

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.



BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

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CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

He made a sign to Johnstone, who took Dick in his arms and swung him lightly down the companion-hatch like a bundle of hammocks. In two minutes he was in his old seat at the end of the table in the saloon, with his ankles fast to the chair, which in its turn was screwed into the floor. For a long time he did not move. He had little hope left now, but he steeled himself to wait with patience, if any unforeseen chance might yet give him his opportunity. The sunset glow was heard from the shore; it grew rapidly dark. Johnstone entered to light the lamp; in his hand was a heavy iron capstan bar.

He laid it down upon the table, with the letter beside it.

"There's your choice," he said.

"All right!" said Dick, stoutly. "I'm ready but you'll all go, too, my man; you're just without me."

Johnstone laughed brutally.

"Don't you flatter yourself," he said. "Dead or alive, you'll do our business for us."

Dick was silent.

"Look you here," said the other, "this is the way of it, and if you don't understand it now, you'll never have the chance again. The brig's standing in sight for Jamestown; she's not three miles off at this moment; and the flag-ship's lying ready for her just outside the harbor. If you put your name to that paper you're a free man this minute. You'll stand in with the rest of us as prize-money, and the less, that's worth it all, she's yours into the bargain. But if you're fool enough to be obstinate—there's the colonel upon deck there watching; when the guard-boat comes, he gives me a last signal—one-two—and before three's out your neck's broke, and you lying quiet in the hold. Bad accident, gentlemen! An old friend of Sir Puffeney's, too; and just had a letter written to him asking leave to anchor; on his way to sign it when he fell. P'haps the admiral would let us bury him ashore tomorrow? So either way we stand to win easy, d'ye see?"

He did indeed see, and that with a supreme anguish of bitterness. Not even by death was he to thwart them, or clear his own name from dishonor. But his conscience was without reproach, and Camilla knew the truth; of these two thoughts he anchored himself to meet the fury of his last storm.

The moments fled. The colonel called down the hatchway that the boat had left the flag-ship. Camilla heard him shout, and fell upon her knees beside a porthole, gasping for air.

A second time that inexorable calm voice came down to the deck below. Johnstone took the iron bar in his hand. The boat came alongside, and an officer's voice shouted close to Camilla's fainting head: "Brig shoy! Throw us a rope there!"

Dimly, as one in a dream of horror, she heard the colonel's answer.

"You needn't trouble to come on board," he called down in his smoothest tones. "This is the Speedwell, Captain Estcourt. He is an old friend of Admiral Malcolm and is just writing to him for leave to anchor. Johnstone!" he shouted, louder still, "ask the captain if his letter's ready."

"Do you hear?" said Johnstone, balancing the bar in both his hands. "There's the last signal. Now then—one—"

The clear voice of the officer outside rang through the ship and drowned his words.

"Estcourt!" he cried. "Pass in, pass in! The Emperor's dead!"

CHAPTER XV.

SILENCE followed the words, that seemed as if it would last forever. It was as though that cry had stunned at one blow all on board the brig.

At last the iron bar fell clanging from Johnstone's hands upon the floor of the saloon, and Dick sprang up, struggling fiercely in his fetters.

"Camilla! Camilla!" he shouted. She heard his voice and awoke to life again, trembling in every limb.

"Oh, with these things!" he thundered. And Johnstone unlocked the irons without a word.

Dick took them in his hand and ran up the hatchway. The lieutenant from the flag-ship was in the act of springing on board. "Where is Captain Estcourt?" he cried. "Are you all asleep here?"

The colonel glided before him, and bowed his head to speak to Dick.

"We are all in your hands," he said, hastily. "Camilla, too, remember, among others."

He returned Dick, triumphantly, "I've got a lot of evidence against her, or swing at the yard-arm within half an hour. Stand by the bulwark, there!" He pushed him back from the hatchway.

The lieutenant came up as he spoke. "Estcourt," he asked, "have you forgotten anything?"

"No, no," said Dick. "And I never shall, though I live to be a thousand years old."

"Well, said," laughed the other. "But why am I so desperately in demand?"

"Why, you're in the nick of time. I was short-handed till you came, and I've a pair of mutineers on board."

"Eh?" said Dick. "And he called over the side: 'Send three men aboard there, with outlasses.'"

The colonel made a rush for the main hatch, calling to Johnstone for help. Dick caught him in time, and handed him over to the men from the flag-ship, giving them the irons at the same time.

"Are they for this fellow?" asked Wilmore.

