

# TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.



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BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

She hesitated a moment; her glance fell upon the corner of a letter projecting from the pocket of his torn and dusty uniform; that might give her his address; she leaned forward and took it gently out. The address was, "William Cavendish, Esquire; The Admiralty, Whitehall;" the seal was unbroken. The truth broke in on her instantly; she called to the coachman and the carriage stopped.

"Home!" she cried, imperatively; the horses were wheeled round. "Drive fast!" she added, and they quickened their pace.

In a few minutes they stopped in front of No. 23 Bedford square. Dick opened his eyes.

"Are you there?" he asked; "I have a letter."

"Yes," she said, gently, "I know; it shall be delivered at once; but now you must come in with me."

He obeyed, moving slowly and with pain; she did not offer him help from herself or her servants, for which he was dimly grateful. In the hall stood the colonel, bland as ever, and looking as if he saw nothing unusual in Dick's appearance or costume. Camilla hastily explained the case. Dick, standing by silently while, giving his whole attention to controlling any expression of the pain in his head, which was becoming more and more severe.

"Perhaps," said the colonel, "Capt. Estcourt will do me the honor of making use of my room in which to rest from the fatigue of his gallant struggle against superior numbers?"

Dick followed him upstairs, but stopped short at the top of the first flight.

"I have a letter to deliver," he repeated in a tone of helpless obstinacy; "it will be too late."

"If you will intrust it to me," replied the colonel, "I will send it directly; the carriage is still at the door."

They reached a room upon the floor above, where M. de Montaut left his valet in charge of a valet and returned downstairs with the letter in his hand. At the drawing-room door he found Camilla waiting for him.

"You would be doing me a favor," she said, "by taking that letter yourself to its address."

He looked at her as if he were about to ask a question, but apparently changed his mind, and bowed instead.

"Your wish is in itself a reason more than sufficient," he said, as though half an answer to his own thought; and he stepped into the carriage with something like a crafty smile upon his handsome face.

A quarter of an hour after his departure Dick made his appearance in the drawing-room, where he found Camilla alone. At first she was surprised and pleased to see him looking so little the worse for his injuries; but she soon perceived by the nervous excitement of his manner and the brightness of his eyes that he was by no means out of the wood yet. He expressed his gratitude for her timely rescue, and his admiration of the skill and courage with which she had brought under control so excited and disorderly a crowd. She laughed, and put the matter lightly on one side.

"It is my brother-in-law come back," she said, in a tone of perfectly counterfeited unconcern.

Dick looked fixedly at her; in his eyes were dumb reproach and the sadness of an unspoken farewell; about his mouth gathered the lines of resolution, and, for a moment, the curve of bitterness.

She flushed, and all her manner changed instantly. "Don't misunderstand me," she cried impulsively. "I know what you have done, and loyalty can never fall of sympathy from me!"

The colonel's step was heard ascending the stairs; she heard Dick stiffen himself to bear the news of his unenviable fortune, and felt, with a quick sense of surprise at her own weakness, that she was too much interested to stay and see him face the ordeal. She made some incoherent excuse and as the door opened she passed the colonel hurriedly and ran toward her own room breathless and confused. But she was stayed in mid-course by a cry from M. de Montaut and the sound of a bell ringing violently downstairs. She turned half round; the colonel came out on to the stairs.

"I regret to say," he began, with exasperating politeness and deliberation, "that disappointment at the news of which I was the unwilling bearer has prostrated our gallant friend with an attack of fever. What professional assistance," he continued, with a half smile, "one may doubt whether my horse has this time favored the better man."

She looked as if two might doubt that, but answered nothing, and the colonel returned to his patient.

might be managed, but it is a risk, and if you could, without too much inconvenience keep him for a couple of nights at any rate."

"Oh!" cried the colonel, interrupting, "do not think twice about it; convenience is nothing in a case of urgency, and Capt. Estcourt is a valued friend of mine."

The surgeon looked relieved, and went away promising to return the same evening.

Camilla for herself approved the arrangement made by her brother-in-law, but she was at the same time surprised at it. He had not only spoken of Dick, with whom he was in no way intimate, as "a valued friend"—that was, perhaps, only a piece of his habitual politeness—but he had also readily entered into a plan which did in fact involve a considerable inconvenience, and this was by no means so usual a thing for him. At least, he always had a personal motive for such acts, and she was at a loss to see an adequate one here; for the difficulty which he had thus brought upon himself was no slight one. The patient had been taken from the drawing-room into a spare-room adjoining it on the same floor, and separated from it only by a partition wall of slight construction, through which the sound of conversation was by no means inaudible. Now, it happened by ill fortune that on this very evening matters were to be spoken of in that drawing-room which must not be overheard by any living ear. The meeting was one which could not be postponed, and no other room in the house was suitable for it, for it was to be in appearance a merely social gathering. And all this the colonel knew as well as she did.

