

A WARRIOR BOLD.

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CHAPTER XII.

Waylaid By the Ogre.
This spirited way of doing things struck Charlie as just about right.

It suited his own aggressive nature, always bent upon carrying the war into the enemy's country and striking quick blows.

"That's kind of you, Artemus," he said, immediately, "and I shall be only too pleased to meet the captain."

Fate decreed that they should meet Capt. Brand as they sauntered toward the exit.

Both gave him a cold bow. It was no more nor less than he was accustomed to from these friends of Arline, and yet he looked after them suspiciously.

Ah! had he but dreamed of whither they were bound, and for what purpose, the ogre would have considered that the case called for something beyond suspicion.

"Keep an eye on him, Artemus," said Charlie.

"Well, rather. It would precipitate matters if he chanced to see us meet the original ghost, of we may term Capt. Brand."

But apparently the ogre had awakened to the fact that he was assailed by a thirst which would not be denied, for the last they saw of him he was heading in a bee line for the barroom.

Once clear of the hotel, the two friends turned along the avenue. Artemus knew where he was going; this was his old stamping ground, over which he had ranged for years, always searching for that will-o'-the-wisp which until now had eluded his grasp—a sensation that would take the theater-going public by storm, and make his reputation at a bound.

So he led Charlie at length into a public house, where many men came and went, where silver and cut glass gleamed upon the buffet back of the bar, and tables invited a social chat. Before they reached a distant table, Charlie had located his man; it was easy enough after he had points given to him.

Nor was Artemus an iota out of the way in his rough-and-ready diagnosis of the man's character. Charlie saw he had been a bluff, genial sailor, and these years of wild life on the Sahara, with the wandering tribes of nomads into whose hands he had fallen, had not eradicated these predominant traits.

Warmly he shook the hand of the wanderer. Eye looked into eye and read there the nature of the man back of it.

And Capt. Brand was thanking heaven mentally that his child had been beloved by one whom he recognized in his soul to be nature's nobleman.

Long they sat there and conversed. The hours passed unheeded. Charlie was enthralled by what he heard.

There was no braggadocio about this man, as in the case of the ogre, and yet he had evidently passed through adventures beside which even the imaginary ones of the other paled into insignificance.

He asked eager questions about his child, and it could be seen how anxious the father was to unfold her in his arms.

Taken in all, they passed a most pleasant time of it, and were finally astonished when one of the waiters came with the information that midnight had arrived—it was time to close the house, and would the gentlemen have the kindness to vacate?

Which, of course, they did. Arrangements were made for another meeting.

Capt. Brand also yearned to embrace his wayward boy, whom he felt sure he could easily lead into the right path.

Charlie walked on air as he returned alone to the hotel, Artemus pleading private business elsewhere. Possibly his study of dramatic art included also the stars of the stage, and he thought it his duty to see some divine Casino girl to her home.

There were many reflections to keep Charlie's poor mind in trouble, and ward off sleep.

This appearance of the real Brand on the scene was a remarkable event—so opportune that he could not but look upon it as providential. Indeed, had the affair been left entirely in his hands, the chances were he would never have conceived so brilliant a climax as to raise Brand from the grave he was supposed to occupy in Africa, and bring him upon the scene to confound the ogre.

Little did this latter individual dream of what was in store for him, or that he stood upon a volcano that was ready to explode.

It was a man very well satisfied with the way the world treated him, who sauntered into the Windsor late that night, and ran upon his bete noir at the very first turn.

Charlie believed Brand had been waiting for him; his manner seemed to declare it.

What could he want? There was something so exceeding audacious about the fellow's game that Charlie was forced to admire his nerve, even though he felt angry with him at the same time because he had deceived Arline.

Capt. Brand—as we may still call the old rogue, through courtesy,

though well aware that this was not his right name—Capt. Brand had evidently made up his mind that the time had come for a plain understanding with this young fellow who courted Arline.

