A WARRIOR BOLD.

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

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CHAPTER V.

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The Game Grows Warmer. Out of the frying pan into the fire. Charlie had just taken leave of the professor's wife, and had not made two turns from the little parlor ere he ran directly up against the enemy. There stood the professor, glaring

at him like a wild beast. "Will you again deny the truth, villain?" he said, endeavoring to calm

himself lest he lose his voice. Charlie surveyed him with amuse-

ment. "Yes; this time, I confess, it was your charming wife whom I have just left. Do you know that two women, your wife and her cousin, Hildegarde, have played a very neat little game upon you?"

"What? She and Hildegarde-upon me? Pray, with what object?"

"To arouse your jealousy; to make you realize how dear to your heart this same wife is; to take you out of your musty books and induce you to devote a fair part of your time to the woman who has given up her life to you."

The professor seemed stunned. "Man, can this be true?" he gasped.

"As heaven itself. She is in yonder. Go and learn for yourself. You will receive a warm welcome. Forgive as you wish to be forgiven, professor."

"Sir, a thousand pardons. I shall take your kind advice. Our duel, then, is off. Oh, what an ass I have been!" And Charlie quite agreed with him.

"So ends the scene in the drama. Now for another which may not have quite so pleasant a finis," muttered Stuart.

Again he bore down upon the functionary who kept watch and ward over the books. When he had cornered the clerk he made his request known, and a messenger was sent to find the countess and request her presence in a nearby bijou parlor.

Minutes passed. Still no one came to summon him.

Tired of waiting he walked directly to the door of the little parlor and stepped inside.

Involuntarily a groan welled up from his heart. He had entered this room to meet the countess, that charmer of men, who played with ambassadors and princes as though they were pawns upon a chessboard, and now he had found-Arline Brand!

There she stood before him, more beautiful than even his ardent recollection had painted her, a smile of welcome dimpling her cheeks, the azure eyes glowing with pleasure.

Yes, it was Arline Brand. Ye gods! if she and the countess were indeed one, he could readly comprehend how men were ready to give up honor and fortune for the hope of her love and favor.

Almost a minute they stood thus, each evidently busy with a train of

Arline was the first to recover. She dropped the curtains and advanced toward him. "Ah! you have come, Mr. Stuart," she said.

He took her hand and pressed it. Boldness was returning it seemed. "Yes, I promised, you know; and,

though I daresay I have legions of faults, at least my word is as good as my bond. Pray, be seated," offering her a chair.

He was quite himself now, and that meant a wide-awake, ingenious young man, ready to meet and wrestle with difficulties as they arose.

Just opposite to her he sat down. It was, at least, a rare pleasure to be so near her in this confidential mood. The delicate, violet odor that permeated her rustling garments was like a breath of spring, and the magnetism of her presence almost in-

'You have been wondering what astonishing chain of circumstances brought a girl like me into such a miserable place as that underground dungeon?" turning toward the door with a glance that did not escape the eye of Charlie Stuart.

"Well, yes, to some extent; but it was not alone the desire to hear your promised story that brought me here, in spite of warnings from the baron." He watched, but by no telltale pal-

lor or start did she betray the fact that she knew to whom he referred by "the baron."

"What other reason could influence you?" she asked, a little eagerly. "The natural desire to meet you again. That wasn't wrong-you don't

blame me, do you?" "Perhaps I should not-you have already been so good a friend; but if acquaintance with me is to bring disaster or even danger to you, it might

be better if you forgot me." He detected a plaintive little note in this, and his chivalrous spirit was up in arms at once.

"I am not in the habit of deserting any one who is my friend because, perhaps, it may mean trouble or even danger to me to continue my acquaintance."

She seemed deeply affected by his words.

You overwhelm me with kindness, Mr. Stuart."

"Nonsense. The favor is just the other way. It is a rare pleasure for me to serve you.'

"And yet I can hardly refuse, for. Heaven knows, I am in great trouble,

woman he had been forced to marry, he eventually made a bold and successful escape, though his companion gave ua her life in throwing herself in front of a spear that was meant for him.