"Oh!" said Dick, contemptuously. "As far as fighting goes no one need be afraid of him; but he's a wretch without a rag of honor, and his tongue would twist anything less stiff than steel."

The irons were on in a moment; the colonel seemed to find them cold, for he shivered pitifully.

"Now for the other one!" said the lieutenant.

As he spoke, Johnstone came on deck by the forward ladder, and stood there at a little distance from the group, peering about him in the lantern-light to see the position of affairs.

Dick went up to him. "Here he is!" he cried. "Johnstone, you're my prisoner!"

Johnstone's right hand went swiftly to his pocket, but before he could grasp his pistol Dick's fist shot home between his eyes, and he fell like a log, disappearing backward down the open hatchway.

Two of the men-of-war's men ran down, and found him motionless at the bottom of the ladder; they brought him on deck, and got a rope to secure him when he should come round.

But he never moved again; the fall broken his neck.

"Well," said Dick, when they told him, "that seems only just; he was the better of two bad men, and his punishment is the soonest over. As for the other," he continued, turning to Wilmore, "a quick death's too good for him, and no prison would hold him long."

He reflected a moment, and then turned to the captive and his guards. "Bring him below," he said, and led the way to the saloon.

In Dick's own seat they placed the colonel, with Dick's own irons upon him, and in his hand they made him take the pen with which he had commanded Dick to sign away his honor.

"Now, if you will please leave us alone together," said Dick to the others, "I dare say I shall soon have done with him."

They went out wondering, and he turned to the prisoner.

"Write the date," he said, shortly; "and now go on as I dictate to you: 'I hereby acknowledge and confess that I conspired with one Herman Johnstone, since deceased, to effect the escape of the Emperor Napoleon from the Island of St. Helena on the 5th of May, 1821, and to levy war against the king of France and the peace of Europe; that for this purpose I bribed the said Herman Johnstone, and the crew of the brig Speedwell, four of whom I knew to be French subjects; and by fraud and forgery induced my captain-in-law, Madame de Montaut, and Sister Richard Estcourt to accompany me, in complete ignorance of the object of our voyage.'"

The colonel stopped. "But that is not the truth," he objected.

"Truth!" said Dick, scornfully; "what is truth to you? Write as I tell you, every word! And wait before you sign," he added; "we want a witness whom your slanders can not touch. Wilmore!" he called, and the lieutenant entered.

The signing and witnessing done, Dick folded the paper and laid it again before the colonel.

"Address it," he said, "to the Minister of Justice at Paris."

The colonel started and drew back.

"Deal gently with me," he said, in a low voice; "courage and mercy should go together."

"Courage and mercy," replied Dick, "are no concern of yours; your province is obedience, and, if you can manage it, a little decent shame."

The address was written.

"And now," said Dick, "after writing that letter, you will, I think, see that it would never suit your health to live in England or France again. To keep you, however, from all temptation of such risks for the present, I propose to ask Lieutenant Wilmore here if he will be so good as to put you ashore at Jamestown. You have, I believe, some friends on the island who will condole with you on the failure of your enterprise."

"Shall I take him at once?" asked Wilmore.

The colonel was in despair.

"An exile and a beggar! Death would be preferable!" he exclaimed, with a gesture which was a really fine piece of acting, and went to Wilmore's heart.

But Dick knew his man better.

"All right," he said, gravely; "you have your choice."

And he took the iron bar from the floor where Johnstone had left it, and raised it above the colonel's head.

The actor's collapse was swift and lamentable.

"Hold him!" he cried to Wilmore; "for God's sake hold him. He is capable of anything."

"I begin to think so," said Dick, lowering his weapon, "since I have learned to outwit you."

"Well, then," said Wilmore, holding out his hand to Dick, "good-by until tomorrow."

"Yes," said Dick, "I'll thank you then. Good-by."

The colonel was taken on deck again, and lowered into the boat.

As they left the ship's side, he saw, or thought he saw, a white figure leaning over the bulwarks.

"Camilla!" he cried. "Is that you, Camilla?"

But there was no reply. The boat shot forward, and the Speedwell vanished from him into the darkness.

Dick turned to look for Camilla; she was gone, and he would not follow her now, for he remembered what the Emperor's death must mean to her.

The brig was moving slowly in toward the harbor, guided by the lights aboard the flag-ship. An hour afterward she dropped her anchor for the night and swung round to the wind.

