

# A WARRIOR BOLD.

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)  
Charlie did not spare himself one iota.

He had recovered his senses just as the baron, who had been engaged looking after the security of the fair captive, entered the prison.

The baron stormed and raved more or less when he discovered how they had been taken in so neatly by this ex-sailor, whom he looked upon as a bungler.

Charlie begged the baron to trouble himself no longer about Capt. Brand, since Arline was doubtless by this time safe on board the steamer.

"Very good," was the baron's reply, with a sigh of relief, for he seemed to be overburdened of late with official cares, or something that pressed upon his mind; "but if you hope to get aboard before the steamer leaves you must hurry, for there is just a scant half hour."

Charlie called for a cab and said good-by to his friend, the baron. He would always have a lingering suspicion Peterhoff was glad to get rid of him, as though he thought Charlie and his affairs took up too much of his precious time, which should be devoted to matters of more serious consequence.

He managed to get aboard just as the order to draw in the last gangplank was given. This sailing at night was something quite out of the usual run, but there was a special reason for it, quite satisfactory to the officials of the line, and all intended passengers had been warned to be on board in time.

It happened that Charlie discovered Capt. Brand in the smoking saloon in time to keep beyond the range of his vision.

To Charlie's astonishment, when Brand took a notion to retire, he blundered into the wrong stateroom, which chanced to be the one that had been assigned to Stuart.

This might have been deep design; but, after carefully considering it from all sides, Charlie felt disposed to call it an accident.

He found rest in another room which the steward opened for him.

And now here they were, with an elephant on their hands, so to speak, bound to come into daily and hourly contact with the strange man whom they strongly suspected, and with good reason, of being a most stupendous fraud.

CHAPTER XI.  
Off Fire Island Light.

Charlie had written from Antwerp to certain quarters in London, from which he might expect to receive positive information regarding Captain Brand.

He had done this to satisfy Arline. So far as he himself was concerned his mind was already made up most positively.

If Brand was surprised to see Charlie on board, he gave no evidence of it.

He concocted some affecting story, which he spun in Arline's ears, and with such success that he actually gained a little of his former ascendancy in her mind, since she was haunted by doubts which it seemed impossible to dispel.

Artemus amused himself studying the old mariner. He even played a few games with him in the smoking-room, where men of all degrees are socially inclined.

Captain Brand was the same as of yore.

The tales he spun of his wonderful adventures in the African deserts were weird enough to take one's breath away.

Artemus listened, almost charmed; and his interest grew apace until one day it struck him that the personal adventures which the captain so modestly ascribed to himself had a somewhat musty flavor, as became ancient chestnuts.

This aroused suspicion. Artemus set about an investigation. Lo and behold, upon secretly looking into the captain's stateroom, while the gentleman was holding forth among his cronies above, Artemus discovered a well-thumbed volume of "Adventures and Explorations in the Dark Continent."

The captain's secret was out. For once he had carelessly omitted to keep the source of his knowledge under lock and key.

Artemus borrowed the volume and took copious notes, intending to have a little fun at Brand's expense from time to time.

He took occasion to relate all this to Charlie, who, in turn, told Lady Arline.

Strange that even this new and blackening evidence could not wholly convince her. Filial love must have had a strong hold indeed upon the tender heart of this girl who had from childhood known so little of parental affection.

She even invented excuses for him—a desire to see in print the map of the country where he had so long been a prisoner, and to have his recollection of names revived.

The voyage was on the whole, a stormy one, but to Charlie it ended all too soon.

As they neared the shores of America the old captain seemed to lose a goodly portion of his loquacity, and became unusually reserved.

Artemus flattered himself that he was the main cause of this collapse

but Charlie was rather inclined to believe Capt. Brand had started in to work up some new scheme looking to the acquisition and sequestration of his daughter's gold.

Charlie hoped to discover how this fellow—whom he believed he had known as Capt. Kiedge, and Artemus pretended was a third-rate actor named Frederick Davenport Macauley—had ever come into possession of the facts connected with Capt. Brand of the lost ship Hesperia.

The fog hung about them exasperatingly, and the monotonous hoarse-throated whistle kept up its warning notes until they were close to Fire Island Light, when suddenly the vapor gave way and the shore of Long Island appeared in view, already showing the first signs of spring.

Charlie had perfected what few arrangements remained. They would all go direct to the old Windsor, and there await the coming of Aleck, when an interview between him and Arline must result in happiness all around.

It seemed simple enough, yet none of them for an instant suspected what tremendous things awaited them in this magnificent capital of the New World, or the forces which might yet be arrayed against them through the energy and scheming of the man who would not accept defeat.