He had fortified himself for the interview with various potatoes calculated, according to his way of thinking, to put courage into a man.

So he had kept watch, waiting for Stuart to appear. And doubtless his particular thirst needed attention at frequent intervals.

Charlie saw at a glance the man was hardly himself, as usual, when the liquor was in the wit went out.

He might have preferred avoiding the interview if given his choice, since no good could come of it save to let this man understand they were deadly foes; but Brand intercepted him, and appeared to be decidedly in earnest.

Charlie knew no reason why he should run away. He believed he could give the fellow as good as he sent, a Roland for an Oliver, and perhaps find a chance to pick up some information.

It occurred to Charlie at that moment how much of truth there might be in the old saying to the effect that "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Capt. Brand exhibited a fair sample of it; he was not only mad, but slightly inebriated; not enough to interfere with his utterance, but to muddle his wits a bit, and render him incautious.

Of a truth, whisky has ere this, played the deuce with the most wonderful plans that were ever conceived in the minds of men.

Charlie could not refuse the horny palm offered to him. It had served its owner many a good turn, and also brought him into much trouble.

"I want to see you, Stuart—very important—couldn't wait till morning. Come this way, if you please. Know it's late, but won't detain you long. Must get it off my mind."

So Charlie, obliging always, went with him. Brand had his eye on a couple of chairs in a corner where they would be isolated.

What he had to say was of a private nature, and admitted of no eavesdropper, nor would it have been safe for any curious person to have loitered near while he was in this chaotic condition of mind.

Prudence does not ally itself with the indulgence in strong drink.

"Ah," said the other, dropping into a seat, with the air of a weary man, fairly well loaded, "this is something like comfort, Stuart. I've learned, in my long and wearisome exile, the value of taking it easy while you may. Trouble flies fast enough as it is. By the way, excuse me, but I quite neglected to ask you to join me in having something."

"Thanks. I should have declined anyway."

"Then no harm done. Now, of course, you wonder what I've buttonholed you for."

"Naturally so."

"Can't you guess?"

"Too tired to make the effort tonight; besides, I'm not good at conundrums."

"Ha! ha! this is a conundrum sure enough—I consider all girls' puzzles."

"Then it is about—him—your daughter?"

"About sweet Arline, sure enough. As a fond parent I am, of course, solicitous concerning her future, and especially since she will in due time wish to give up the obedience she has so willingly shown toward my authority, and assume the sacred relation of wife toward some bright young man. That solicitude, my dear Stuart, brings me to a critical moment in my career—brings me in contact with you."

Charlie pretended to be dense; he even assumed surprise and perplexity.

"How can your future concern me, Capt. Brand?" he asked.

"Ah, you are disposed to be humorous, my lad. Or perhaps you wish to conceal your confusion under a brave exterior. Very good; every man to his taste, and I am ready to meet you fairly. Now let us reach an understanding."

"I am quite agreeable," cheerfully. The returned exile rubbed his hands together, and new hope forced a smile upon his face.

"I will say this, Stuart, that of all the beaux who have come courting my sweet girl I don't know of anyone I would rather have for a son-in-law than yourself," remarked the astute captain, soberly.

"Ah, thanks, awfully."

"Of course, I'm concerned about her welfare, her future happiness. What fond papa would not be interested? I have been studying you, young man, when you little dreamed your fate was being decided, held in the hollow of my hand, so to speak."

"What conclusions did you reach?" asked Charlie, calmly lighting a fresh weed from the old cigar.

"I made up my mind that you were a very clever, clear-sighted, reasonable fellow; that my child could be safe in your hands, and would never regret having transferred her liberty."

"That was very good of you," smiling.

"And I finally concluded that the time had arrived, subject to a condition, when I might give over my charge forever—when Arline would no longer be subject to my parental authority, for you know she has been a very dutiful daughter."

"You mention a condition, sir?"

"Yes, only one."

"May I ask what it concerns?"

