

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,
Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Widow," "Miss Caprice," etc.

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"We must have another deal, that's all. Perhaps a better and more generous lover will appear the next time—one who will appreciate little favors at their true value. You can consider yourself dismissed," with a wave of the hand that should have struck dumb terror into the heart of the other, but which, on the contrary, only excited his secret mirth.

"Thanks, but I shall take my discharge only from the proper authority, and in this case that does not happen to be—ahem!—Capt. Brand."

"Very good. Remember, I am her father, and the rightful custodian of our family honor. Perhaps I may resort to other and more drastic measures should you continue to force your unwelcome attentions upon my daughter."

"You would find me ready and willing to give you back as good as you send, sir."

"Why, you young scamp, I could break every bone in your body, if I chose," almost frothing at the mouth with rage.

"Better not try it, captain. In New York state they electrocute for murder, and it's a worse fate than hanging, which you know has terror enough never to be forgotten."

Charlie, acting upon the spur of the moment, could not help giving him this little threat.

It was a keen one.

The other's jaw dropped, his eyes momentarily rolled in a spasm of agony, and the sweat seemed to break out upon his brow.

Charlie saw and was satisfied.

He had given the conscienceless wretch a body-blow in return for his vile threats.

Capt. Brand's spasm lasted but a brief space of time, and then he recovered his self-possession.

There was a peculiarity about the captain that seemed very marked—when in a rage his eyes became quite bloodshot, and glowed like the orbs of a hyena upon the deserts of which he loved to stalk.

And just now they were fiery, indeed.

The look he gave Stuart had murder in it, though Charlie showed no sign of alarm.

Here, in this public place, the man would never dare assault him.

Besides, Charlie possessed the idea that he could hold his own at any time against the fellow. True, he was smaller than the captain, but a life devoted to occasional dissipation must have sapped some of the astonishing powers which a generous nature had originally bestowed upon the worthy man of many faces.

But Capt. Brand restrained himself—reason had not quite deserted him.

He smiled grimly, and there was a world of meaning in his sardonic look.

"Very good, my hearty! You have chosen to throw down the glove, and from this hour it's war to the knife between us. You may live to rue the day you made an enemy out of one who held out the olive branch. Depend upon it, Arline Brand is not for you. A fond parent must guard the interests of his sweet child. Go your way, young sir; and when next we meet it will be as foes to the death. I wash my hands of you."

CHAPTER XIII.
The Fateful Hour.

Charlie looked after the retreating figure of Capt. Brand, and was in doubt whether to take him seriously or consider his threat a huge joke. He soon resolved to dismiss from his mind Capt. Brand and all he typified, and seek repose.

He gained the sanctity of his room, and, lighting the gas, sat down to have a last deliberation ere retiring.

All seemed capable of running in a smooth groove, but "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley," Bobby Burns tells us, and who has not found it true in his own experience?

Charlie retired. Whether he slept soundly or not concerns us little, but under the circumstances it is hardly probable that his slumber was very refreshing.

There was too great a load on his mind.

He felt very much as a man might who stands upon the brink of a precipice.

Success or failure—his whole future depended upon one little word—was balanced in the hollow of a girl's hand.

Charlie's previous bitter experience had caused him to feel more or less caution, with a shade of distrust toward the gentle sex, and against this he had to fight.

Could he have known what lay before him, under what fearful conditions he was fated to win his sweet-heart, even his bold warrior spirit might have quailed a little.

It is just as well perhaps, that these things are mercifully hidden from our view—just as well that we need only grapple with each difficulty as it appears in view, instead of crossing bridges before we come to them.

The day dawned.

There was more or less of a bustle in the air.

New York contains more sons of Erin than probably any Irish city outside of Dublin.

And these patriotic exiles never neglect to fittingly celebrate St. Pat-

rick's day, no matter what the weather may be.

Charlie felt he must have something to distract his attention. Artemus was not in sight, the daily paper had been exhausted, and as a last resort he sauntered out to watch the crowds.