Here, then, the last dramatic scene was to be placed. Here Charlie was to win his bride, or lose her forever—in this city of restless energy, of wonderful buildings and unequalled magnificence, Charlie and his enemy would come face to face for the last time.

Heaven be on the side of the right and strengthen the arm of this warrior bold who dared all in defense of what was innocent and true.

Capt. Brand had almost reached the end of his rope, and would doubtless husband the remainder of his resources for one last desperate, masterful stroke by which he would win or lose all.

As usual, there was the customs trial to be passed through, but when the gantlet had been successfully run they were free.

The great and wonderful city stretched before them.

To Arline it was all new, and the sights that were strange to her eyes she found to be numerous, from the lofty buildings to the electric cars that dashed along at an apparently reckless speed.

Capt. Brand accepted everything philosophically.

He had seen the world; his checkered career had embraced every clime, and the startling events that had fallen to his share would have laid the foundation for a very fair second edition of Munchausen or the Arabian Nights.

Arline was deeply concerned about wayward Aleck, whom she had not seen in so long a time.

His whole future was at stake. If she missed him now, all might be lost.

Yes, this had been wearing upon her mind so long now that it affected her nerves. There may have been something more, which neither of them suspected—a premonition of the startling events destined to take place in their experience; for some minds seem gifted with an almost supernatural power to anticipate coming changes, even as the mercury in the barometer's tube indicates a change in the weather hours before it occurs.

Taking a carriage, they were all speedily located at the reliable old Windsor.

Upon inquiry Charlie learned that some one had called for him only the day before, and he was constrained to believe it must be the young fellow who had been his companion in the Antwerp jail, and whose escape had rivaled that of Monte Cristo.

This was good news. He had left word he would call again, so that all they had to do was to leave a message for him at the desk, and await developments.

Arline was not recovered from the effect of the voyage; at least, she was in no humor for sight-seeing until this long-anticipated interview with her half-brother were over.

So she kept her room much of the time.

When the so-called Capt. Brand set foot again in New York, he faced new dangers.

There were those upon the Rialto, actors of greater or lesser degree, who must have had dealings with Frederick Davenport Macauley during the palm days of yore, when he played his little part in the drama, and manfully plod his way, footsore and weary, over the railway ties back to New York after an unsuccessful tour of the provinces.

Some of these worthies could be depended on to recognize their old comrade of those halcyon days, despite the radical change prosperity might have made in his personal appearance and bearing.

This evening found them.

Charlie had the pleasure of dining with Lady Arline.

He exerted himself to cheer her up. Several times she seemed to temporarily throw off the strange spirit that had settled upon her stupor, and for a short period appeared to be her old self, when, by degrees, the melancholy crept back again.

"To-morrow," said Charlie, when she was leaving him to go to her rooms, "I hope we will have Aleck here with us, and then all must be well. You can dismiss doubts and fears, to be happy once more."

"You will forgive my foolish fancies. You are always so cheerful and kind," she murmured, while he was holding and ardently squeezing her hand, perhaps quite unconsciously.

"Until to-morrow, then."

"Shall I see you at breakfast?" he asked, eagerly.

"If I am feeling quite well; surely at dinner."

He was forced to be content.

So he watched her, his soul in his eyes, as she walked to the elevator. Was there ever a more queenly girl than Lady Arline; one with a greater share of beauty concentrated in face, figure and mind?

Ere the elevator car shot toward the upper realms she waved her hand to him and gave him a ravishing smile.

And that smile haunted him a long time, for it was the last time he was fated to look upon her face until—destiny had been utterly fulfilled, the drama carried to its concluding scene, most terrible of all.

Sauntering into the rotunda of the hotel Charlie lighted a weed and then began to remember there were others in the world besides himself and Arline Brand.

Where was Artemus for instance?

And Capt. Brand? Who had now been ashore long enough to get his bearings and figure on some desperate move.

Perhaps it would be best, as his good sense suggested, to seek assistance in outwitting the great schemer.

Clever minds could be controlled for money, detectives who were able to cope with even such a remarkable scoundrel as he conceived this man to be, and who would speedily put him on his back in the first round.

And yet the wretched result of his arrangement with the great Baron Peterhoff aroused serious doubts in his mind. If the fascinating presence of a woman could so upset a sagacious master of finesse and diplomacy, who could be trusted?

There was apparently time.

Brand would hardly get his columns in motion under a day or two.

Charlie could be governed by circumstances and the trend of events.

Besides, there was Artemus, whose wits were of the brightest, and who might be depended on, to accomplish more than a little, looking toward the exposure of the great fraud.