As they sat at dinner she alluded to the question while the servants were absent from the room.

"Yes," replied M. de Montaut, "it is unfortunate, but it would be inhuman to move our poor friend; his safety may depend on his remaining quiet."

"On his remaining quiet!" said Camilla. "Our safety will certainly depend on that, if he does overhear us."

"Eh bien, then we will remain quiet."

"It will be his duty to inform against us," she replied.

"As an officer, true," said her companion, coolly; "but on this occasion the gallant captain will not fulfill that duty, for he has another more imperative."

She looked at him in doubt.

"The duty, I mean, of a loyal chevalier."

"I know him better!" was the exclamation on her lips, but she checked it, and hesitated for an answer.

"In reality," he said, "we need fear no such complication. I have just recollected that the doctor said he intended to give his patient a composing draught at an early hour this evening, so he will hear no treason after all."

"You are sure?" she asked; "sure, I mean, that he will give it, and that it will be effectual?"

"I will see to it myself, if you wish," he replied; "but I am surprised to find you so apprehensive for our security. You used to think no risk too great to run for the good cause."

"In that," she said, hotly, "I shall never change; it is not that I am lukewarm, as you will see tonight!"

He bowed, and rose from the table to open the door for her. Before they had been in the drawing-room half an hour the surgeon returned. He brought with him the sleeping draught.

"That is a good idea of yours," said Camilla, as he produced it.

"To Colonel de Montaut belongs the credit of suggesting it," was the reply.

"Really?" she said; "I should not have suspected that."

The colonel looked a little confused.

Within five minutes of the doctor's departure the bell rang twice in rapid succession, and three gentlemen were ushered into the drawing-room, where Madame de Montaut was waiting to receive them. A conversation on the most general subjects at once began, but there was an air of expectation in the manner of all, and when the colonel entered every one turned to him as though with an unspoken inquiry.

He greeted the two newcomers, and turned to Madame de Montaut. "I think we may begin now," he said.

She looked at him and raised her eyebrows interrogatively. He nodded to signify that Dick was fast asleep, and sat down at a small table, laying a bundle of papers upon it.

"My friends," he said, "I have summoned you to-night to propose a fresh attempt."

He looked at the faces around him and observed that Camilla was similarly occupied. His hearers showed by their looks that they perfectly understood his meaning, but were either reserved or unenthusiastic in the matter.

"M. Carnac," he continued, with grave politeness, bowing to the elderly gentleman who sat nearest to him, "it is from you that we have learned to expect a critical judgment. Are you not of opinion that the time has come for renewed activity?"

"It has come again and again," replied the person addressed, "but always without result."

"No doubt," said the colonel; "but that has been solely due to a want of forethought and energy, which must not occur again."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed a short gentleman, with a beard, who was evidently an Englishman; "there have been good enough plans laid, but no one fit to be trusted with their execution."

The third of the visitors turned upon the speaker.

"You will pardon me," he said, with some acrimony, "if I differ entirely; it is, in my opinion, the stay-at-homes who are to blame, in devising impossible methods of which they take the credit and others the danger!"

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, in a soothing tone, "you are both right, but you both speak only according to your own experience. You, Mr. Holmes, derived success, but your subordinates failed you. You, M. le Comte, followed

your instructions with a courage and loyalty which would have secured a triumph if your directors had not made a cruel mistake in their calculations. These two fatal forms of error must be avoided. We must think and act with equal certainty, and all will be well."

Mr. Holmes shook his head in sullen silence. The Comte de Rabodanges exclaimed, fiercely, "It is too much to expect; the cat does not offer her paw a second time!"

During this altercation Camilla had sat silent, but with growing impatience; her eyes flashed and her cheeks were fiery-red. The colonel, always ready to turn the force of others to account for his own purpose, hastened to give the final impulse to her pent-up indignation. He looked at her, and raised his shoulders and eyebrows in a gesture of resignation.

"You!" she cried; "you too despair at the eleventh hour? What do these doubts and recriminations mean? Do none of you any more remember the greatness of the cause you serve? Have you begun to forget the emperor?"

As the lightning of this word flashed upon them her hearers started violently.