Capt. Brand smiled broadly.

"Myself and my future support," he said.

The cat was out of the bag. Capt. Brand desired to make terms with the man whom destiny had appointed to be his successor.

Charlie felt the deepest disgust for so base a wretch, and determined to bait him as the toreador does the maddened bull.

"Let me see, do I understand just what you mean? You now receive a certain allowance from your daughter, which she has willingly given you as a pledge of her affection. This you fear may be stopped should she marry?"

"Yes, yes; you have it down very pat."

"And believing that I have at least a fair chance to secure her consent to be my wife, you are desirous of entering into some specific arrangement with me whereby this allowance may be continued during your lifetime."

"That is it, exactly; you could not have hit it better had you thought the whole thing out."

Charlie's manner gave him great hopes that he had found a ready dupe.

"Now, be perfectly frank, captain—are you fully satisfied with the amount?"

"Well, there's a point I wanted to put before you. There are times when, truth to tell, I have thought the dear child, of course, unconsciously, was treating me shabbily. Twice the amount would put me on Easy street, and I'm sure she wouldn't miss it at all."

The glow of avarice was in his face—his eyes snapped eagerly, and Charlie could see his fingers working as though in imagination they already clutched the golden prize.

"Ah! twice the amount would satisfy you, then, captain?" Charlie queried, softly.

"I am sure of it. And on my part, I would agree to use all the influence I possess in order to make her yours forever. Think of it, my hearty—that sweet girl is worth any sacrifice. There are men, doubtless, who would quadruple the annuity if they could secure so rich a prize; but, sir, my conscientious scruples stand in the way. Above all things, I must see her happy."

Charlie was secretly amused—it was as good as a play to him.

"A laudable ambition for a fond parent, I am sure. And the curiosity I entertained regarding the limit of your desires has been most amply satisfied."

"Curiosity! Do I understand you aright, sir? Do you mean to—er—imply that you had no other motive in making such rigid and searching inquiries into the sacred feelings of a parent's heart? Curiosity, the devil!" he snorted.

"It is a cool word, but—it covers the case, so let it pass."

"Perhaps—er—my terms have been a little bit too high, and it might be possible for us to affect a compromise."

"Oh, no—not a bit too high! Indeed, five times as much would not be considered excessive if you could deliver the goods."

"You doubt my ability?" eagerly.

"I know it for an actual certainty," as he looked squarely into the captain's bold eyes, that now fell before his gaze.

"I can prove my power over the girl. I will influence her to turn coldly from you; when next we talk terms, my price will be double what I ask now. There are others, Mr. Charlie Stuart, who aspire to secure what you have spurned."

"What of the fine sense of honor that compels you to consider your daughter's happiness?" tauntingly.

"Bah! mere words, and you know it!"

"What of that wonderful sense of intuition which warned you I was the mate appointed by Destiny to watch over your daughter's future—and yours?"

(To be continued.)

MACHINE MADE TORCHON LACE.

Austrian Invention Imitates Hand-Made Product.

Some fair imitations of hand-made lace are already manufactured by machinery. A recent invention by an Austrian named Matitsch renders it possible to reproduce one more variety, known as torchon lace. The real article is moderately coarse but pretty lace and is used on garments which it is desirable to put through a laundry.

Herr Matitsch, after being associated with the lace industry in Vienna and inventing a machine which did not give satisfactory results, went to Nottingham, England, where he perfected the model in 1899. It was then necessary to make the jacquards for each pattern that it was desirable to produce. This part of the work was performed upon the inventor's return to Vienna. Hitherto it has been necessary to have a separate machine for each design. With the Matitsch machine it is only necessary to substitute one jacquard for another, as in weaving cloth.

The inventor does not intend to organize a company to make lace, says the New York Tribune, or even the production of more machines. He has already put nearly \$100,000 into his experiments and is now looking for a company to buy his rights. The Nottingham lace manufacturers profess not to be disturbed by the prospect of competition and says that the Matitsch machine will injure French manufacturers chiefly. In Vienna the papers think that a new era in lace making is ahead.