These soothing reflections came in some degree through the influence of the magic weed, for to its devoted votaries tobacco seems to be an incense which creates optimists where only pessimism had previously reigned.

And of course our Charlie contemplated with more or less complacency the high degree of happiness that would be his portion when the blessed time arrived for him to claim Arline Brand as his own darling wife, with no one, not even a haunting memory of the buried past, to say him nay.

He had figured it all out, and decided that he would make full and free confession regarding his one forlorn experience in Cupid's realms.

No doubt Charlie took considerable pleasure in speculating upon the various ways in which he might bring these important matters to a focus, but never once did he dream of the wonderful and fearful event by means of which the desired end would be swiftly attained.

Again and again he looked toward the Fifth avenue entrance as the door swung behind new comers, but Artemus remained only conspicuous by his absence.

Could anything have happened; would the bold and reckless Capt. Brand begin operations by lopping off the limbs of the tree he meant to fell?

It made him decidedly uncomfortable to even consider such a calamity. Surely some tremendous catastrophe was brooding over himself and his fortunes, or could it be he was partaking of Arline's slow spirits?

Was his cigar to blame? Ah! a change was on the tapis, for there came Artemus bustling in from the outside night air.

(To be continued.)

## HAS NOVEL TEST OF DEATH.

Device of a French Physician Seems to Leave All Doubt Behind.

Horror of being buried alive is common to the whole human race, and from time immemorial experiments have been in progress with the view of making such a terrible fate impossible. Some physicians maintain that satisfactory tests can also be made by the use of the Roentgen rays, but it is not everyone who has the facilities for making such tests, whereas anyone can make a test on the plan devised by Dr. Icard, a physician of Marseilles, France. The doctor uses fluorescin, the well-known coloring material, and his experiments have proved so successful that they have won for him the approval of the French Academy of Sciences. Fluorescin injected into the human body, produces absolutely no effect if the body is dead, whereas it produces most surprising effect if the body is alive. Dr. Icard uses a solution of it which is so strong that a single gramme is able to color 40,000 quarts of water.

If a little of this solution is injected under the skin of a living person in two minutes the skin and especially the mucous membranes, will become much discolored, and the person will present the appearance of one suffering from an acute attack of jaundice. Moreover, the eyes will become of a greenish color and the pupils will almost become invisible. These symptoms will remain for one or possibly two hours and then will gradually disappear. Since fluorescin produces this effect on a living body it naturally follows, according to Dr. Icard, that any body on which it produces no effect must be dead.

We must be as careful to keep friends as to make them. The affections should not be mere "tents of a night." Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable.

—Lord Avebury.

## THE ONLY SAFE WAY

PROTECTION FOR ALL OR ELSE FOR NONE.

If the Principle Be Abrogated as Regards Domestic Sugar and Tobacco Are Not Those Interests Justified in Demanding Other Reductions?

The Republican leaders in the senate are evidently endeavoring to arrange with the stalwarts to forego their opposition to the sugar trust and permit Cuba to get its "relief" without at the same time depriving the trust of the profit which it anticipated by the pretended benevolence. It is even asserted that the stalwart senators have given "intimations amounting to assurances" that their opposition shall be "nominal" and that the Cuban bill as it is proposed to be amended will be permitted to pass without serious contest. This is equivalent to saying that the stalwart senators have entered into a conspiracy to fool their constituents with a show of opposition when in fact they have privately agreed that the apostates shall pass their bill. We assume that the rumor is an undesired slander upon the stalwart Republican senators and that they propose to use all means permitted by the rules of the senate to prevent the consummation of the intended outrage. The stalwart Republican senators can kill the bill if they will. If they do not they will be held responsible. As for "party harmony," let those restore it who provoked the trouble by apostatizing from the doctrines which they were pledged to sustain.

Such free-trade journals as the New York Times, Boston Herald and others are exhibiting much unholy glee at what they vainly imagine to be an error of the stalwart Republicans of the house in joining the Democrats to amend the Cuban bill by repealing the differential duty on refined sugar. We can assure our free-trade contemporaries that no "error" has been committed. The stalwarts of the house deliberately joined the Democrats in so amending the bill that no Republican congress can pass it without such open and brazen repudiation of the pledges upon which they were elected as shall consign them to political graves from which no resurrection is possible. They expect the bill to be beaten by Republican votes. They are nevertheless aware that there is a bare possibility of the bill passing as amended.