"Ah!" she went on, with quickening breath, "there is magic in the name! It is perhaps because he is called of late so seldom that it has ceased of late to stir you; let us be bolder in speech and braver in action!"

"Madame," replied M. Carnac, deprecatingly, and with a bow of genuine admiration, "your enthusiasm is heroic, but it is not prudent; the boldness that you preach is likely to bring discomfiture upon us all."

"Discomfiture!" she cried with ringing scorn. "What, then, does the timidity you practice bring upon the emperor? Are we to preserve our own freedom at the price of his captivity, and amid the luxury of a great capital to shut our eyes to the misery of his exile on a lonely rock unfit for human habitation?" There was an awkward silence. After a moment's pause she went on again in a more pleading tone.

"Let us for an instant look back," she said earnestly, "upon the splendor of his past career, and then consider to what the rancor of his enemies has brought him. The man of action, for whose deeds Europe was not wide enough, confined within a circuit of a dozen miles! The man of genius refused even the companionship of his best-loved books! The commander of armies with but a pair of lackeys at his call; the maker and deceiver of kings; denied his royal title! Do you not know that his house is but a moldering jail, and his allowance a prisoner's pittance? Himself the most magnificently generous of men, he has been driven by sorrows necessary to melt his pride; he suffers in health, he is in danger. He—just heaven!—from the inspiration of whose life we drew the spirit that animates our own!"

"Well spoken!" cried the colonel, skillfully following up the advantage she had gained for him; "well spoken! And all that we then had shall soon be ours again; is it not worth one more effort my friends?"

"It is, indeed," murmured M. Carnac, with a sigh. The Comte de Rabodanges grumbled, "If only it were the last." Mr. Holmes settled himself in his chair. "Well," he said, bluntly, "let's hear your plan, if you've got one."

The colonel untied his bundle of papers and spread them out upon the table in front of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## ACCIDENTALLY HANGED.

A Philadelphia Child Meets with a Curious Mishap—Strangled by Her Clothes.

Hanging from a hole in the wicker coach in which she had been sleeping, Mrs. Jeremiah J. Buck yesterday evening found her 15-month-old daughter, Jessie, dead, but with the warmth of life still lingering in her tiny body, says the Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Buck lives with her husband at No. 2864 Tioga street, and it was when her husband had returned from his work that the mother went to awaken the child and discovered the accident. Her screams quickly brought assistance, and an investigation disclosed the fact that the baby's death was the result of one of the most peculiar accidents on record. The little one had been placed in the old coach during the afternoon to take a nap. The coach was in the second story front room, and for some time had been the baby's sleeping place. It was about six o'clock when Mr. Buck returned home from his work and asked for Jessie. Mrs. Buck completed her preparations for supper and went upstairs to waken the child. To her surprise the coach seemed empty, and she called Jessie, thinking she had gone to hide, as she had done before. Receiving no reply she looked closer, and in the dim light saw what seemed to be a bundle protruding from a hole in the wickerwork at one end of the coach. The now frightened mother hastily procured a light and to her terror found that what she supposed was a bundle was the naked body of her baby girl, hanging by her arm pits. Her clothing, bunched up about her head, had evidently smothered her, while preventing the entire body from slipping through the hole. The child had probably been restless in her sleep and had gradually worked her body through the broken wickerwork until stopped by the clothing. The little one's arms were stretched above her head and she had evidently been prevented from making an outcry that could be heard. Snatching the still warm body in her arms Mrs. Buck ran screaming down stairs. Neighbors sent for Dr. Schwartz, and the little one's body was bathed in mustard water. Artificial respiration was also tried, but all efforts were useless. The child was dead. Jessie was a very pretty, golden-haired girl, the pet of the neighborhood, and her tragic death created quite a sensation.

It was "Elevator Knee."

A woman who made her initial attempt recently to ride a wheel was discouraged to find that her knees seemed stiff and very quickly tired of the effort to work the pedals. Speaking to her physician about it, he told her she was undoubtedly affected with what is known as "elevator knee." This is a hitherto unknown malady to her, but it has been referred to before in public prints, and is a recognized affection not uncommon with those whose life is a "lift" apartment house almost does away with the use of those knee muscles exercised in going up and down stairs.

## GRAND OLD PARTY.

THE PROTECTIVE IDEA IS THE SOUND ONE.

If We Purchase Low-Priced Foreign Goods of Course Our Gold Will Continue to Flow Outward—Some Selections.



The Bounty Monopolists.

