

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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

Copyright 1901, Street and Smith, New York.

CHAPTER XIV. A Battle of Giants.

Some of the most frantic hovered at the windows, as though ready to plunge through space if the worst came.

They were crazed for the time being and could not be blamed.

Many a precious life went out that fatal day, that might have been saved by the exercise of a little judgment and coolness; for of all the attributes which mortal man inherits or acquires these prove the richest legacy in such a time of actual panic.

Having taken his bearings, and discovered which way the numbers ran, Charlie started upon what he believed was the last leg of his course.

Now he must speedily realize the worst; if he came upon Arline's rooms and found them empty, he would know she was somewhere about the intricate passages, lost and facing death, as when he first found her.

What a travesty of fate such a thing would be.

Tragedies were being enacted within those walls, that had many times echoed with the sounds of gayety, and now rang with shrieks; already the greedy fire fiend had cut off many from escape, and yearned to encompass their destruction.

Some doors were closed, but the majority stood gaping wide open, whence the terrified occupants had fled just as they were.

In passing one of these Charlie had a glimpse of a lady, richly attired, bending over an open trunk, evidently seeking to lay hold of her precious jewel boxes ere flying.

Mayhap they cost her what all the jewels from Cleopatra's day to this could not replace—life.

Once a woman had seized upon him—crazed by fear, she clutched him as a drowning man might a straw.

Charlie could not have his mission jeopardized by such detention—he was compelled to break away, shouting at the same time for her to go to the stairs and descend while the chance remained. God only knew how long this golden opportunity might be held out to them, for the greedy flames were making hideous headway and presently the entire building would be a charnal house.

All obstacles had thus far been overcome by his iron will—determined to reach and save Arline, he had swept them aside as the March wind whirled the dust out of its path.

But the end was not.

One barrier remained.

Charlie suspected it not until the thing burst upon him, sudden and unexpected as lightning from the clear sky overhead.

Again a detaining hand.

This time it brought his forward movement to a complete stop, and he realized there was something more serious in the detention than when the poor groveling chambermaid had clutched his knees.

It was a man; through the haze he had seen his presence without paying the least attention to him, and now the fellow, probably as terrified as the women, frantically clung to him.

"To the stairs or the fire escape!—let go!" shouted Charlie, and when the other laughed with devilish glee in his ear Stuart turned his head to see close to his own the face of the bogus Capt. Brand, transformed by passion into the countenance of a fiend.

Was it accident or deep design that brought Macauley to this floor of the hotel at such a tragical moment?

When Charlie felt that grip on his arm and looked into the maddened orbs of the ogre, he seemed to realize that a great crisis in his life had arrived.

The stake was Arline's love. This man might be innocent or guilty of murderous design, but appearances were mightily against him.

His manner indicated as plainly as words: "This far shall you come and no farther."

Instinct warned Charlie to prepare for the worst, to throw himself into a position that was aggressive even while defensive.

It was a wise precaution, for the other, even while he continued to glare malevolently into his face, suddenly threw himself upon Stuart.

As he expected, Charlie found Macauley a man gifted with tremendous muscular power. Like trained athletes, the two men whirled around, each seeking the downfall of the other.

To Charlie each second meant a closer approach of doom, while with the other the passage of time brought savage satisfaction, as his base plans grew nearer realization.

Charlie retracted a step mustering every atom of power in his muscular frame for the storm which he meant to spring upon the already gloating enemy.

Macauley was drunk with the success that had seemed to be already within his grasp.

He thus could be taken off his guard, and once in retreat, complete rout must follow.

So sudden was the attack, so overwhelming in its resistless energy that the ogre fell back in confusion, hardly knowing just how to meet so strange a raily.

And Stuart followed it up—he knew full well that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well.

He was bent on ending the struggle then and there—in order to do so most effectively he let out still another kink, and surprised his enemy with a succession of tricks that completed his utter demoralization.