Dick turned in early, but he could not sleep; there was still thunder in the air, a remnant of last night's storm, and his mind went whirling incessantly through the tangled history of the last few months.

A little before dawn he went on deck; it was less stifling in the open air, and stars were shining here and there between drifting clouds.

He sat down against the bulwark, and looked up at them, listening to the faint lapping of the water under the ship's sides.

Little by little the night lifted, and daylight began to broaden over the sky. The stars grew pale, and died out one by one; a marvelous color, mingled of faintest blue and delicate red opal, flushed in the height of heaven and burned slowly into deep crimson on the horizon to the east.

A light wind blew cool upon his face: his eyelids drooped, and slumber took him unawares.

When he opened his eyes again, Camilla was kneeling on one knee before him, transfigured by a golden light that shone from behind her through and through the glory of her hair.

A strange sense of new life filled him with bewildering prescience of joy.

"Where are we?" he asked, not venturing to move, lest he should break the spell.

She bent yet lower over him.

"We are in harbor," she said; "and look! the sun has risen."

THE END.

AN INDIAN BOY'S PONY.

An Account of His First Attempt to Ride it at a Buffalo Hunt.

Thus led by those dedicated to religious service, the tribe leaves its village, the people by families dropping into line—men, well-mounted, bearing their weapons ready for use; women, in gala dress, riding their decorated ponies, older ones leading the pack-horses; little children in twos and threes upon the backs of steady old nags, or snugly stowed away in the swinging pouch between the tent-poles; and the dogs trotting complacently everywhere. Here and there along the line of the cavalcade is a lad being initiated into individual responsibility. He has been upon the hunt before, as one of the family, but this is the first step toward going independently unceremoniously for his kill. The father has lassoed a wild horse, saddled and bridled him, and now bids his son mount the animal. The boy hangs back; the colt is a fiery creature and already restless under restraint. The father tells his son that the horse shall be his own when he has conquered it, but the lad does not move. The lookers-on are smiling, and the cavalcade does not wait. "Get up," says the father. The boy slowly advances, and the colt quickly recedes but the boy, grasping his mane, swings himself into the saddle. The father lets go, and so does the colt—rears, jumps, wriggles, humps his back like an infuriated cat, stands on his fore-legs and kicks at his own tail, paws the air and stamps the earth, but the boy clings to him until with a sudden jerk the saddle-girth is broken, and he is landed over the head of the excited creature, which runs for dear life and liberty. Brought back, protesting with twists and shakes of the head, he is again mounted, and again frees himself. After two or three repetitions of this sort of thing, the boy becomes angry, and the mother grows anxious. She runs to her son as he is scrambling up from the ground, feels him all over, and moves his legs and arms to see if he is hurt. He is impatient at the delay; he is going to master that pony now or die for it. This time he stays on. In vain the animal lashes himself into foam and fury; the boy sticks to him like the shirt of Nessus, and the father at last leads the indivisible pair between the tent-poles which trail behind a sophisticated family horse, and there, fenced in, they journey all day, trying to get used to each other. The pony does not see his way out of the poles, and is forced to keep up with the procession.

THE CHINESE DOCTOR.

He Killed the Snake in the Patient's Body with a Pin.

"When I was acting American consul at Amoy, China," said Dr. W. E. Fales, "one of my employes fell sick with a severe attack of rheumatism. He stood the pain bravely for three days, refusing all 'foreign devil medicine,' and on the fourth sent for a native physician. The latter duly arrived and began preparations for treatment of the malady, which he announced to be due to the presence of a 'darting snake' in the sufferer's body. Incense sticks were lighted and placed just outside the door, and also in the room. A pack of fire-crackers was set of and a talismanic paper pasted to the wall. This was done to drive away evil spirits and attract good ones. The doctor next wrote a lot of characters on a thick piece of paper with a vermilion pencil and set fire to it. It burned into a black ash, which was broken into a cup of water and drunk by the patient. A great bowl of herb tea was made, of which a cup an hour was the allotted dose. The son of Esculapian next bared the body of my servant and drove deep into it at nine points a long needle moistened with peppermint. He did it with such skill in avoiding large blood vessels that the hemorrhage was insignificant. He then covered each acupuncture with a brownish paste, and this, in turn, with a piece of dark paper. He then collected his fee, 50 cents, and departed. The sufferer soon fell into a sleep, and the next day announced that his pains had departed. He remained in his bunk two more days, laughing, chatting, smoking cigarettes, and once or twice using the opium pipe, and then reported as being well. He left the paste and paper in place until they fell off. The skin was smooth and the scar hardly perceptible. He took his recovery as a matter of course, his only comment being that the darting snake was thoroughly dead."—New York Recorder.

