

A WARRIOR BOLD.

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CHAPTER VI.

Captain Brand, of the Hespasia.
The young girl heard her companion make this declaration with an interest she did not attempt to conceal.

"Many times that thought has come to me, but I dismissed it as unworthy. He brought several things my father had with him when he went away, and he resembled the only picture I had of my father—that is, in a general way. You could not expect very much after his cruel years of hardship in the desert. Besides, he knew all about our family matters, the quarrel with mamma's people on account of her marriage, and many little things connected with the past."

"I shall devote myself to the task of discovering the truth. Heaven alone knows who he is, or how he came into possession of the facts he has used to such advantage; but I intend to satisfy my curiosity in that respect, at any cost."

"Something tells me you will succeed," she said eagerly, so that Charlie flushed with pleasure.

"Thanks for your faith in me. It will go a great way toward assisting me. Of course, you would be gratified should I find the means to expose him as an impostor?"

"So long as I still believe him to be what he claims, I cannot find it in my heart to turn against him. He has told me so many awful stories of the cruelties practiced upon them that I sometimes feel as though possibly his mind had been a little affected, and that he could hardly be held accountable for his actions."

Charlie seized upon a slender cue, quick as a flash to discover a vulnerable point.

"Ah!" he said, eagerly; "you speak of their suffering among the Arabs! Then he had a companion in exile, I imagine."

"Oh, yes—three at first; but later on there was only one left."

"And the name—do you remember?"

"Yes. It was his mate, Ben Hazen."

"Ah! that is a substantial point from which to work. Our friend, if an impostor, may be very cunning; but I doubt if he has been able to learn his tracks so that we may not learn something of Ben Hazen's past: Shipping books and shipping masters may tell the story of identification if all else fails. By the way, what does he say became of Ben Hazen?"

"He was shot while defending a wretched woman slave against her Inhuman master, and died of his wounds."

"Well, the incident may be true enough; but the chances are that it was your own father who gave up his life in this chivalrous fashion, and that what papers he had hidden on his person he confided to his fellow prisoner in the hope that at some day he might escape and carry the news to those he loved in old England."

Arline heard him with both wonder and delight.

Her confidence had apparently gone out to him in the start, and now she felt it growing he was so earnest, so positive that his logic seemed to have the faculty of convincing others.

"There is one thing I meant to ask; you gave me the wrong card by a singular accident, but at the same time intimated that you were known by another name than Arline Brand at the hotel."

"Yes; I should have explained. When my aunt adopted me I assumed her name of Wallis; and as her title was hereditary, and could descend to the next of kin after her demise, I became Lady Arline Wallis. As such I have been sometimes known."

Charlie cringed somehow, at this. It seemed to raise a wall between them—wealth and title. What few ordinary young Englishmen dare aspire to win a bride from behind such ramparts?

Never before had Charlie Stuart wished for fame and fortune as now; nothing could be too grand to lay at the feet of such a royal princess.

And while he was thus battling with his thoughts, she suddenly caught his arm.

"He is out yonder! I heard his laugh! Now, come to the door, Mr. Stuart, and take your first look at Captain Brand of the Hespasia, before you meet him face to face."

Nothing loth Charlie followed her to the door, whence they could look into the office of the hotel.

Several men were in sight; but almost instinctively his gaze settled upon one who seemed to command general attention; and no sooner had Charlie clapped his eyes on this remarkable individual than he uttered a little ejaculation of surprise and pleasure.

Possibly he had seen this same loquacious Captain Brand of the Hespasia under other and more exciting circumstances.

"Tell me," he said quietly, to the girl who was hovering over his shoulder, "have you given him any particulars as to how you chanced to escape from the Steen dungeons?"

"Only that just in the nick of time I was discovered by some tourists who had come down to see the awful place for themselves."

"My name was not mentioned?"

"To the best of my recollection, not at all."

"Good! Then, if I meet the ogre, you can introduce me as one of your friends."

"I trust such is only the truth," shyly.

"An old, old friend, let us say, for whom you have always entertained feelings of profound respect."

"It shall be as you say. I am sure you have some motive in this action."

"I certainly have. Truth to tell, I believe I have seen this gentleman before, under other conditions. I shall know to a certainty after I have been in his society a while. At any rate, there is reason to hope for the best."

"Shall we go out and meet him?" asked Arline.

"Yes, indeed. The Fates have decided that Captain Brand and I shall come together for a trial of strength, and it might just as well take place now as later. I am ready."

So they went out. The ex-sailor quickly sighted them and "bore down with all sails set," as he would have nautically expressed it. Charlie played his part well.

He met the captain in a bluff, friendly manner, just as a young man might wish to receive the father of a lovely girl he admired.

Plainly Captain Brand found no especial reason for alarm.

He set out to be even more jovial and debonair than usual, with the idea of creating a good impression on his daughter's old friend, whom he wished to study at close range.

When he set out to entertain, Captain Brand of the Hespasia was a howling success, relating the most astonishing incidents connected with his long captivity in the desert, his perils on the sea, and the deep fountain of love for wife and child that had sustained him through all his trials.