Never once did he wander far from the hotel, which fact, later on, he was inclined to believe was a special dispensation of Providence.

The magnet was there that held him.

He smoked and walked, and so the time dragged by until the hour of fate arrived.

Charlie, the better to see and be out of the anticipated jam, had mounted a convenient carriage-stone standing in front of a dwelling house half a block from the hotel.

Great as was the excitement around him, it seemed to be doubly intensified further along the line of march, especially in front of the hotel.

He saw the procession break at this point—melt away as it were.

Men ran toward the hotel in squads, waving their arms wildly.

Was it an opportunity to quench the thirst that frequently burns Irish throats on this glorious holiday?

Charlie knew of yore all about the battle of the Boyne, and how an orange flag arouses the hatred of a St. Patrick's day parader even as the red flag stirs the maddened bull to frenzy.

Had some bold and incautious soul dared to invite immolation by thus flaunting in their faces the color they despised?

He supposed this must be the case.

To his surprise, however, the excitement spread—the crowd pressed madly forward, mounted officers came galloping back, shouting out something that at first he could not catch.

Never to his dying day would Charlie Stuart forget the intense anxiety of that moment when he seemed to feel as though the fate of empires was at stake—and then he heard distinctly above the roar the stentorian voice of a leathern-lunged officer:

"Turn out! The avenue is impassable! The Windsor hotel is on fire! Turn out!"

Doubtless that stentorian shout sent a shuddering chill to many a heart when those who heard it glanced up at the massive pile and comprehended the hundreds of precious lives that were endangered.

To none could it appeal with more irresistible force than to Charlie Stuart.

All his hopes and ambitions on earth were centered there—the girl he loved with heart and soul was far up in the doomed structure, perhaps asleep, under the influence of an opiate, after a wakeful night with an aching brow.

At first his blood seemed congealed into ice.

Then it leaped through his veins like boiling lava, fresh from the throat of Vesuvius.

Charlie did not waste time in reflection.

Time was worth more than money now, worth all the world to him.

He had leaped to the pavement like a deerhound, and dashed toward the hotel in great bounds.

Some men would have lost their wits, but it seemed that the greater the emergency the keener became his mind.

Even as he ran and elbowed his way through the excited crowd with irresistible force, he was mapping out a plan of campaign.

Really there seems no limit to the human mind—its capacity is astonishing—it rises to meet the emergency regardless of what is needed.

Now, even when thus fighting his way through the crowd, Charlie saw the hopelessness of attempting to reach the main entrance on the avenue.

The space for half a block was densely packed with a whooping mass of humanity, partly imbued with the eager curiosity that always distinguishes crowds the world over, and at the same time a chivalrous desire to be of use somehow.

If he desired to reach that door he must perforce walk over the heads of the packed crowd.

A better plan suggested itself.

He remembered a side entrance which would admit him much more easily.

Now he was at the corner.

He took one look up and around.

The picture was impressed upon the tablets of his memory forever.

No longer were handkerchiefs and green ribbons waving from the numerous windows of the hotel—instead, panic-stricken girls threw out their arms appealingly and shrieked in terror.

The wand of an evil magician had touched the scene, and transformed it in a twinkling.

Smoke already oozed from several openings, proving to Charlie that his hopes of the fire being trifling were groundless.

It was most serious.

The holocaust of the Parisian Charite Bazar was about to be repeated in New York; and that St. Patrick's day would be marked as the most grewsome Gotham had ever known.

Charlie now had a better chance to push ahead.

Already he feared he had delayed too long.

There were many people and much excitement in the side street, but it was of course not to be compared with the avenue where the crowds had gathered to witness the parade.

Straight to the door Charlie dashed.

A man stood there endeavoring to keep out those who had no business inside, for it is well known that daring thieves will take advantage of such occasions to ply their nefarious

trade, even if they do not at times even create the opportunity.

Ten men could not have kept our Charlie from pushing in.

He shouted that he was a guest, and then rushed inside; nor did the man, after one look at his haggard face, attempt to say him nay.