It was the work of a gladiator. Charlie, having stunned the ogre with a multiplicity of short-arm blows, hurled him in a shuddering heap aside, and found himself once more free to go forward.

CHAPTER XV.

When Charlie Kissed Her.

The flames had been making hideous progress while this mad encounter took place, and already their red tongues leaped into view at the further end of the corridor.

Charlie was panting like a hunted stag, hardly able to catch his breath in that smoke-burdened atmosphere—yet, no sooner had he hurled his enemy to the floor, and found the coast clear, than he started along the hallway.

The numbers on the doors now stood out plainly enough, thanks to the illumination afforded by the flames, and he knew he was close to where Arline might be found.

He saw the door was closed.

It gave him a shock—then she had not escaped with the first—she must still be within her room.

He pounced upon the knob and turned it.

Horror! There was no response—the door utterly refused to give way, being locked within.

Charlie pounded with his fist upon the panel.

"Open the door, Arline! Open, for God's sake! The hotel is on fire!" Apparently he shouted loud enough to arouse the dead, yet no answer came from beyond.

Stuart knew of but one resource left—it was a desperate case, and required a desperate remedy.

He raised his foot.

One mighty blow shivered the lock as completely as though a battering ram had been brought to bear against it.

The door flew open.

Nothing barred his progress now, and with a bound the Briton was in the room.

Arline lay upon a Turkish lounge—the crash of the door had done what all else had failed to accomplish, for she had just raised her head and was staring at him with eyes dilating in horror as they discovered the whirling clouds of smoke that curled in after him.

Charlie ran to assist the girl to her feet, at the same time calling: "The hotel is on fire, but be brave, and I will save you, if possible!"

His manner calmed her more than all else.

She looked into his face, and although her voice trembled, she kept a brave front as she said:

"I trust you with my life, Charlie! Tell me what to do, and God help us both!"

Brave little woman! That was what he thought her then and there—he had believed it on that former occasion, when she wandered in the dark Steen dungeons and passages, and now it was made doubly sure.

It would have been worth something to Stuart at this critical juncture, could he have become possessed of the valuable information which the fallen ogre had held regarding the ways and means of reaching a fire escape.

As it was, he found himself cast upon his own resources and compelled to make a virtue of necessity.

One thing was absolutely certain—he could not count on assistance, and if they escaped it must be through his persistent and determined work.

Then, again, he kept before his mind the fact that escape must be downward—that flight to the roof would only render their immolation the more certain.

Each story they could descend would take them nearer the street and increase their chances of being assisted through the medium of the fire ladders.

Charlie had taken his bearings—he knew the fire had not as yet spread over the entire building, though the smoke must have done so ere now.

The stairs he had ascended were still free from flames, though this could not long be said, as they were in jeopardy.

Snatching up a cloak which he found, he pressed it about Arline. Some craze must have been running riot in his veins at the time, for as her sweet face came close to his own he deliberately kissed her; nor did she by look or word protest—there was something almost holy in the act.

It was as though the man wished her to know the great love that was in his heart before they faced the dreadful ordeal which might be their destruction. As though he might thus seal his claim upon the woman he adored, even though together they were doomed to journey toward another world.

"Come! Have courage, my darling," he said.

Probably few men on earth have been given so strange an opportunity to declare their love, and under such conditions who could envy Charlie Stuart the brief spasm of delight which he experienced, for the first time he passed his arm about Arline's waist with a sense of proprietorship.

Love is a strong factor in the race—the girl might have been rendered frantic with fear had she found herself alone face to face with the threatening destruction, but with his strong arm to lean upon, and the knowledge of his declared passion to sustain her, she could meet the dread issue with courage.

And it required all the nerve she possessed to keep from screaming when once in the hall she saw the

avalanche of roaring fire at the farther end.

Charlie led her directly toward it, yet she trusted him implicitly—it was a glorious symbol of the power he was to exercise in all time to come, if so be they escaped with their lives.