Representatives of the Atlantic coast shipping interests met in Philadelphia July 3, to take action toward "securing equitable protection, through national legislation, for agriculture and shipping." Among the resolutions passed was the following:

"Resolved, That since neither of the two great unprotected industries can derive any benefit from a tariff on imports, we call upon Congress to equalize the protection system by extending to agricultural staples and American shipping in the foreign trade that just measure of protection to which they are entitled, as long as protection is the controlling and public policy of this nation, and that this be done by an export bounty on the staples of agriculture and to American shipping in the foreign trade, either by a bounty on tonnage or a differential duty which shall discriminate in favor of American and against foreign ships, all to the end that a restoration may be brought about of our merchant marine and that the independent land-owning farmers of the nation may not be driven into bankruptcy and ruin by the competition of the cheap land and labor countries of the world."

This resolution is incorrect. Both the agricultural and shipping industries can derive benefit from a tariff on imports. It was by a tariff on imports, a discriminating tariff, that the American shipping interests were once so prosperous. By a similar tariff on imports, a discriminating tariff, American shipping can again be restored. And we are heartily in favor of the renewal of this policy, which is so simple and thoroughly effective.

To say that the agricultural industries of the country derive no benefit from a tariff on imports is equally untrue. What has been the experience of farmers who grow wool or hops for instance? The necessity for a protective tariff on foreign farm products will become more and more apparent with each coming year as the farm supplies of India, Austria, South America and Russia increase in quantity and seek markets for their surplus.

We believe in giving both to agriculture and to shipping "that just measure of protection to which they are entitled," but we do not believe in doing so to the exclusion of the products of our forests, our mines or our factories, all of which were totally ignored by the shipping and agricultural representatives at Philadelphia.

Our farm products are the finest in the world, as are the products of our shipyards, the manufacturers of our shipbuilders. Mr. Charles H. Cramp, the great ship manufacturer of Philadelphia, does not believe it would be a good thing if the United States were a manufacturing country alone. We quite agree with Mr. Cramp and we are glad that we are able to produce almost every article of consumption that is a necessity and a comfort to our daily life.

As Mr. Cramp well knows, we can build in this country steamships second to none in the world. It is equally true of our sailing vessels. The idea that we cannot build iron vessels is rubbish. We have the iron and we have the steel in abundance and of the best quality. It was not so much the superiority of the iron and steel vessels that caused the English shipyards to give up building wooden vessels as it was their inability to secure an abundant supply of the proper kind of timber needed in shipbuilding at as low a cost as they could procure the iron and steel. The English shipbuilders were looking for cheapness in construction. That was the general reason why they abandoned wooden ships and gave the preference to those built of iron and steel. Without protection to our iron and steel interests Mr. Cramp would not today be able to manufacture the splendid specimens of naval architecture of which his shipping yards are capable.—American Economist.

prayed that the duty on foreign manufactured silks might be at once abolished. They complained in their memorial that their trade was in a depressed condition and their workpeople not fully employed; regrettable facts which they ascribed to the limited nature of the foreign demand for their goods, "and that this limitation is attributable to the protective duty imposed on foreign silks imported into this country, the effect of such duty being to create an impression in the markets of the world that England is unable to compete with the Continental manufacturer in the production of silk goods, and thus to throw the export trade almost entirely into the hands of their French and Swiss competitors."

The frogs were hotly impatient to be ruled by King Stork. The twenty-seven Manchester manufacturers were no less impatient for their doom. They begged in the same memorial that the duty might "be not partially and gradually but totally and immediately repealed, and thus to proclaim to the world that the Manchester silk manufacturer denounced the so-called protection and every aid a government can give; that he is prepared to depend solely on his own merits, and that he avows himself capable of taking a higher position in the race of competition, unfettered by protection, than he has hitherto attained under its fostering care."

Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat. This memorial was presented in 1852; the duty was totally repealed in 1860, and one of the most remarkable results was that every one of twenty-seven firms was extinguished, not one being left to tell the horrid tale or to draw a parallel between the fate of the malcontent manufacturers and that of the fretful frogs.—The American Silk Journal.

The Tariff on Barley.

In 1832 a duty of 15 per cent ad valorem was placed upon foreign barley, and it was fixed at 20 cents a bushel in 1842. It was subsequently lowered to 10 cents, but advanced to 30 cents in 1890, and the result was that our imports of barley fell off from 10,000,000 bushels to less than 2,000,000 bushels. The 30 per cent rate given barley in 1894 is only 14 cents specific. The production of barley in the United States increased nearly 118 per cent in the past twenty years, from 32,000,000 bushels in 1873 to 69,869,000 bushels in 1893.