Charlie avoided the office, where men swarmed, and orders were shouted that could never be obeyed.

His business was aloft.

She was there exposed to a frightful death, and he felt that he lived but to save her!

So up he bounded, three steps at a time.

One thing he must remember—the Windsor was famous as a cavansary where a stranger might easily lose himself in the many passages.

To do so now would be indeed fatal to all his hopes.

He found smoke everywhere, and even fancied he could hear the crackling of flames, though the whole place was in such a turmoil that one could not be sure of this.

He also met numerous persons, flying this way and that, maddened with fear.

Some hardly knew whither they went, and appealed frantically to this cool-headed man beseeching him, for heaven's sake, to tell them where the stairs could be found.

Nor did he fail to direct them, every one, even while he pushed on to the next flight.

Up, up, he went, still finding smoke circling along the halls, through which women staggered, shrieking their appalling distress.

It was a terrifying picture.

There were comical elements injected into it, of course, but no one had the heart to laugh.

Charlie knew in his heart a dreadful calamity was impending—nothing short of a miracle could save the great structure now, and the days of miracles appear to be past.

Perhaps scores of human lives would be sacrificed to the demon of fire—mostly helpless women, employes or guests, who had been viewing the parade from the upper windows.

The mere fact that such a draught passed through the halls from these open windows would hasten the total demolition of the whole structure and make it more certain.

Had Charlie no sacred duty of his own to perform, he would have gladly devoted all of his time toward effecting the rescue of these terrified girls.

As it was, he could only think of Arline.

Her lovely face was before his eyes and seemed to plead with him to make haste.

The smoke was growing even more dense, and he had to push close to the doors to distinguish the numbers, in order to make sure that he was on the right floor.

At last this knowledge came to him.

The opportunity was in his grasp. Here the same conditions seemed to abound—there was smoke in plenty, frenzied maids and flying figures darting through it all like spectres.

Charlie was somewhat out of breath as a result of his steady climb, but otherwise in good physical condition.

He had the number of Arline's rooms well in his mind—the house had been crowded, and these were the best at her service, though the clerk had promised her a suite near the McKinleys after that day.

What if he could have made a mistake in any way? The wretched consequences almost paralyzed him to even think of it.

Eagerly he had scanned each flying or crouching female figure he met, in the hope that he might thus discover the one he sought.

But as yet he had not found her.

Even in that smoke-laden atmosphere he knew he could not mistake her figure, while one note from her voice must have thrilled him through and through.

(To be continued.)

The Talk of Children.

It has been said that children speak the best English in the world in that their idea is expressed in the fewest words and to the point.

Mr. Andrew Simonds, of Charleston, is convinced that their powers of vernacular are superior to his talent for intelligible description.

He was one day trying to interest his little girl, nearly 3 years old, by telling her stories of the circus. She loved horses and was particularly impressed by the feats of the bareback riders.

"Now," he said, taking a chair by way of illustration, "this is a horse. A man comes in on him and rides him all round the ring standing up with out any saddle or bridle. Then directly another horse comes in bare back (putting another chair by the first), and the man rides him, too, just in the same way, until at last there are four horses, and he rides them all round the ring at the same time. And a row of four chairs represent the four horses. Now, wasn't that fine?"

The little one looked up, very grave, her eyes full of the doubt and credulity that so often puzzle us—

"Yes—he had many legs—that man."

"And I had to go all over that story again," said Mr. Simonds.

True Greatness.

True greatness, first of all, is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age nor too far before it. It is up with its age, and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

SHOULD RECALL 1892

THE FOLLY OF ENCOURAGING TARIFF REVISION.

Republicans Warned Against Playing Into the Hands of Their Adversaries by Tinkering the Tariff Under the Pretext of "Hitting the Monopolies."

For forty years the free trade question has been the main hope of the democracy. The great campaign of 1892 was won on the tariff or free trade issue, under conditions much resembling those of the present time. It will be recalled that the country was in a condition of prosperity in 1892 that up to that time had not been equaled. The country is in a greater condition of prosperity at the present time. Some people are seemingly anxious to make some sort of tariff revolution. As in 1892 all are doing well, but there are jealousies arising between various interests, each seemingly willing to take its chances of self-destruction by attempting to destroy somebody else.