While they do not expect this contingency, they are prepared for it. If the amended bill becomes a law it will be notice served in a form which cannot be misunderstood that if any interest entitled to protection shall be sacrificed by the party of protection then, so far as the votes of those sacrificed can avail, there shall be not a shred of protection left to any interest. That is the position of the stalwarts of the house. In that position they are sure of the enthusiastic support of their constituents. Our free-trade contemporaries may "hail" this as looking to a free-trade triumph. We assure them that they are mistaken. It makes sure the maintenance unimpaired of the sound protectionist doctrine under which we have attained our unparalleled prosperity.

And it is the only safe way. The strong interests will tumble the weak overboard in a minute if they can. Let them do it if they dare. The consequence will be the election of a Republican Congress composed of members whose honor can be depended upon.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## GOUGING THE FARMERS.

Effect of Repealing Duties on Cattle and Meats.

A contemporary which is somewhat given to ejaculatory utterance advises as a means of regulating the Beef Trust the "removal of all tariff duties on foreign foods." This is simply a proposition to subject the farmer to whatever higher price the protective tariff system may impose on the things he consumes, and expose him to low free trade prices on things he produces. The Beef Trust is but one of many trusts, the purpose of which is to obtain higher prices for their products than could be obtained under free competition. When the farmer buys wire to fence in his fields with he contributes to the profits of a trust. When he buys a plow he contributes to the profits of another trust. When he buys salt for his cattle he pays twice as much as he would if there were no combination to fix an artificial price on that necessary article of human and animal consumption. But when the farmer has beef to sell our free trade contemporary says the price must be regulated by the cost of producing beef in other countries.

Possibly our contemporary would advocate a like remedy for the regulation of trusts engaged in the manufacture of wire, plows and salt. That, however, involves free trade. It would be impossible to repeal the duties on goods made by trusts and to maintain duties on goods in the production of which the hand of the trust is not easily traced. Absolute free trade means internal revenue taxes of about double the rates at present collected. Nearly one-half of our federal revenue comes through the custom houses, and if that is sacrificed the tax on home industries must be nearly or quite doubled. Under such conditions the export of manufactured goods would cease. Foreign goods would be imported at less than the cost of home production with internal revenue taxes added to the natural cost. Instead of finding new markets for our manufactured goods, we should lose the markets we have

gained under the policy of protection.

The Beef Trust can be regulated in another way. At present prices, and possibly at a little less, farmers will find it more profitable to feed grain to cattle than to sell it at prices fixed in foreign markets. Farmers are well aware of this, and if let alone will solve the beef problem.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## THE AMATEUR TARIFF TINKER.

Should Obtain Views of Employers and Wage Earners.

Several days ago the Dispatch called attention to the fact that Representative Roberts of Massachusetts, was anxious to revise the tariff laws. Mr. Roberts was elected to congress as a Republican, but since taking his seat he has been painting terrible pictures of what the people would do at the next congressional elections if the existing laws were not modified. He is circulating a petition among his colleagues calling for a caucus, at which the question of considering the necessity of tariff revision shall be discussed, and, if possible, a program for party action shall be adopted.

If we understand Mr. Roberts correctly, the only way the Republicans can prevent the tariff being made the sole issue of the next campaign is by placing certain articles on the free list, and reducing the rates on others. If this is not done, says the Solomon from Massachusetts, the Republicans will be forced to assume the defensive, with the result that the Democrats will control the next house.

Mr. Roberts should visit York or some other great manufacturing center, and ask a few questions. He would learn, for instance, that the Dingley bill meets with the approval, not only of large employers, but of the men who labor. He would soon discover that tinkering with the tariff would be the worst thing the Republican party could do. His assertion that unless we "modify the bill, the Republicans will be placed on the defensive," is ridiculous in the extreme.

Now that the silver issue has been buried there is only one question between the two great parties, and that is the tariff. For years the Republicans have been successful because they advocated protection to American industries, and when the people so far forgot themselves as to elect a Democratic president and the makeshift known as the Wilson bill emerged from the halls of congress as a result, business received such a staggering blow that it took the nation years to recover.

Instead of being placed on the defensive, Republicans, thanks to the present law, are the aggressors, and the Democratic leaders know it, notwithstanding their assertions that the tariff breeds trusts. England has free trade, yet in the newspapers this morning may be found articles telling how business men in that country are organizing to protect themselves against "American invasion." But Democratic orators and editors will not call British combinations "trusts." They reason that there can be no trusts without a tariff. The fact is the tariff has no more to do with trusts than a mountain with the ocean, but if the Democrats can make political capital with the cry, of course they intend to use it. The Republicans welcome a contest on the tariff, and good reason they should, for the full dinner pail is no dream, but an actual fact, and just so long as the leaders flatly refuse to threaten the welfare of the business and labor world by tinkering with the tariff, just so long will the Republicans continue to remain in power.—York (Pa.) Dispatch.