The result has clearly proven that our protective policy in favor of this important agricultural product was wise in the interests of the farmers who were annually increasing the domestic output. By increasing the duty on barley in 1890 we lost only about half a million of revenue, in return for which our farmers increased their products 15,000,000 bushels over the average for eight years. This increase in one year was worth at least \$6,200,000, making the loss of revenue of trifling comparative importance.

The tendency was to draw farmers away from wheat and corn, just as the raising of beets for sugar would draw them away from cotton in Kentucky, Georgia, North and South Carolina and Alabama. The gain in domestic barley product, since the extra encouragement given it in 1890, ought to have guarded it. Was the duty lowered in 1894 in the interest of Russian and Canadian producers? It certainly was a piece of legislation that the farmers cannot regard with favor.

This subject was of concern to those who framed our first tariff law in 1789. At that time, when the subject of placing a proper rate of duty on ale, beer and porter was under consideration, Mr. Fitzsimmons thought the manufacture of those liquors "highly deserving of encouragement," as calculated to improve the morals of the people as fostering home manufacture. Mr. Lawrence favored a duty on them high enough to give a decided preference to American beer, as it "would tend to encourage agriculture, because the malt and hops consumed in their manufacture were the produce of our own soil."

Mr. Sinnickson favored a protective duty in order to increase the manufacture and lessen the price, and inasmuch as the raw material was produced in this country, the agricultural interests would be advanced. Mr. Madison moved a duty of 8 cents on beer. He did not think this would give a monopoly, but hoped it would be such encouragement as to induce the manufacture to take deep root in this country. In which case it would produce the collateral good (agriculture) hinted at by Mr. Sinnickson—the increase of barley and hops. Not a word was said about revenue from agricultural products. That was never a consideration with the true democracy.—American Economist.

Mrs. Brice gave a garden party at Newport Wednesday in which there were trick dogs, a hypnotist, acrobats, and fortune tellers. Mrs. Brice may have furnished excellent entertainment for her guests, but it was not to be compared to the garden party given by Senator Brice at Springfield, Ohio, the same day. The senator seems to have played the part of Svengali himself at the Ohio convention and the silver men were the fortune tellers predicting defeat November. There were many democratic acrobats present to turn double somersaults.—Inter Ocean.

The coincidence of the starting up of all the English cotton and woolen manufacturing upon the passage of the Gorman-Wilson tariff bill is hard for the democracy to explain to the satisfaction of American workingmen.—Salt Lake Tribune.

The country may be in debt to Mr. Cleveland, but it also owes a great deal more of a national debt through its misguided infatuation for the same gentleman.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

## WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Mrs. George Lewis of Boston thinks she is the youngest grandmother in America. Her age is 32 years.

John Oliver Hobbs (Mrs. Cragie) has been elected president of the society of woman journalists of London.

Sarah Bernhardt is to begin her first tour of Germany next fall at the expiration of her American engagement.

Miss E. Thornton Clark, the sculptor, is said to be fond of pets of all sorts, and her prime favorite is a mouse.

Three persons were recently saved from drowning at Hythe, England, by the courage and skill of Miss Evans, a girl of 21.

Mrs. Bertha Welch, of San Francisco, has given more than \$150,000 in the last four years to St. Ignatius' church of that city.

Miss Alice French ("Octave Thane") is a Yankee by birth (partly of Virginia lineage), an Iowan by adoption and a southerner by choice.

An American woman is about to make a tour of the mikado's realm on a bicycle. She will publish a book called "Unpunctured Tires in Japan."

Miss Douglas, the champion amateur marksman of England, recently scored fifty-seven bull's-eyes in succession with a revolver at twenty yards' range.

A bust of Charles Sumner, made by the colored woman sculptor, Elmondia Lewis, will be one of the attractive exhibits of the negro building at the Atlanta exposition.

It is expected that Lady Betty, wife of Chief Secretary Balfour, will do her best to make his Irish administration popular. She is a woman of great talent and social tact.

Lady Haberton, inventor of the divided skirt, is said to have a new fad. She contends that female servants should wear knickerbockers, as such costume facilitates movements.

Mrs. Frank Weldon, wife of Frank Weldon of the Atlanta Constitution, is in correspondence with the Princess Nazle, of Cairo, Egypt, in reference to exhibits at the cotton fair next fall.

Aluminum heel tips are coming in vogue.

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