THAT SHODDY TARIFF

HOW THE WORD WAS "SNAKED" FROM OUR RECORDS.

Remarkable Illustration of Our Imports of Rags Under Protection and Free Trade—Foreign Rags to Be Worn on American Boys.



"Anticipating that their bill would flood the country with shoddy they (the Democrats in congress) were careful to 'snake' that odious word entirely out of the new law."

This, from the New York Press, is hardly accurate. The word shoddy does appear in section 279 of the Gorman tariff, where the tariff is reduced to a 20 per cent ad valorem rate from the specific duty of 30 per cent per pound that existed under the McKinley law. This was equivalent to an average

though thoroughly rotten. The increase in these importations during the first year of the new law has been so great as to exceed the entire yield of scoured wool produced in the annual clip of our two largest wool growing states of California and Texas.

But the free traders sometimes object to comparisons being made with 1894, so let us look back to 1893. And as they have "snaked" the word shoddy from their statistics we will accommodate them by using their own terms—rags. Here are the imports of rags for the two fiscal years ending June 30, 1893 and 1895:

Imports of Foreign Rags to be Manufactured Into Clothing for American Men, Women and Children.	Quantity.
Year ending June 30.	Pounds.
1895, Free-Trade.....	14,066,054
1893, Protection.....	35

Increase of Free-Trade Rags, 14,066,019

Under the McKinley tariff the protectionists were not ashamed to call this stuff shoddy. But the free traders shirk shoddy and "snake" the word out of their statistical reports. But what's in a name? There are the facts. Farmers can tell the quantity of rags that are being used in place of their wool. The people can tell the quantity of foreign rags that they must wear on their backs, besides all the shoddy goods that are coming from Yorkshire. And everybody knows the increase in our supply of foreign free trade rags. Senator Hill did well to stigmatize this shoddy tariff as a "rag-bag production."

KILLING A BIRD.

How the Act Affected a Boy with a Toy Gun.

A 10-year-old boy of Newtonville was given a toy gun by his father, who laughingly promised him \$1 for every crow he would shoot, says the Youth's Companion.

Highly elated with his gun and sanguine of earning a small fortune by shooting crows, the young sportsman spent the great part of two days in a field watching for the birds. Not a crow came near him, greatly to his disappointment, and he reported his ill-success to his father, who said, to comfort him:

"Well, never mind the crows. I'll give you half a dollar for any kind of a bird you can shoot."

Early the next morning the boy, gun in hand, took up his position in the back yard to watch for sparrows. A half dozen or more unwary birds soon appeared to pick up the crumbs that he had thrown out to lure them within reach of a shot. At a movement on his part the sparrows rose and the boy fired.

One of the birds was hit and fell to the ground, where it lay for a minute fluttering its wings, and then became motionless. The boy went forward, picked it up and looked at it. The poor little head hung limp—the shot had broken the sparrow's neck. For a moment the boy stood contemplating the dead creature in his hand; then he turned and fled to the house.

"Oh, I've killed it! I've killed it, mamma!" he cried, in a shocked tone. "It can't fly any more!" and all that day his lament was, "Oh, I wish I hadn't done it! I wish I hadn't done it!"

His father, who had not supposed the boy in any danger of hitting a bird, tried to solace him with the half-dollar and suggestions of what might be bought with it.

"No, papa," was his sorrowful answer. "I don't want it. I wish it could make the sparrow alive again. I never thought it would be like that to kill a bird!"

"And," said his father, in concluding the story. "I was more pleased at the tender feeling my boy displayed than I should have been had he become the best shot in the state."

STORY OF "BILL" HERNDON.

How Lincoln's Law Partner Lost His Fortune and Died a Pauper.

Washington Star: I was talking to a lawyer from Springfield, Ill., the other day, and he told me that the grave of "Bill" Herndon was to be appropriately marked with a neat stone, presented by the bar.

The story of Bill Herndon is a pathetic one. He was a law partner of Abraham Lincoln, and did not suffer very greatly when compared with his illustrious associate, so far as legal attainments were concerned. As a result of his practice he acquired a competency, although not a large fortune, and, purchasing a farm, retired from the profession and devoted himself to fancy farming. His attempts at this were ludicrous. There was no crop about which he did not possess some pet theory, which he would argue out to his friends as being the only philosophical way.