Arline accepted it all as gospel truth, and would have at the time believed

Munchausen. This was before she knew Captain

and need a friend, if ever a young woman did."

"Compose yourself, I beg; and be-Charlie believed he was about to hear some news of more than ordinary importance. In imagination he Thus a year went by. could picture the remarkable young widow who created such a furore all over Europe. She might resemble Ar-

assume the air of innocence which this young woman carried with her. At the same time he felt impelled to relate the adventure he had experienced with the professor, and even mention

that he had been solemnly warned by the baron. When she heard that Peterhoff be-

line in many ways, but surely such

a charmer of men could not possibly

lieved her to be the celebrated adventuress, she hung her head. Charlie was overcome with confu-

"I have distressed you; and yet I beg you to believe I meant it all kindly. It was a silly thing for Peterhoff to do, but even the shrewdest of men of his stamp make absurd blunders sometimes. His last famous one cost Russia her Czar. Remember, I never for once took any stock in his ridiculous idea. It was all a mistake."

Then the maid looked up. Her eyes were sparkling with real tears, but Charlie's haste to assure her of his positive belief in her innocence of the charge had brought a smile to her face.

"It is dreadful, even to be taken for such a notorious woman, don't you think? But perhaps I should look at it reasonably, and believe the baron has made an excusable blunder. Really, some of the garcons here in the hotel have addressed me as countess, and I have been puzzled to account for it until now, so we must look alike-I a demure little English lassie, and she a clever, designing Russian diplomat."

Charlie nodded, eagerly.

What she said seemed so very reasonable, and she took it much better than he expected.

But he could easily discover that Arline was not wholly at her ease. Frequently she cast quick glances in

the direction of the door. This fact had come to his attention some time back; but Charlie did not find the least reason to suspect that the baron had aught to do with it.

She seemed to hesitate, perhaps

hardly knowing just how to begin her story "Allow me to remark, in the beginning," said Charlie, "that, while I am ready and anxious to serve you, and stand ready to do all that may become a man-if there is any reason why you should wish to keep these things se-

groping in complete ignorance." "Oh, no," she answered quickly; "It that. You are ent fullest confidence. I was only endeavoring to collect my thoughts so that I might know just how to begin. And, besides, I have a natural feeling of shame, because the person who has, I sadly fear, been plotting in secret against me, is one who should be my

cret, I will try to help you, even while

best friend upon earth-my father!" Young though she was, this beautiful girl had known what it was to sup with poverty, to be left alone and friendless in the world and to meet with the most unexpected and glorious

Her story, even when briefly told, was a series of dramatic surprises, such as are well fitted for the stage, yet occur so seldom in real life.

She barely mentioned her years, save to tell how her father, a sea captain, had been lost as it was believed, at sea; and with her mother she had fought the grim wolf in London, sewing, as such people of refinement reduced to poverty must do in order to earn bread.

Then came her mother's death, followed by her bitter fight against the world, and especially the persecution of a dashing gentleman, who seemed determined that she should marry him, no matter if dislike and disgust took the part of love in her breast,

Then the wonderful freak of fortune that brought Arline in contact with an eccentric old aunt who was exceedingly wealthy.

It was the old story-Arline's mother had married beneath her, and from that hour had been as dead to her relatives; but when a kind Providence threw the forlorn young girl under the high-stepping carriage horses of the dowager Lady Wallis, and she later on discovered that this lovely creature was her own flesh and blood, a sudden love for the girl sprang up in her withered old heart, which resulted in her adopting this niece as her sole heiress.

Two years later Arline was bereft of her eccentric, but kind relative, and found herself once more alone in the world, this time possessed of a most bountiful fortune.

Then it was, with the abruptness of a cannon shot, Captain Brand appeared upon the scene.

He had a thrilling story to tell of his vessel's foundering in a gale off the African coast, his narrow escape from drowning, of being cast ashore, found by wandering Arabs, taken into captivity, sold some years later to a

tribe of the Great Sahara, so that he | finally drifted to Dahomey where, through the assistance of the faithful

even a much more miraculous series of adventures could such have been by any means invented by this modern

Brand so well.