The stairs at last.

Another minute and it might have been too hazardous to attempt a descent—but that small space of time has won kingdoms ere now.

Down one flight—that much was saved them at any rate, even should the worst happen.

When they started upon the second descent, it was like running the gauntlet; fingers of fire stretched out yearningly toward them, and one even came so close that Arline involuntarily uttered a scream, thinking Charlie, who had thrust his body on that side, was doomed.

This narrow escape told him that it would be utterly impossible to make any further use of the stairway in advancing their cause, since below it was wreathed in flames.

Their only course was to retreat from the fire as far as possible, and there await rescue or provide for it through their own ingenuity.

Still they heard the shrieks of fear-distracted women, cowering in corners or rushing wildly through the corridors calling for the help that could never reach them.

Such a scene of horror must haunt one while life lasts, so fraught with human suffering and the utter inability to render aid.

He had not calculated wrongly; while the smoke remained more dense than ever, the danger of immediate fire was not so great, although he saw it pushing toward them from three separate and distinct quarters, as though closing in upon its victims.

An open window at the end of the hall was Charlie's objective point.

He had hopes of discovering there the iron ladder that would enable those who had the nerve to grasp its rungs to drop to safety below.

Alas! disappointment awaited him, keen and cutting, since there was no such avenue of escape provided in this quarter.

It was a dizzy distance down to the street, and only a maddened brain could conceive the idea of leaping out into space.

Charlie leaned out to survey the situation.

Immediately a roar of warning arose from thousands of throats below, while arms waved him back, doubtless under the belief that he meant to take the mad plunge.

He was not quite reduced to such an insane policy—his resources had not yet been exhausted.

Charlie had his bearings now—he remembered the lay of the land—surely there must be a better chance of escape in the rear.

Turning into another corridor, which led in the desired quarter, he pushed on. Arline clung to his arm with whitened face and eyes that reflected the horror of her soul, but, thank Heaven! as yet her steps did not falter, nor did she give any signs of collapse, while his great courage remained to buoy her soul up.

The situation grew more intense with every passing second, and Charlie knew all too well that unless fortune speedily gave them an opening it would be too late, since the fire was now sweeping with remorseless fury over the main portion of the doomed structure.

Charlie Stuart knew he had to solve the problem of his existence, as well as that of the gentle being who clung so eagerly to his arm.

No man was ever better equipped for the fray.

He had everything to urge him on to superhuman efforts—abounding life, with all that means to a healthy young man, and, besides, the knowledge that he was beloved by the girl to whom his heart had gone out.

Yes, if ever a man had reason to strive with might and main for victory, it was Charlie Stuart.

Manfully he met the requisition.

(To be continued.)

HOW SLEEP MAY BE WOODED

Position in Which a Person Should Lie to Induce Somnolence.

Few persons in an ordinary assemblage can tell offhand what positions they assume to induce sleep and yet there is not an individual in the world who has not some trick of distributing limbs and trunk to insure slumber's blissful spell which he practices unconsciously. This is a habit as perpetual and immutable under normal conditions as the succession of the seasons. No sooner are we really off to the land of nod than the night habit asserts itself.

Our hands and arms seek the same parts of the bed or the same portions of our bodies upon which they have nightly rested since infancy; our feet and legs stretch at the same angles or loosely entwine in comfortable relaxation as commanded by unconscious will.

It is seldom of our own deliberate volition that we place our bodies in position for sleep, as you will find to-night on going to bed if you remember these words. In truth, if you do not seek to combat the instincts you will be surprised at the dispositions of the various members involuntarily made. If you endeavor to go to sleep by a new arrangement of the body you will also be surprised by the revolt against slumber which will surely ensue, but even before the struggle is well begun you will probably surrender and permit the all-masterful night habit to reinstate those little details of position which long practice has made necessary to your comfort.