In reasonable weather the seasoning often comes high.

FIRST GUN IS FIRED

OPENING BATTLE OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1902.

Firm Adhesion to Sound Republican Principles Demonstrated in the Marked Increase in the Republican Vote in the Oregon Election.

The cause of sound Republicanism has received no setback in the results of the Oregon election. On the contrary, it is perfectly apparent that Republican principles and policies are stronger than ever with the people.

The fact that a Democratic governor was elected by a small plurality does not alter this conclusion. There was a bitter dissension over the governorship inside the party. The factions were bent upon knocking each other, and the faction opposed to the regular Republican nominee made no secret of its preference for the election of the Democratic candidate. But the fight went no further. The Legislature is overwhelmingly Republican, the majority on joint ballot being the largest in the history of the state. The election of a Republican United States senator is thus assured.

But it is in the congressional districts that the vote is most significant. If it were true, as so many free traders and weak-kneed Republicans have asserted, that there is throughout the West a feeling of dissatisfaction with the existing condition of things and a marked demand for tariff revision as a means of dealing with the trust question, the vote of June 2 in Oregon would have shown it. The issue was well defined. On the Democratic side was a demand for a complete overhauling of our economic policy, for a repeal of the Dingley tariff on a repeal of the principle and policy of protection to American labor and industry, and on this line they stood shoulder to shoulder. No local faction quarrels were allowed to enter into the contest, so far as the leading national issue was concerned. On that issue a splendid victory was won. From her two congressional districts Oregon sends two Republican Congressmen, whose total vote and plurality are over 14,000, or about 3,000 greater than the plurality of two years ago.

Thus Oregon sets the pace for 1902. She is the first of the Republican states to answer the question whether our magnificent tariff system is to be turned over to the tender mercies of free trade Democrats. Her answer more emphatic by 3,000 votes than the answer of 1900, is that the tariff shall not be tinkered at all, and in no case shall free traders be entrusted with the job. That is the obvious and unmistakable meaning of the big Republican gains in the State of Oregon. Had there been any such generally prevalent desire for a ripping open of the Republican tariff system as the free trade Democrats and hysterical Republicans would have us believe existed all over the country, surely we should have had some sign from Oregon. A falling off in the Republican vote would have been joyfully pointed to as such a sign. Then indeed would the free traders and the nervous Republicans have said: "Behold, Oregon! We told you so! Tariff revision on the basis of free revenue only, or, at least, a sweeping reduction of the Dingley tariff rates, is imperatively demanded by the country as a whole, by Republicans as well as Democrats. The lesson from Oregon is unmistakable. Tariff revision is the order of the day, the need of the hour." All this and much more would now be said if Oregon had shown any defection on Republican national questions. But as we have said, Oregon gives large Republican gains, and the lesson is precisely the reverse of what it would otherwise have been. It means that Oregon wants the tariff let alone; wants the Republican party to "keep on letting it alone," in the characteristic words of Senator Hanna.

In this gratifying result especial pleasure is felt and particular pride taken by the American Protective Tariff League. This organization, in accordance with its invariable custom, devoted its money and its work directly to the significant and important campaign in the first of the Congressional elections of 1902. Beginning more than four months ago, the Tariff League has industriously bent its energies and utilized its resources with a view to affecting the outcome of the June election in Oregon. Realizing the fact that the Republican cause in that State labored under the serious handicap of mugwump and free-trade defection on the part of the so-called Republican dailies of the metropolitan city of Portland, the Tariff League took especial measures to offset this hostile influence, and by means of its educational machinery made sure of reaching the voters of Oregon in the most effective possible manner. Hence, we say, no one is prouder or gladder of the result in Oregon than is the American Protective Tariff League.

Repetition of 1893 Not Wanted.