She spent money with a liberal hand. He was enabled to indulge his love for fine clothes to its full bent. He smoked the finest cigars, drank the most expensive liquors, and she feared he frequently indulged in gaming.

Captain Brand had ceased to beg for money. He demanded it as his right, and in sums so large that Arline was growing alarmed.

He had tried to influence her to make her will leaving all her wealth to him; something might happen to her, though Heaven forbid, and she would not like to think of the great property going to strangers while her poor papa was left unprovided for.

Arline refused to do as he requested, something within warning her against

Some time after the dreadful suspicion had flashed into her brain that Captain Brand was having a will forged to suit his ideas governing the

Even then she had not realized what this might portend. How should an innocent trusting young girl desirous of bestowing all reasonable benefits upon the man she had come to believe was her father-how should she suspect that this ungrateful man could conspire with unprincipled confederates to actually take her life, yet by such means as would make it seem a

cruel accident? While in Antwerp he had professed a keen desire to visit the dungeons of the Steen, and yet always made it appear as though she were the one most interested in the abode of ghostly memories.

An expedition was accordingly planned.

Arline never could tell just how it came about. She remembered Captain Brand's enthusiasm in leading her deeper into the recesses, and how he suddenly disappeared while she was examining some object of interest: how she waited for him to reappear, until, growing alarmed by the diminishing size of her candle, she had endeavored to find her way back to the party; how she tripped and fell, losing her light. Then she cried out in terror as the awful darkness closed around

her, but no answer came. Then she realized that the others had gone; that this cruel-hearted man she called father, had deserted her, pretending to believe, no doubt, that she had gone above with a portion of the party upon whom the horrors of the dungeon soon palled.

He could also take it for granted she had gone away with her new-found friends, and not show any alarm for

It was a cleverly concocted and diabolical scheme, which had for its ultimate outcome the dethronement of her reason.

Doubtless Captain Brand had arranged it so that in such a case he would be appointed the natural protector and guardian of his afflicted child, and thus, of course, have the handling of her fortune.

Charlie was aghast.

He had never heard so terrible a thing in all his life. He almost doubted his senses.

"I have made up my mind regarding one thing, Miss Brand," he said, positively, "which is to the effect that I do not believe this man to be your

(To Be Continued.)

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DELIGHTED

Ladies Calling on President Thought He Had Reason to Be Pleased.

"Just send in your cards," said a well known army officer to two New York state women who were wondering how they could arrange "just to shake hands with the president."

The advice was followed next day, and much to their surprise and delight they were at once shown into the reception room, where the president was busily engaged in refusing the request of a prominent senator who had called on the ever-present and everlasting

topic of offices. "Very sorry, senator, but this is impossible; I cannot do it," the president was heard to say.

"Please think it over, Mr. Presdent," said the senator, "and I shall call again to-morrow.' "Absolutely final. I cannot do it. I

cannot do it.' "My," said one lady to the other, but wouldn't we better be going? That man is a senator and we don't

know what may happen." The next moment the president was shaking hands with both.

"I am delighted to see you, lighted," said he. "Well, you ought to be," said one of

the women, recovering from the whirlwind of cordiality. The president looked embarrassed.

"We don't want anything, you know."

Cigarettes for Subscribers. El Pais, which is a pushing paper of Buenos Ayres, offers to give every subscriber for three months an equal value in cigarectes, so that the customer gets \$5 worth of news and tobacco each for the one price.

REFORM THE TARIFF?

EFFECTS OF SOME PREVIOUS EFFORTS IN THAT DIRECTION.

When Congressman DeArmond Tried It Eight Years Ago Even the Mules in Osage Township, "Skeered at It Worse Than at a Locomotive Whistle."