WHAT PROTECTION IS

TRUE PRINCIPLE THAT UNDERLIES OUR PRESENT TARIFF.

It Fosters National Pride and Assures Complete Industrial Independence—Free Traders Have Nothing to Offer in Exchange for It.

The protective tariff policy came into existence under the first administration. The protective principle was the cardinal doctrine in the creed of the greatest constructive statesman America ever produced, Alexander Hamilton. It had warm advocates in George Washington and the other great men who surrounded the Father of his country during the eight years in which he served as chief magistrate. It has been aptly called the national policy for the reason that it exalted America above every other nation and proposed to develop its industries and resources in order that the nation might attain industrial as well as political independence. It was conceded at the beginning that to establish this policy would involve some sacrifices. It was conceded at the beginning that there were to be higher prices for some commodities as a result of protection; but it was argued that the compensating benefits would more than offset this. Throughout the development of this system these hopes have been fully realized, so that whereas at the beginning we were absolutely at the mercy of European manufacturers, we are to-day practically independent of them and through home competition there has been a constant decline in the price of all the great staple articles of manufacture. American labor has throughout the entire period of our national existence commanded a higher price than similar labor performed in any other portion of the world. The American laborer has grown in independence, intelligence and opportunity with the development of this system, until to-day he occupies a place undreamed of by his predecessors of a generation ago. The free-trader has from the beginning held to the doctrine of the survival of the fittest without any interference on the part of the government. They have contended that in the world of labor the spirit of national pride should not enter. That from a business standpoint we should consider the laborer or the manufacturer of any other country as just as much entitled to consideration as the manufacturer or laborer of our own country. The free-trader has always had in mind first of all the interest of what we might style the consumer who primarily is not a producer, that is to say, the professional and salaried classes and those who live upon the interest derived from securities. The habit of mind can be discovered in many fields outside those where the protection and free-trade doctrines ordinarily clash. For example, the believer in free-trade will naturally be opposed to Chinese exclusion. To the man who believes absolutely in free-trade doctrines the Chinaman is worthy of as much consideration as an American. If you say to this man that it is dangerous to permit this country to be overrun with cheap Chinese labor, he will tell you that if the American wage earner cannot compete with the heathen Chinese so much the worse for the former. The set phrase, "The fittest will survive," satisfies him at all points.

Periodically throughout our history the free-trader by appealing to various selfish interests here and there to vote for an era of cheapness has persuaded the American electorate to elect a congress and a president favorable to the free-trade doctrines. Every such triumph has been followed by a period of industrial depression characterized by falling prices, business failures, low wages and enforced idleness. There has been no exception. This generation had its experience between 1893 and 1896. Almost every man old enough to vote can remember very vividly what took place then. Yet it is practically certain that in the next national campaign, which is just upon us, another appeal will be made to the people to vote for a cheap era, and if a sufficient number of them can be caught by this stale bait it can be confidently predicted that history will repeat itself. It cannot be otherwise.—Cedar Rapids Republican.

Protection With Reciprocity.

There is ample room for reciprocity alongside of protection, but the latter cannot and must not be supplanted. The American producer needs markets for his surplus products, but he is not ready to surrender the matchless home field in order to get them. Nor need he. The United States, with its industries developed under the fostering care of protection, has so much to sell and is in a position to buy in such large quantities that it cannot command favorable terms without sacrificing domestic interests. It was Lord Salisbury, the British premier, who once lamented the fact that free trade had left England economically defenseless. He said in substance that his country could exact nothing from other nations in return for trade concessions, because it had already given up everything, and there was no opportunity for a quid pro quo. The United States, on the other hand, is economically impregnable. Protection has aided it in perfecting a wonderful industrial system, and it is in a position to sell to all the world. It has almost illimitable resources in the form of products which the world needs. It is able to buy vast amounts of goods which other parts of the world supply. It holds a masterful place, and can make reciprocity min-

ister to its own interests as well as to those of its customers.