In Iowa, men are anchoring themselves on present prosperity to demand a change in the schedules that have brought this prosperity. The proposition is made in the interest of tariff reform, as it was made in 1892 for the purpose of "hitting the monopolies." In 1892 the blow was aimed at Carnegie. In 1902 it is aimed at Pierpont Morgan. It did not hit Carnegie in 1892, but hit nearly everybody else. It may not hit Morgan in 1902, but it may hit nearly every one else. Some of the men in Iowa who have made hundreds of thousands of dollars in increased values of real estate are the chief agitators for the present disturbance of the tariff. They think everything is so securely established that congress could go pell mell into the tariff question without hurting anything or anybody. There is danger to the country and to the Republican party in this agitation which, seemingly, has its home in Iowa. Republicans are every day heard raving against the tariff, just as they did in 1892, when people scarcely had time to add up their profits.

It is a cute piece of politics that the Democrats or mugwumps are playing in Iowa, rock-ribbed Republican state as she is. If a "tariff reform" plank can be put into the Republican platform of Iowa it will be a greater victory for mugwumpism. Iowa has the speaker of the house, the leader of the senate, and two members of the cabinet. A voice

to face has a great deal to do with their accession of reasonableness.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Tariff and Trust Issue.

In respect to a revival of the tariff issue it may be assumed that the American people know a good thing when they have it in hand. They will not soon forget the paralysis of American industries caused by the tariff the Democrats formulated when they last had the opportunity. It required some years, even after the Cleveland-Wilson tariff was abolished, for the country's industries to rally from its blighting effects. But gradually, under the revivifying influence of a Republican tariff, normal conditions were restored, and as a consequence we to-day see the era of greatest prosperity ever enjoyed by the American people. It is equivalent to an intimation that the people have "gone daft" to assume that they would be willing to exchange present tariff conditions for the paralyzing system that wrought disaster before.

So far as the trust issue is concerned, it would be a lucky thought but for one fundamental drawback. That issue was promptly pre-empted by the Republican party at a time when the Democrats spurned it. The anti-trust measure, known as the Sherman act, was passed by a Republican congress, was totally ignored by a subsequent Democratic administration, and now it is being vigorously enforced by the Roosevelt administration.—Los Angeles Herald.

That Generous Trust.

The Sugar trust doesn't see how it can be justly accused of a selfish interest in the bill to lower the tariff on Cuban sugar, as it owns only a little over 99 per cent of the sugar.—Salt Lake City Tribune.

Men and roosters sometimes lose their heads by crowing too soon.

It is perfectly evident that Cuba is to be exploited by the Sugar and Tobacco trusts, and it is these which will chiefly profit from any tariff concession on Cuban products. The people of Cuba would be benefited very little, if at all, by the proposed 20 per cent reduction.—Omaha Bee.

Beet Sugar.

There was a period when the production of beet sugar in this country received the warmest attention of protectionists. Through the Dingley tariff beet sugar received an impetus that has rooted beet sugar factories in a number of states and enhanced the production to such an extent that in large stretches of territory the Sugar trust has cut the price of its sugar below cost, that thereby it may force the beet made sugar out of the market. It is claimed that in the last reduction made by the trust to three and a half cents a pound for granulated sugar at Missouri river points, the price named was below the cost of raw sugar on the Atlantic coast.

It is intimated if the plans of the trust succeed in forcing the beet sugar factories of Nebraska, Kansas and other western points and the Pacific coast out of joint, it will then turn its attention to the eastwards and give the people cheaper sugar for a period so that the beet sugar factories of Michigan and some other beet sections will be forced to lay down. But it is a singular thing that protectionists who originally contended for a good tariff rate upon sugar to protect American industries should now be found attacking the beet sugar interests. If one American industry is worthy of protection, so are every one of the others. Protection cannot be twisted around to convey the idea that beet sugar people are monopolists, for most surely if the growing industry of beet sugar is fostered monopoly, what are all the other industries built up in this country through the operations of protective tariffs?—Racine (Wis.) Journal.