In 1894 Mr. DeArmond came home to

the bosom of his political family, fresh from the halls of a congres: which had labored long and hard with the question of "tariff reform." He came direct to Clinton, and was received under an arbor, where he spoke to the dear people on this subject for two hours. The "Republican" had hired a Democratic court stenographer to take the congressman's speech, that it might be preserved for posterity, but, after the oration had been delivered, the stenographer was bought, and the Republican could never get that speech in long hand for love or money. Mr. DeArmond spoke as one direct from the fountain head. He came straight from Washington, where he had seen the sugar trust and George Vest laboring with "tariff reform" on the floor of the senate, and he brought with him doubtless, though not for display, Grover Cleveland's denunciation of the "tariff reform" of himself and his colleagues, branded as "party perfidy and dishonor." All over the sixth district Mr. DeArmond talked "tariff reform," and when the polls closed on the night of the election his majority of thousands had dwindled down to less than a hundred, and it's ancient history that, had Bob Lewis tried, he could have been the member from the sixth Missouri at the next session of congress. The reason for all this was that the peculiar brand of 'tariff reform" advocated by Mr. De-Armond had been working in the sixth district and the people were experiencing some of its peculiarities. Up in Shawnee township, Charlie Powers was buying mule colts for \$15 a head. The stock feeders were selling their fat cattle in the Kansas City markets for about what the hide and horns were worth under a protective tariff. Calves were worth about the price of jack rabbits, and horses sold on the streets of Clinton for \$5 a head. The banks were as good as closed, and gilt-edged paper could not get a hundred dollars for thirty days. Bank presidents spent their time whispering to each other, while the cashiers whittled boxes on street corners. The mills shut down and there was no market for their products: the coal mines followed suit because coal was not needed at the mills. People had plenty and to spare, but no person wanted the surplus. Long trains loaded with Mexican cattle were running through the country and the fat steers of Henry county were not worth shipping. Since that time our congressman has let tariff reform severely alone as a political issue when speaking his little piece to the people in this neck of the woods, and has had free silver, anti-imperialism, anti-Americanism, down with Republican rural mail carriers and down with the trusts as his plea, but the "hants" have ceased to frighten the mossbacks and doubtless Mr. DeArmond has concluded that his ancient argument and its dire result has been forgotten, and when he comes home again he will pring it as something fresh upon the voters, "Tariff reform!" The dog blamed thing almost knocked this county silly the only time it was ever tried, and they say that even the mules in Osage township "skeer" at it worse than at a locomotive whistle .-Henry County (Mo.) "Republican."

Orthodox Republican Doctrines. The Republican members of congress who have taken a firm stand against any concession to Cuba involving an exception to protective principles are thoroughly consistent and on solid ground. If the tariff on sugar is to be reduced especially to oblige Cuban planters and middle men the protective tariff system will be assailed at other points to assist foreign interests at the expense of our own. The Republican national platform goes no further with reciprocity than to approve of it in dealing with articles that we do not produce ourselves. That is the true basis of action for Republicans. If they introduce an exception they open the door to other exceptions and to tariff tinkering, the end of which no one can foresee. The impartial protection of American industries is acknowledged unquestioned Republican doctrine. Special tariff concessions to a foreign country are not Republican doctrine and never can be until the party abandons one of its principle and cardinal articles of faith .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Future of Sugar.

It may be that the American Sugar Refining company, otherwise known as the sugar trust, has become a bugaboo with which to frighten us honest, hard-working tillers of the soil, and it certainly appears in multifarious shapes, now as a Cuban sympathizer in Washington, deploring the recalcitrancy of congress in admitting brown sugars at a fraction of the present duties and at the same time religiously prohibiting the importation of Cuban white sugars; appearing again as a great plantation owner in Cuba and then again in Porto Rico. We learn that the trust is a partner of Claus Spreckels in California, including his immense new beet sugar factory at Salinas, the largest in the world, and now from Denver comes the news that the American Sugar Refining company has made the first move to take up the beet sugar industry in Colorado. Henry L. Nies of New York, superin- Rapids (Mich.) "Herald."

tendent of construction and refiners of the American Sugar company, after two weeks spent in an investigation of the situation in Colorado, has returned to New York. Two companies, to operate in Boulder, Weld, Larimer, Arapahoe, Jefferson, Morgan, Washington and Logan counties, have been incorporated with a combined capital of \$1,000,000, and Mr. Nies has secured options on lands suitable for beet culture and for the erection of sugar refineries. These lands are those which independent beet sugar companies were examining with a view to purchase.