The farmer knows that in days of prosperity it is nice to have fat steers just as he knew in the soup days of the Wilson bill it was expensive to have cattle that ate feed and brought nothing in the market. If the farmer is to be confronted by a serious demand for a lower tariff on cattle he is not likely to embark more largely in

cattle raising. His beef steers cannot be raised in a summer and sold in the fall. He must be sure of the conditions to prevail in the country for at least three or four years before he will come to the rescue. Fortunately there is little danger of a disturbance of the protection afforded the farmer now, and he may increase his herds with the reasonable assurance that he will have a market for what he raises. Under our tariff the meat supply of the country must be raised in the United States, and the American farmer must be encouraged to keep up with the demand for beef cattle. We never want to see again a decline in herds like that which came after 1893.—Carson City (Mich.) Gazette.

WHAT OF THE WAGE EARNER?

A Question Which Free-Traders Persistently Overlook.

The plea of the free-traders is that the necessity for protecting our industries has passed away. They claim that our industries have passed their "infancy" and are now lusty enough to stand alone. They point out that the enormous trusts or consolidations are able to meet the world in any market on even terms, and that it is wicked to tax the people in order to give them larger profits. And no justice loving citizen could deny such a charge if the conditions were as the free-traders state them.

In the first place, the free-traders are mistaken in their claim that the industries of America have been absorbed by the trusts. There is no industry engaged in by any tariff-protected trust, which is monopolized by that trust. To-day, for example, more steel is being manufactured by the many small and independent companies than by the big trust. It is as necessary to protect these small concerns as it ever was—necessary not only as a means of keeping them alive, but also as a means of continuing the better pay which American workmen receive in every protected industry. This is a phase of the question which the free-traders seldom take into consideration. They are free enough with talk and opinions as to the effect of free-trade on the trusts and on prices, but they dodge the question of what is to become of the American workingman when he is put into direct competition with his underpaid European fellow. It is certain that one of two conditions will exist: we must preserve the markets of America for American-made goods at prices which enable the manufacturers to pay good wages, or we must force these manufacturers, through opening the door to foreign competition, to put the wages down to the European standard. We can think of nothing more unpleasant to contemplate than such a fall in the pay of American labor. And we can think of nothing more disinterested, and, at the same time, more suicidal than a laboring man voting to overthrow the policy of protection.—Kansas City Journal.

The Tug of War.

A Favorable Forecast.

Turning to political conditions which it must be remembered in the light of experience are closely related to business prosperity, the forecast in that direction also is favorable. The election of an opposition house next fall would be obstructive to national legislation after March 4 next, but the strong probability is that the present control of all branches of the government will be unchanged for a long time. There has been no tariff tinkering to derange industry, arrest new enterprises and upset business calculations. The Dingley tariff is performing its appointed work well and there should be no indulgence of the spirit that is feverishly eager to meddle with all tariffs on academic—another word for impractical—grounds. A vigorous investigation of the trusts by the United States government is at hand, a fact that pleases the people and will bring about positive and salutary results. In a word, all the signs point to additional years of high prosperity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Not Much Campaign Capital.

The American people want none of the policies of populism nor will they countenance any fire-in-the-rear efforts against American soldiers. So far as the issues to be made of the tariff and trusts, with the great benefits accruing from the protective tariff system visible on every hand, and with the Republican administration actively prosecuting the trusts which are operating in spite of a Republican anti-trust law, there does not appear to be much campaign capital offered here either for Democratic solace.—Galesburg (Ill.) Mail.

Rose as Emblem of Secrecy.

The rose is the emblem of secrecy in Greece, and was formerly hung over the table where guests were entertained in token that nothing heard there was to be repeated.



Feed Mills and Windmills.