Coming to Their Senses.

The Republican majority in Congress is beginning to come to its senses, and shows a disposition to listen to those who advocate the letting of well enough alone. For a while past men posing as protectionists have been doing all in their power to contribute to the gratification of those anxious to strike down the Dingley act, but as the closing days of the session approach they are growing more considerate of the platform upon which they were elected. The prospect of meeting their constituents face



Cause of Scabies or Mange.

Scabies, or mange, of the ox is a contagious disease caused by a parasitic mite. Cattle are chiefly affected with but two varieties of these parasites, or mites, which belong to the class Arachnoides. These are, first, the Psoroptes; second, the Symbiotes. The first is the one which most frequently affects them. It lives on the surface of the skin and gives rise to great irritation and itching by biting, and is most frequent upon the sides of the neck and shoulders, at the base of the horns, and at the root of the tail. From these points it spreads to the back and sides, and may invade nearly the entire body. Its principal manifestations are more or less numerous pimples, exudation, and abundant scaling off of the skin, falling out of the hair, and the formation of dry gray-brownish scabs. In the course of time the skin becomes thickened, stiff, wrinkled, and acquires the consistence of leather. When mange has spread over a large surface of the body, the animals lose flesh and become weak and anemic, rendering them constitutionally less able to withstand or combat the effects of the mites. At the same time the decreased vigor and lessened vitality of the affected animals favor the more rapid multiplication of the mites and the further extension and intensification of the disease. Thus we have cause and effect working together, with the result that scabies, or mange, in cattle may in some cases prove fatal; especially are fatal terminations liable to occur in the latter part of a severe winter among immature and growing animals, or those of adult and full age, when in an unthrifty condition at the time of becoming infected. There have been noticed variations in the progress of the disease depending upon extreme seasons—aggravation in winter alternating with improvement in summer.—Bulletin 152, Department of Agriculture.

Horse Shortage in New Hampshire.

Prof. Charles W. Burkett, of the New Hampshire station, says:

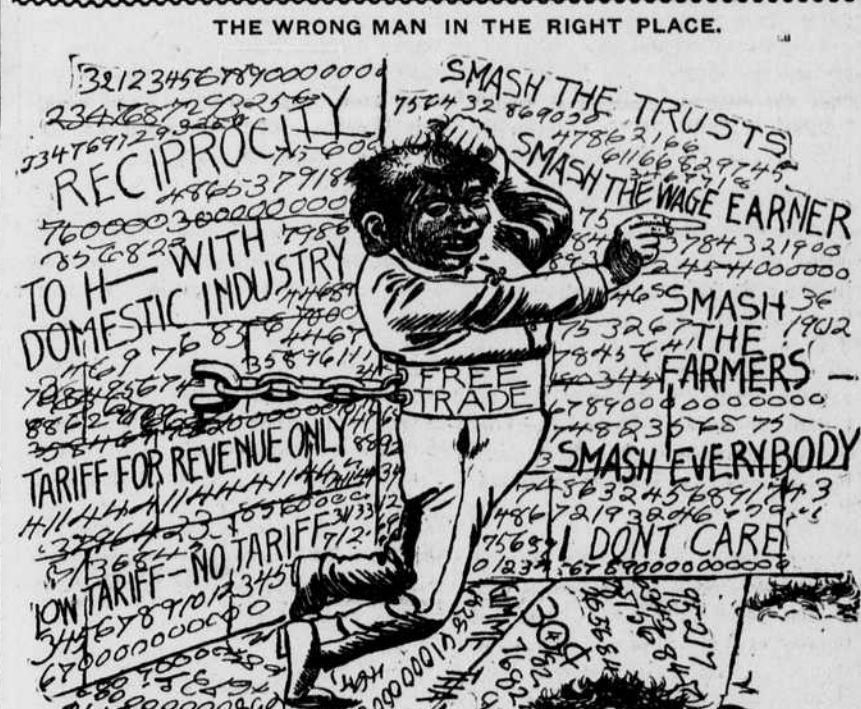
There is too little horse power in the state to properly till and cultivate the soil. We have thousands of acres of tillable land in the state (and what is said here is true of all New England) that have not felt the ploughshare for a long series of years, some for decades, some for a half century. Soil will not remain productive if untilled. We have not enough horses or working units in the state to do the regular farm work and to carry on tillage as it should be done. Practically the only supply of horses is from other states; yet this state is quite able to supply its full needs and could have to spare for demands elsewhere. The work lies with the farmers themselves, not only to increase the number of working horses but to improve them and make them more serviceable.

