturalists of this country this magnificent boon. We will protect the industries of the country in all directions from further demoralization, and we ask you to turn aside hundreds of thousands of acres of the splendid lands of all these states from the production of corn and oats and wheat and potatoes and cotton to be put into an already overstocked market, to the production of sugar, and give to the farmers upon the farming lands of this country a better market with

less competition than they have now." There was a splendid economic idea in this proposition to turn aside hundreds of thousands of acres-it would become millions after a few years of assured protection-from the production of coarse and cheap staples to the more profitable culture of sugar. What has become of that idea? It seems to have disappeared in the confusion of claims-claims for domestic agriculture and for the honest and honorable carrying out of Republican pledges on the one side, and claims for the "relief" of somebody or something outside of our own people-Cuban planters, perhaps; sugar trust, to a certainty-on the other side. It is a clear case of a good idea gone wrong.

The Democratic Motive.

Democratic papers are printing a lot of rot about an alleged Democratic triumph on the sugar differential amendment. As a matter of fact, the Democrats in the house have been voting all sorts of ways on the Cuban tariff concession bill. At first they voted with the concession Republicans but finally acted with the no-concession members. The object of the latter is to stop all tariff tinkering at the present session. The purpose of the Democrats of course is to make trouble for both Republican wings, their motto being "A plague on both your houses." The Republican differences in the House concerns no point except that of tariff concessions to Cuba, some favoring, others opposing it. The differential has been drawn in to defeat the bill in the senate. But for the bill undertaking to make a special tariff exception in favor of Cuba there would be no disagreement among the Republicans in Congress. Yet if the Dingley tariff is to be disturbed in relation to Cuba other changes will be proposed and the differential amendment is a proof of the assertion. The Democratic self-glorification is silly.-St. Louis



Globe-Democrat.

There is a picture. The gentleman from New York (Mr. Payne), with one foot planted on the wall of protection, with the other set firmly in the ramparts of free trade, with the American Sugar Refining Company in his arms, and the platform of the Republican party in his hip pocket-there is a tableau that with the aid of a slow curtain and a little red fire would bring tears to the eyes of an Egyptian mummy.-From the speech of Representative Cushman, of Washington. ed by bursts of applause.

Mr. Robertson, Democrat, Louisiana. Mr. Robertson, Democrat of Louisiana, is rapidly earning the enmity of every free-trader, and especially the bitter hatred of Pitchfork Tillman, the sworn foe of business men and their employes. Congressman Robertson proposed to spend \$2,500,000 for the improvement of the harbor of Havana to relieve Cuba by furnishing work for all who might need employment. This, he thinks, would be far better than lowering the duties and turning out of work tens of thousands of American laborers unless they submit to a serious cut-down. Such protection sentiments from Louisiana, if uttered in the presence of Shotgun Tillman, would have called forth the dramatic cry of "Renegade! Tera-a-i-tor!"

Free Hides and Free Shoes.

and the West free shoes and free ed to go on a bear hunt in Missiscotton goods, a little scheme of reci- sippi as the guest of the governor procity might be accomplished just as under Cleveland New England asked for free wool and got it. But don't forget that at the same time such a large slice was cut from protection to woolen fabrics that the woolen business of New England looked precisely like 30 cents.

Louisiana's Welfare.

principle of taxation, that has not should decide to carry the State for

If the people of the Creole State fore the ways and means committee. awake to their own best financial and We propose that instead of sending | political interests, that Southern com-\$125,000,000 a year to the foreign monwealth will cast its electoral vote countries of the world, most of which | for the Republican nominee in 1904 | horseback. Emperor William led the goes to pay labor in the production just as sure as flowers and fruit lux- second regiment of the guards past of sugar, we will make it possible for | uriate in the fructifying light and | the shah, who acknowledged the com-

THE LIVE STOOK MARKET.