While as a rural philosopher he was very able, as a farmer for profit he was so complete a failure that in a few years he was without a dollar. Then he tried to practice law again, but his mind was not what it once was, and he drank to excess. Then the once gifted jurist went to the county almshouse, where he died. Members of the bar gave him a respectable burial, but his grave has been neglected. Now I am informed, his memory will be perpetuated with a suitable tablet, for Herndon did much for the jurisprudence of Illinois, and was so closely associated with Abraham Lincoln for many years that the misfortunes and mistakes of his latter years are obliterated and only his successes remembered.

The Czar's Enormous Army.

The czar has the largest standing army in Europe. Twenty-five years ago the peace establishment of Russia amounted to three-fourths of a million and its war establishment one-half million more. To-day the standing army on a peace footing is one and one-quarter millions and the war footing in Europe—not to mention the Asiatic provinces—is estimated at four millions. The Russian reserve, not estimated as a part of the ordinary war footing, would raise the total to five millions in an emergency. And even this enormous number does not take reckoning of the Asiatic provinces. The Cossacks, an irregular body, give military services in lieu of taxes. Their number about one-quarter million men, and are chiefly cavalry.—Chicago Times-Herald.

He Felt Unmanned.

"It's more'n self-respect kin bear," said Meandering Mike. "I've got er mighty good notion ter quit de business."

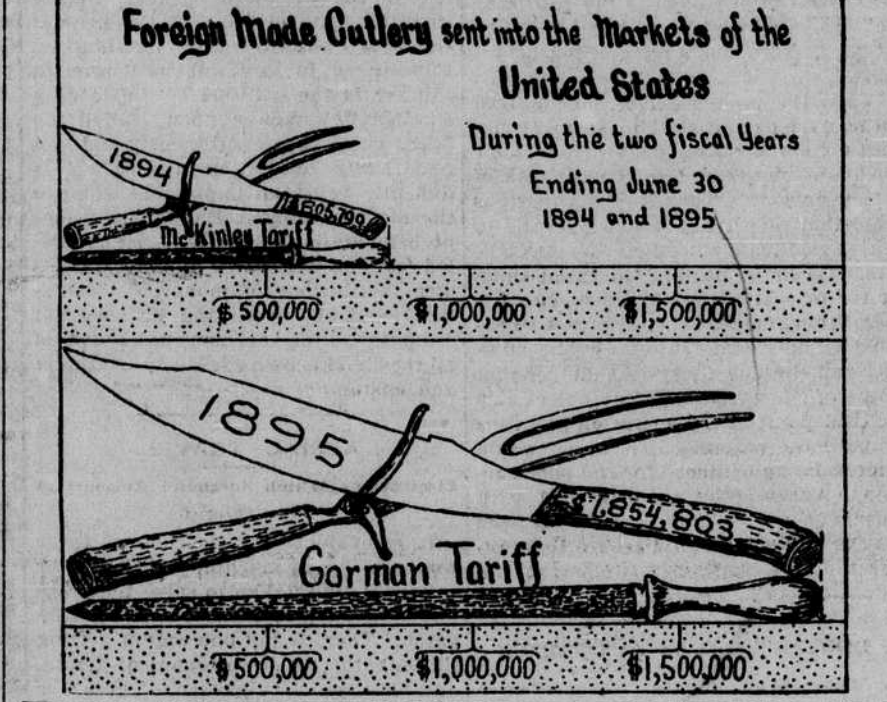
"An' work?"

"Dere's no tellin' what human nature'll do wen it's despr'rit. I feel ez if de las' stor had been piled on de camel's back."

"Hev ye ben refused cold vittles agin?"

"Right erlong. An' de women dat rides bicycles is offerin' me de cast-off clothes."

How Other Markets Capture Us.



ad valorem rate of 52 1/2 per cent, so that the reduction made in the rate of duty by the free traders was 71.43 per cent.

Now as to the "snaking." This has been done by the bureau of statistics of the treasury department. Under the McKinley law all of these adulterants were classified together as shoddy, noils, waste, rags, mungo, flock, etc., etc. For purposes of comparison it is necessary to use the same classification, although under the Gorman law they are returned under different heads—some free and some dutiable. The total showing is a bad one for the free trade tariff law. But we don't intend to al-

A "Vast Boon" Worked Out.