Evidently the sugar trust must be casting anchors to the windward, and when sugar refining becomes a lost art. as is certain as soon as the plantations make white sugars, which they can easily do, the magnates of the sugar trust will come to the cane and beet fields and earn their living by the sweat of their brows, like the rest of us.-The Louisiana Planter and Sugar Manufacturer.

INVITING RETRIBUTION.

Southern Democrats Cannot Afford to

Vote with the Tariff Robbers. The sugar interest could defeat the Cuban concession if the Democrats of the house were to stand by the insurgent Republicans and refuse to make any change in the tariff. It looks, however, as if they are willing to open the bill for amendments only that they may attack the tariff at various points. This is a dangerous policy, especially for the members from the South. If the representatives of the cotton states insist upon attacking the tariff at various points, how can they expect to defend the iron and steel schedule by which Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia are so largely defended? How can they refuse to reduce or entirely remove the tariff on cotton goods as being an unnecessary protection for a country where the raw material is grown and where we are experts in machinery? To glance for a moment at our great and growing cotton industry must convince every Southern congressman that he is inviting perilous retribution when he attacks schedules in which this section is either not concerned or is greatly interested.

In the cotton industry the number of workers employed has increased 38.4 per cent while wages have increased 31.3 per cent. This is explained by the expansion of the industry in the South and the comparatively low rates of wages prevailing here. Details are as follows:

COTTON GOODS, INCLUDING COTTON SMALL-WARES, 1900. 1890. Inc.

Number of es-tablishments . 1.651 905 16.1 Capital\$467,249,157 \$354,029,843 32.0 Wage earners, 200 201 202 272 284 av. number 302,361 218,876 38.4 Total wages....\$ 86,689,752 \$ 66,024,538 31.3 Miscellaneous expenses 22,112,678 16,716,524 32.3 Cost of material used 176,551,527 154,912,979 14.0 Value of prodrial used 176,551,527 154,912,979 14.0 7 alue of products 339,198,619 267,981,724 26.6

If the census had been taken this year instead of in 1900, the returns would undoubtedly have been still better, as trade conditions have improved materially during the past fifteen

months. Now, if Southern Democrats attack certain schedules, in which they are not specially interested, they need not be surprised to find the Republicans retaliating in kind. The mills of the North, which turn out a finer grade of goods, can stand a large cut in the cotton goods schedule, while it would be simply ruinous to the South. To reduce the cotton schedule is to displace from the home market, in favor of British and German mills, much of the products of our Southern mills. It is therefore good policy for the Southern Democrats to stand by the Louisiana sugar growers and by the cotton factories that are now springing up in every direction. If an alliance is formed between the Democrats and

the "insurgents" let it be an honest

alliance!-New Orleans "Item."



Will the Farmers Stand It? Before making the cut in the sugar

tariff the dominant party in Washington should study the statistics of the last election. Where did the big majorities come from, majorities which elected Republican congressmen and gave the presidential ticket an unprecedented vote? The answer will be. From the farmers of the Middle West and Western states. The cities had overcome their alarm at the white metal menace, but the farmers, many of them carried away by the silver craze of '96, lined up for the Republican party as they never did before. And now the first change proposed in the tariff is one that will lower the protection on a product of the farm. Is this fair treatment of the farmers? Will the farmers stand it to see their prosperity threatened while other industries are left undisturbed? Unless all the signs fail the tariff will be a leading issue in the next campaign, and where will the Republican party be with the farmers alienated?-Grand



Maintenance Ration for Horses At the University of Wyoming experiments were made to determine the amount of alfalfa hay and straw required to feed farm horses while at rest. Two horses were kept in the barn and fed daily all the hay and straw they would take. One horse, named Ben, ate 14.92 pounds of hay per 1,000 pounds of live weight. The other horse, Doc, ate 13.68 pounds of hay per 1,000 pounds of live weight. The average for both horses was 14.3 pounds of alfalfa hay per day per 1,000 pounds of live weight. Another test was made.