Pire

Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA. There were more cattle on sale the day beere, but still the receipts for the first half of the week are considerably lower than for the same days o last week or of last year. The market was not very active, and in some cases looked a little lower, but still very satisfactory prices were paid as a rule. The fact that Chicago was quoted weak to a dime lower naturally weakened the feeling here to some extent, but still the better grades of beef steers sold at right around steady prices as compared with yesterday. The kind, however, that packers were not as anxious for were a little slow and in ome cases sales were made that looked a trifle lower. The situation could perhaps best be described by calling the market steady to a shade lower. The highest price of the year was paid for a heavy bunch of cattle. They weighed 1,539 pounds and sold at \$7.40. There was not very much change in the cow market, so far as the better grades were concerned. The same as was the case with steers buyers did not seem to be overly anxious, but still they took the good stuff and paid just about steady prices for it. The commoner grades were neglected the same as usual and in most

cases sold a little lower. There was a big run of hogs but that did not prevent the market from advancing a nickel. Packers were all anxious for supolies and as a result they were out early and while a few loads sold on the start at not much better prices than were paid on yesterday's close, still it was not long before the market was generally a nickel higher. It was the most active market that has been experienced here in a long time and everytning was disposed of in good season. As the morning advanced the market

eemed to gain in strength SHEEP-There was a fair sized run of heen and lambs, but the market held steady and ruled active. The quality was a little better than it has been of late, so that packers were more interested than usual. There were some dipped lambs good enough to sell at \$6.35 and some spring lambs sold up to \$7.00. Clipped yearlings sold for \$5.75 and a good bunch of clipped ewes brought \$5.25.

KANSAS CITY. CATTLE-Beef steers, 25c lower; stockrs and feeders strong, \$2.7565.25; cows, 425c lower, \$3.75/46.95; choice steers, 96.9007.50; fair to good, \$5.0006.85; calves,

2.75/a6.50: helfers, \$2.50/a6.65. HOGS-Steady to 5c lower; heavy, 7.224-617.30; mled, \$7.60617.2714; light \$6,70077.05; pigs, \$6,00706.80; SHEEP-Steady to strong; lambs, 5.4967.50; wethers, \$4.3066.15; ewes, \$4.8060

.15; stockers and feeders, \$20004.65. IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

Thousands Participate in Memorial Day Exercises.

WASHINGTON, May 31.→Decoration day was observed perhaps more generally than ever before. The announcement that President Roosevelt would deliver the oration at Arlington brought to this historic city of the dead a vast concourse of people, among whom were numbered thousands of veterans who journeyed to the cemetery to honor the memory of their comrades who had died in their country's cause, or who, having survived the struggles of 1861 and 1898, had passed since into the great un-

The local arrangements were in charge of the Department of the Potomac and included a parade of all the Grand Army of the Republic and other patriotic organizations, the decoration of monuments and graves and addresses by men prominent in the

affairs of the government. After the invocation and the rendition of several numbers by the band and choir, Mr. E. B. Hay read Lincoln's Gettysburg address. President Roosevelt followed, and as he arose he was again greeted with cheers and the plaudits of the immense audience, which stretched far outside the limits of the amphitheater. His remarks were given the closest attention and he was frequently interrupt-

ROOSEVELT TO COME WEST.

Contemplates Fall Trip to Northwest and Southwest.

WASHINGTON, May 31.-President Roosevelt has undertaken to make two trips through the western country next fall. One will be in the southwest and the other in the northwest. The will be made in redemption of promises more or less specific made by the president last win-

About the last of September the president will go to Springfield, Ill., and to Detroit, Mich., stopping enroute at some other points not yet determined upon.

In the latter part of October he will go as far into the southwest as San If New England wants free hides | Antonio. He has been strongly urgof the state, and it is possible that he may avail of this opportunity to accept the invitation, for he must visit New Orleans, which is near by, on this trip.

Eastern Potentates Witness Parade. BERLIN, May 31.—The annual spring parade of the garrisons of the "If the Louisiana sugar crowd Berlin military district was held yesterday. The weather was superb. The shah of Persia was present in an open carriage drawn by four herses and the crown prince of Siam, Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh, attended on pliment by standing.