This is the principle contemplated by the statesmen who have favored reciprocity. The benefits are not to be one-sided. If the United States yields something in the way of trade advantages the reciprocating nations must be equally obliging. Reciprocity will not be used to destroy what protection has built up. The two must go hand in hand. When we have reciprocity it must be with protection. That is sound Americanism and the true Republican policy.—Troy Times.

RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA.

American Farmers Certain to Protest Against It.

A delegation representing the Chambers of Commerce of the United States has told President Roosevelt that it believes reciprocity with Canada will be of great value to American commerce and industry. The President told the delegation that he would take the matter "under advisement." This is usually a polite method of saying that one is not ready to take action.

At this time Canada is the best purchaser of American products after the United Kingdom and Germany. There is no doubt that freer trade relations with the Dominion would add largely to its American purchases, especially as regards manufactured goods. There would also be a largely increased consumption of American coal.

It will not be an easy matter, however, to negotiate a reciprocity treaty such as Canada desires, for the reason that the Canadians will be more ready to receive than to give. They will ask for many concessions. They will be willing to make few. But even if a treaty should be negotiated on what could fairly be called reasonable terms, its ratification would be more than doubtful. There are so many interests which would protest against a reciprocity in which they would see an injury to themselves.

As a matter of course Canada would insist on lower duties on farm and garden products. Against this concession all the American farmers anywhere near the boundary line between the two countries would protest. They would tell of their losses if the cheaper vegetables, eggs and poultry of the Canadians came into competition with their products. These farmers are not without influence in Congress. While the mine owners of Ohio and Indiana would favor free trade in coal, Eastern mine owners who do not wish to have to compete with Nova Scotia coal in New England would object to it. The manufacturing interests as a rule would look kindly on reciprocity, but other powerful interests would oppose it.

So until a reciprocity project shall have been devised which offends nobody the customs duties on Canadian products are likely to remain as they are. To get up a scheme which does not displease somebody is beyond the power of man.—Chicago Tribune.

Only the Sick Need Medicine.

There are men who believe that all that is necessary to revise the tariff is to give a brief time to the cutting of duties. The country was prosperous in 1892 until the defeat of Gen. Harrison made sweeping tariff revision certain. Such sweeping revision was made in the Wilson bill, which the house passed. The Gorman bill, which became law, saved the iron and other schedules, but the certainty of revision along purely revenue lines was the leading cause of the panic which followed the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland. Recovery did not come until the passage of the Dingley law.

With this warning before the country the general revision of the tariff should be made with the greatest care. The country is prosperous beyond precedent. Few people can be greatly injured by retention of the present tariff for a season, when labor is so generally employed and many lines of manufacture are crowded with orders. The Pittsburg Dispatch, an independent Republican paper, holding conservative views on the tariff, is right when it says that "tariff revision is a medicine; it may do some good when commerce is unhealthy, but if, in the height of business vigor, we begin tinkering the industrial body with nostrums, it may very soon reach the condition of bad health." The growing sentiment among Republicans who discuss the question in Washington is in favor of submitting the revision to a body of experts. But, whatever policy may be adopted, the Republican party will be united in its support.—Indianapolis Journal.

Would Stimulate Hostility.

Reciprocity is being urged as a means of staying off or allaying European tariff hostility to the United States, yet it is more calculated to stimulate it. Whatever concessions we make to one nation we must make to its competitors, or else we shall have all sorts of trouble. The matter of tariff would thus be transferred from congress to the state department, and constant tinkering would be the result. If we are going to make changes in our tariff rates it would be far better to make them direct and have them apply to all countries, than to begin frittering away the protection of our industries piecemeal, with constant disturbance of trade because of the uncertainties of the future. The interests that are behind this movement for extending the markets for some of our products at the expense of others are powerful and apparently have with them a strong following in the senate, but it takes a two-thirds vote to ratify a treaty and here is where they may fail.—San Jose (Cal.) Mercury.