The horses ate straw very regularly during the feeding trials and it seems that they needed more carbohydrates than alfalfa hay furnishes for a maintenance diet where the ratio of carbohydrates should be not far from 7 to 8 to 1 of protein, while the ratio in alfalfa hay is little more than 3 to 1. Ben and Doc were accordingly put in the stable and fed alfalfa hay morning and evening and were given an ad liblaum feed of

straw during the day. We take twelve days of this feeding with alfalfa hay and oat straw. since from the effect of the season the grain did not fill well, hence, doubtless, more of the material gathered to fill the kernel must have been left in the straw. Ben ate 14.68 pounds of hay and 2.23 pounds of straw per 1,000 pounds of live weight and gained 44 pounds in weight during the twelve days. During this period, Doc até 12.85 pounds of alfalfa hay and 2.28 pounds of oat straw per 1,000 pounds of live weight. The average for the two was 13.76 pounds of hay and 2.25 pounds of straw per 1,000 pounds of live weight, or, we may put it, 13% pounds hay and 21/4 pounds of straw.

Our Exports of Horses

A publication of the Department of Agriculture says: A comprehensive idea of the recent development of the United States export trade in horses may probably be obtained from the following statement which gives separately the exports to Europe, to North American countries and outlying islands, to South Africa, and to all other countries combined from 1894 to 1901:

EXPORTS OF HORSES FROM THE
UNITED STATES.
To To all
Lear To North To other coun-tries. 141 161 192 635 371 812 8,080 5,455 8,663 5,850 7,690 10,508 12,989 12,890 14,045 14,842 117 127 10,220 87,46581,94937,377

.....24,488 It is thus seen that the extraordinarily heavy exports of horses from the United States in 1901, amounting as they did to 82,250 head, were due primarily to shipments of 37,465 head to South Africa-a larger number of horses, with one exception, than had ever been consigned up to that time to any single destination in the history of our country. If this factor, however, be entirely eliminated from the trade there is still apparent a remarkable and almost steadily increasing demand in both North American and European countries for horses bred and reared in the United States.

The Parsnip as Stock Feed.

In feeding cattle, the parsnip is found to be equal, if not superlor, to the carrot, performing the business with as much expedition, and affording meat of exquisite flavor and a highly juicy quality. The animals eat it with much greediness. It is reckoned that 30 perches, where the crop is good, will be sufficient to fatten an ox three or four years old, when perfectly lean, in the course of three months. They are given in the proportion of about 30-lb weight morning, noon and night, the large ones being split in three or four pieces, and a little hay supplied in the intervals of those periods. And when given to milk cows with a little grass hay, in the winter season, the butter is found to be of as fine a color and excellent a flavor as when feeding in the best pastures. Indeed, the result of experiment has shown that not only in meat cattle, but in the fattening of pigs and poultry, the animals become fat much sooner, and are more healthy than when fed with any other root or vegetable; and that, besides, the meat is more sweet and delicious. The parsnip leaves, being more bulky than those of carrots, may be mown off before taking up the roots, and given to cows, oxen, or horses by whom they will be greedily eaten .- Stephens' "Book of the Farm."

Badly - Tied Wool

L. M. Hartley, an Iowa correspondent of the Farmers' Review, writes: 'To get wool to market in the best of condition, the most essential points are to have it tied up correctly by an expert. There should be no foreign substances left in the wool, but it should be strictly clean. As to markets, my experience is that St. Louis is a great deal better market than Chicago, and Boston a little better than either." It is certainly true that the wool grower that does not make a study of the methods of marketing his prodact loses money on account of the wool reaching the market in a shape in which the buyer can find an excuse for paying less than the prevailing price.

Symmetry can be increased by sumner pruning or pinc'ting.