"They (woolen manufacturers) are just beginning to reap the incalculable benefits of free wool and will find in it untold millions, as have the English, who annually export \$100,000,000 worth of woolen manufactures and worsted and woolen yarns. In another decade, if not deprived of this vast boon, they will begin to rival England in such exports."—New York Herald.

Only Mr. James Gordon Bennett's hired assassin of American industries could have conceived this great idea. It is true that the English exported \$100,000,000 worth of woolen goods in 1894. But let us see what they used to export before their free trade system ruined them. Here we have it:

Year.	Value.
1872	£33,493,000
1894	20,011,000

Decrease under Free-Trade. £13,482,000

In a trifle more than two decades, the English free trade policy has reduced the British exports of woolen goods by \$90,000,000 a year. This represents the "untold millions" that the British manufacturers find every year in "the incalculable benefits of free wool."

As Mr. Bennett puts it, "in another decade, if not deprived of this vast boon," they will be exporting only \$45,000,000 worth of woolen goods and will have lost another \$45,000,000 worth of export trade in woolens. Again, "in another decade, if not deprived of this vast boon" of free wool, they will be exporting nothing. By that time, in 1915, should the same "vast boon" of free wool have continued for American manufacturers, "they will begin to rival England in such exports."

Pultizer's Political Economy.

"The decrease in the values of breadstuffs exported between Jan. 1 and Nov. 1 reached \$7,433,000. These figures, however, do not represent decreased exports."—The World, New York.

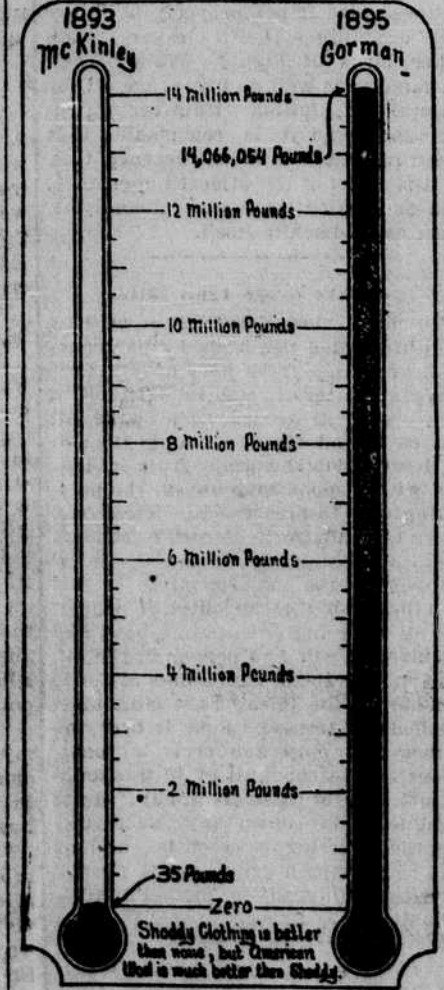
What is the use of telling such a deliberate falsehood, Mr. Pultizer? If a loss of \$7,433,000 in the value of the breadstuffs we have sold be not a loss, what is it? True, the quantity of barley, corn, oats and rye sold was slightly larger this, but it brought less money than the small quantity sold a year ago. Was not that a decrease in money to the seller and to the farmer who produced it? We sold 5,000,000 bushels less wheat and 1,640,000 barrels less flour, but who offered to pay more money for it than a year ago? If you, Mr. Pultizer, sold today 5,000 copies of the World at a net price of \$50, and tomorrow sold 6,000 copies at a net price of only \$40, would not that represent a decrease? Would the larger number compensate for the smaller amount of money? Perhaps you have money to burn and print papers to burn.

Free Wool and Manufacturers.

In the woolen trade of Massachusetts the product value was 75 per cent less in 1894 than in 1892, the output of the woolen mills in 1894 being less even than the output in 1885. In fact, the threat of free trade in wool had the effect of throwing the condition of the woolen manufacturing interest backward one full decade.

SHODDY (Rags, Noils, and Waste)

Produced in Foreign Countries and Marketed in the United States Fiscal Years Ending June 30



low them to escape from the responsibility of having made a law which admits free duty, as in the case of rags, or of such a trifling duty as that upon shoddy.

The fact remains that the imports of all of these wool adulterants have increased in one single year of the new law over 16,000,000 pounds above the imports of the same articles during the whole four years of the McKinley law, and as they were once scoured wool, worked over and over until they had lost the length and strength of fiber and durability of pure new wool, they are still as clear as scoured wool,