Prof. King of the Wisconsin station has made a study of the effectiveness of various feed mills found on the market, when driven by windmills and gas engines, and of the cost of grinding feed. With one of the most effective combinations of windmill and feed mill the rate of grinding was "about 25 bushels per hour with a wind velocity of 31.8 miles, the meal being a little coarser than 'medium.' Corn and oats were ground at the rate of 410.3 pounds per hour with the wind at 26.48 miles. With a wind velocity of 26.67 miles oats were ground at the rate of about 5.5 bushels per hour, and rye at the rate of 15.35 bushels with the wind 25.35 miles. The rye was ground a little finer than 'medium' and the oats a little coarser."

Under Wisconsin conditions there are on the average from October 1 to May 1 of each year "87 days when a man could attend the mill and grind ten hours with a wind velocity not less than 15 miles per hour, and much of the time higher than this. He should therefore be able to grind more than 46 bushels per day and on the average more than 100 bushels per week. The 87 grinding days during the seven months places the grinding days, on the average, more than two per week, and if it is supposed that this is twice too high it would still be possible on the average to take advantage of high winds during the working hours and grind about 50 bushels of corn or 2,800 pounds, per week. Counting the man's time who tends the mill \$1 per day, the cost of grinding would be only about 3 1/2 cents per hundredweight."

Potato Culture.

It has been ascertained that on a soil well supplied with humus the moisture may be conserved even through a severe drouth and a fair crop of potatoes produced. The great importance of thorough tillage is recognized, but it has been demonstrated that intensive tillage alone is not sufficient to produce a large yield of potatoes. Intensive tillage may be overdone. During a drouth only so much tillage is necessary as shall keep the surface soil loose and thoroughly dry. The drier the surface layer of soil the more slowly will moisture be absorbed by it from the layers of sub-surface soil. Some farmers have adopted the practice of harrowing potato land before the plants appear above the ground. This practice seems to be a wise one and has generally given good results. One experiment station reports that the use of Bordeaux mixture on the potato plants in nearly every case resulted in an increased yield of potatoes, even when blight was not present, and thorough spraying with this material is recommended as a practice to be encouraged. A grower says: "There is no royal road to success with potatoes. Methods of procedure that are applicable at one season must be modified to meet the requirements of another season. Treatment of one soil might be radically wrong when applied to another soil. Success will be attained only by a thorough familiarity with the plant and its habits of growth, and then conditions must be made to meet as completely as possible the requirements of the plant."

Absorbing Capacity of Grains.

A number of experiments are on record that show the moisture-absorbing capacity of wheat and other grains. The results obtained by Hilgard, of the California experiment station, are perhaps the most striking. He subjected dried grains of different cereals to an atmosphere as nearly saturated as it was possible to make it, the temperature being kept at 64.4 F. Due to the absorption of moisture, oats and barley gained in weight 19.8 and 20.4 per cent respectively in 18 days, and wheat gained 18.8 per cent in 14 days. Absorption progressed very rapidly at first, nearly one-half the total increase in weight taking place during the first 24 hours. In another experiment by this same investigator perfectly dry grain, dried artificially, was exposed to a saturated atmosphere at 64.4 degrees for 18 days, with the result that wheat gained 25 per cent in weight, barley 28.2 per cent, and oats 29.1 per cent. In a third experiment Hilgard kept wheat in an atmosphere prepared to be about as dry as the air at harvest time in the interior valleys of California. The results he obtained led to the belief that wheat cured there in the field at harvest time becomes nearly as dry as it would in an absolutely dry air, and on transporting to a temperate climate may possibly increase 25 per cent, while a gain of from 5 to 15 per cent may be looked for with almost absolute certainty.

Corn Culture.

From Farmers' Review: In a recent issue of the Farmers' Review I saw an article by Dr. L. M. Ayres, in which he said that the farmer should give his corn crop shallow culture in a wet season and deep cultivation in a dry season; but he does not give the reason for it. I will say: Give deep culture in a wet season to let the water down and warm the ground. In a dry season, give shallow culture, to hold the moisture that is in the ground. That will create a dust mulch, which will draw the water to the surface.—Joseph Blagden, Oklahoma.