By using the better grade of mares for breeding purposes and having the service of some pure-bred sire of some draft or coach breed of good type and conformation, it would be but a short time until the character of the whole horse stock were changed into a better and improved one. Good draft and coach stallions can be secured for about five hundred dollars. Several farmers could purchase a stallion of the type desired, and there could be engaged several mares for the first season at a moderate charge for service which would pay not only a high rate for money invested but would go a long way for paying the full cost.

Sheep and Weeds.

Prof. Thomas Shaw: Of the 600 weeds and grasses growing in the Northwest, it is estimated by those that have made a study of it, that sheep will eat 576 of them, while horses consume but 83 and cattle only 56. The fact is, sheep prefer many kinds of weeds to grasses, and weedy fields and horse pastures are improved by turning a small flock of sheep into them. When sheep devour the weeds they do not charge anything for the work. On the other hand, they pay the farmer for the privilege of pulling the weeds. They turn the weeds into mutton, fresh, juicy and crisp. A sheep's stomach is the most perfect receptacle that was ever made for weeds. It is sure death to every form of weed life. No weed seeds retain the power of resurrection after having been buried in that living sepulcher, the stomach of a sheep. A more suitable receptacle for them is than a Gehenna or a Tophet would be. Either of them would deprive the weeds of the power to grow, but in doing so they would consume all the nitrogen in the weeds. Only the phosphoric acid and potash would be left in the ashes. But when sheep consume weeds, they take out some of the nitrogen, a little of the phosphorus, and the residue they put back over the land to stimulate the growth of the crops that shall yet be sown.

Mr. John M. True, secretary of state for Wisconsin, says the disposition to plant more corn is almost universal throughout the state, and the potato acreage has also been increased 5 per cent, and tobacco acreage, 10 per cent. The wheat acreage has decreased in proportion as the corn and oats acreage has increased.



from Iowa would sound like the voice of authority coming directly from the administration. The Republicans of Iowa might well stop and think and also analyze the source from which emanates the attempt to put a tariff reform plank into the Iowa Republican platform, a plank that might be measurably right in itself, but one that would be construed as a letting down of old time principles and be regarded away from home as giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

Remember the ideas of '92.—Des Moines Capital.

Who Would Benefit?

A few days ago a statement was made to the senate committee by a gentleman who had investigated conditions in Cuba that a large number of sugar plantations in the island are owned by Americans. It is highly probable that officials of the Sugar trust are among these owners, in fact constitute a majority of them. The president of the trust has admitted that he invested in Cuban sugar lands and it is altogether likely that others in the trust have done so. These men would get a share of the \$8,000,000 which Mr. McCall says the 20 per cent tariff reduction would give Cuba. That all of it would not go to the island is absolutely certain. We think there is no doubt that the sugar crop of Cuba is very largely controlled by the trust and that the corporation has put itself in position to practically control in the future the Cuban sugar industry. In regard to the island's other staple product, tobacco, there has just been incorporated in New Jersey a \$35,000,000 company to take over several important tobacco interests in Cuba. The new company is organized in the interest of the Consolidated Tobacco company, commonly known as the trust, which now controls most of the tobacco manufacturing business of the United States and is preparing to control a large part of the Cuban tobacco industry.