Humus in the Orchard.

It is an important point in farming to preserve the humus in the soil where there is humus and to supply it where there is no humus. Humus has a value distinctive from that of the fertility it contains. It holds moisture in the soil and also holds some forms of fertility. To increase it in the orchard a good way is to grow legumes of some sort and plow them under at stated seasons. Not only does the cultivator thus increase the humus in the soil, but the nitrogen is increased as it has been caught from the air by these plants. Some follow the practice of not plowing or spading under the green crop, but of mowing and leaving it on the ground. But to our mind this is a very inferior way of getting the good of the decaying humus. The air must in that case rob the crop mown of a part of its fertility, especially the volatile portions. Moreover the roots in the ground cannot get hold of this decaying vegetation, and we see little chance of their benefiting by it. We believe that by all means the crop should be turned under in some way. The soil will then grow more perfect in mechanical structure from year to year and the roots will always be able to get into touch with the humus and the fertility and moisture contained in it.

Spraying on Windy Days.

Prof. W. J. Green, horticulturist of the Ohio Experiment station, says: "Choose a day for spraying with crude petroleum when evaporation is rapid, as greater injury is done in damp than in drying weather. If the sun shines and the wind is blowing, all the better. A light wind is not advantageous but a brisk or high wind assists operations materially. When there is no wind, begin at the top of the tree, spraying around the tree, and work downward rather than upward. Avoid double applications, such as may result by spraying up and down the tree. If the wind is brisk, hold the nozzle high and let the material drift through the trees. In this way trees some distance away may be covered almost as well as those near by. The operator must shift his position and change the height of the nozzle as experience shows to be necessary. When the wind changes, another application must be made on the other side of the trees. There is less danger of overspraying in a high wind than when the air is calm, but there is also a greater probability of missing parts of trees.

Wood Ashes for Fruit Plantations.

Where wood ashes can be obtained they will usually be found to be of considerable value as a source of potash and phosphoric acid. They are especially good on the strawberry patch, if used in moderate quantities. Their value will depend on a number of things, chief of which is the kind of wood from which they were made. Some trees have only five or six per cent of potash in the ash, while trees like the elm, are very rich in potash, the ash being sometimes as high as 25 per cent in potash. One ton of wood ashes should contain not less than 100 pounds of potash, which at five cents per pound is worth \$5.00, while the phosphorus it contains should be worth in the neighborhood of another dollar. This makes a value of \$600 for the ton of ashes. This, of course, applies to unleached ashes. Leaching very materially decreases the value of ashes, as it removes a large proportion of the potash. Ashes also contain lime, which is of value on many soils.

Manure Strawberries in Advance of Planting.

Where possible strawberry ground should be thoroughly fertilized the year before putting in the plants. This should be done in the case of making new beds. It is now time to be looking after that phase of strawberry growing. Plow the ground now in which are to be set strawberry plants next year. Fertilize it heavily and plow in the manure. It will rot by spring, when the ground should be again pulverized. If the manure is rotted by fall, the ground may be then reworked to incorporate more thoroughly the fiber in the manure. Where old beds are to be fertilized, the manure can be scattered in the spaces between the rows now, and then spaded or cultivated in. It is possible to overdo the matter of fertility and cause the production of foliage rather than berries. There is, however, less danger in doing this than of feeding the plants too little.

Tree Labels.

A good way to make a label that will last for years is to use a pine strip, painting it with white lead. Before the lead is dry write the name of the tree on the tag with a lead pencil. The plumbago and the oil will combine to form an indelible inscription that will be good for years. Many of the little tags that come with new trees are so badly written that the names are effaced in a few months, or the iron wire rusts and the tags drop off. Tags should be fastened to trees with copper wire. To allow a tree to go untaged may cause all kinds of complications in the future. The matter is worth attending to at the first opportunity, and if the opportunity does not come of itself it should be made.

Close Inbreeding should be avoided.