## Greatest of Commercial Travelers.



## Hard to Be Candid.

The very men who raise this issue are the men who have found fault so strenuously in the past with those who have favored a protective tariff, because the farmers had no part nor lot in it. It was in response to this complaint that a duty was placed upon beef cattle, the product of the American farm. Now that what they complained of for not being done has been done, these same complainers are raising a howl and saying the duty on cattle and beef is the foundation of the beef trust. It is so hard for some people to be candid when discussing a question that so materially affects the living of so many of the people of the country. The trust question in all its bearings ought to be discussed on a higher ground than that of petty partisan politics.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Tribune.

## Only Genuine Brand.

The kind of reciprocity which Blaine favored, which President McKinley meant in his great Buffalo speech and which the Republican party has declared for is the only genuine brand and the only kind that true protectionists will favor.—Valley Mills (Texas) Protectionist.

# POULTRY



## SOME GOOD POINTERS FOR CHICKEN RAISERS.

From Farmers' Review: There are many good breeds of chicks, several not very good, and as many good and as many poor handlers of these breeds. Why is it one person will succeed with the chicken work while another equally as well situated and started will fail? The reason why some succeed where others fail would better be reason's why, for there are many. Lack of business methods is one main reason. All know, or should know, what is meant by business methods. If you are in doubt, look up the methods of some who have been successful; visit some of your neighbors who are successful; then remember and profit by the points you learn; if you can discover no points I would advise you to go out of the poultry business instantaneously.

Lack of regularity in feeds, in time of feeding and in general care. The poultry keeper who keeps his flock on the tenter hooks of expectation all the time will themselves be on the expectation of profit from their flocks. "Great expectations," but unlikely to be realized.

Changes, either in the feeds, the housings or in the flocks themselves. Now don't explode; variety of feeds is necessary; sudden change in feed is detrimental—the only sudden change allowed is from nothing to good feed, and this sudden change should be gradual. The introduction of new blood is necessary once per year, but one should not be introducing new ones into the flock at any and all times. The probabilities are they will take so much time getting acquainted that there won't be time for them to return any profit.

The greatest harm is in changing from one breed to another. This is of course necessary when one finds the breed he has is "boarding," but when one has a fairly profitable breed that he is acquainted with, then changes to a new sort, more for a whim than anything else; he is working havoc in the profit for several months at least. Some of us nervous, changeable Americans need to be more like some of our conservative neighbors over the sea; more averse to changes than we are. If you are getting good returns from your breed and from your way of managing and feeding, make changes slowly; if you must experiment yard a few of your fowls to themselves to experiment with; you may happen upon a valuable discovery.—Emma Clearwaters.

## YARDING SPACE NEEDED FOR PRODUCTIVE HENS.

From Farmers' Review: When we first began yarding fowls we found that with a balanced ration of a variety of foods they invariably produced more eggs than on unlimited range. But we soon found that the eggs were less fertile and our loss of chicks was greater. These yards were so small that we had to supply a part of the green food. We increased the size of our yards and provided plenty of shade. This corrected the trouble with fertility and loss of chicks. We believe the ideal way would be to have two yards for one pen of fowls and change occasionally.—Miller Bros., Brown County, Indiana.

## POULTRY POINTS PICKED UP BY EXPERIENCE.

No man that has not handled hundreds of fowls should start in with a big poultry plant. It is better to begin the poultry business as a side issue and gradually develop it. The side issue will teach many lessons that will be valuable when it becomes the main issue. The cost of learning is considerable even with a small flock. With a large flock it frequently becomes so great that the wagle enterprise is abandoned.

The man that is about to build a large poultry establishment should own his land. If not that, then he should have a long lease. To own is better. The writer knows of a woman that built \$700 worth of poultry houses on a rented place. In a little over a year she concluded to move and sold her buildings at a sacrifice, the same to be moved from the place. Had she owned the place she might at least have sold them with the place or rented them if she rented the place. As it was she threw most of her money away. One advantage in poultry culture is the constant improving of the land. The owner usually gets the benefit of this—not the renter. By all means build expensive houses only on your own land.

Builders of poultry houses should consult many plans before building. By this means the thoughts of many persons will be brought into service. If the house is built without such investigation, the owner will be constantly finding errors in the original plan, but too late to correct them except at great expense. At the present time there are many sources from which to obtain plans for such a house. The novice is likely to get too much or too little glass. He will put the windows in the wrong position, perhaps in the roof, where they will be covered in the winter by ice and snow and will in the summer pour a hot stream of sunshine onto the fowls shut up in the house. Many things have to be learned by others that should save us from disastrous experiences.