Charlie was no mean actor himself, thanks to the splendid control which he was able to exercise over his facial muscles.

Although he now had not the least doubt as to the fellow being a fraud of the first water, Charlie felt that he owed it to Arline's respect for filial affection to prove this fact.

This was the task he cut out for himself.

He laid his little trap.

Captain Brand was so much engaged with his flow of oratory and the charming of this friend of the family that he did not notice the pit so deftly dug.

Thus, almost without an effort, Charlie had him admit that he knew considerable about Valparaiso, in Chili, and had been there, in the course of his wanderings, many years ago.

In Charlie's mind this settled the matter. He was confident he knew with whom he had to deal, and when the time came he would be ready to dare all in defying the adventurer.

While they sat thus, speaking of the sights of Antwerp, there came a messenger from the hotel office inquiring for Mr. Charlie Stuart, whom a gentleman outside desired to see.

As he went, directed by the clerk, to the spot where he would find the gentleman who had asked for an immediate interview on serious business, he was making up his mind to tell Peterhoff the whole story and enlist his favorable consideration for Arline, so that when the denouement came the doughty captain could be taken care of.

Judge of his surprise, then, when, upon coming upon the party who wished to see him, he found it was no other than Artemus Barnaby, with his honest face clouded with an air of the darkest mystery.

It did not require much prophetic skill on Charlie's part to tell that his erratic friend had news of some importance for him.

He pressed a forefinger on his lips to indicate dead silence, when he found that Charlie had recognized him.

Charlie stood there waiting while the other crept on his tiptoes to the corner, in the regular orthodox stage fashion, and looked this way and that, to assure himself that there could be no eavesdroppers near.

Then he approached his friend, his warning finger still on his lips.

Reaching the other, he placed his lips close to Charlie's ear, and solemnly said:

"The coast is clear!"

"I see it is," said Charlie, aloud.

"What I am about to disclose to you, will give you a cruel shock, my boy."

"Shock away then, only make haste."

"I am about to make a disclosure that will, I regret to say, knock away the foundations of your belief in humanity."

"Ah! that's a serious thing indeed. Does this disclosure concern the world at large or one individual specimen of mankind?"

"One shining light."

"Then fire away, and be hanged to you."

Artemus assumed a look of extreme gravity, although Charlie was sure he heard a chuckle.

"You have met the father of the young lady of the Steen dungeons. The hotel clerk has been entertaining me with a wonderful story of his return to life and civilization. It reads like a romance, and would find a worthy niche in my notebook, only, my dear boy, it is so very ancient, a veritable stage chestnut, as it were."

"But let that pass. I imagine this Captain Brand is a character worth knowing, something unique. I could hear him out yonder, and the dulcet tones of his voice were soothing enough to conjure with."

"Yes," remarked Charlie, "he is a wonderful man, and could charm most people by the quaint manner of his speech."

Artemus again bent forward.

"Beware of Captain Brand!" he whispered, and then sprang back to note the stunning effect of his announcement.

But Charlie, though interested, refused to be stunned.

"Why, what has he done?"

"He is a bold, bad man!"

Charlie was inclined to say "Amen!" to that, but he kept his own counsel as yet, seeking more light.

"See here! You have known this wonderful modern Baron Munchausen at some past date?" he said.

Artemus nodded.

"It would be impossible that two such men could ever exist. Yes, I knew him."

"Where?"

"In New York."

"When?"

"Let me see," scratching his head, as a comedian must always do when desirous of arousing memory. "Ah! yes, just a little more than two years ago."

"But at that time he swears he was in the heart of Africa, a prisoner at Dahomey."

"Well—he lies," coolly.

Charlie liked that.

It was so fresh and original, at the same time so very emphatic.

"Who was he when you knew him?" he asked, determined to get down to the facts now.

"A fourth-rate actor, on his uppers half of the time. One of these howling barnstormers, a heavy villain of the piece, at home in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' or 'Ten Nights in a Barroom.' He was the joke of the season on the Rialto, in Gotham. I even thought seriously of utilizing him in my great play as the seedy actor who carries the mysterious secret with him through five acts, but when he found there was a chance of him being immortalized, his price for sittings went away up, and I discovered something better than Hamfatter."

"Good Heavens! was that his name?"

"Certainly not. That's what they call all heavy tragedians of the barnstorming variety. Let me see," placing a finger alongside his nose, a la Irving, "now I have it—bend your head lower, for that fellow has keen ears—it was Frederick Davenport Macaulay."

"Indeed! Very suggestive, considering his occupation in life. What a man he is, to be sure; capable of having so many names, and filling such various stations in life. Why, when I knew him, four or five years ago, he was called Captain Nathaniel Kedge."

"What! you knew him, then?"

"I saw him—that is, I am almost dead certain it is the same man; and I expect to prove it presently."

"Where was this?"

"In South America."

"In Valparaiso?"

"Come, what makes you ask that?" in surprise.

"I remember him talking of being concerned in a little war scare that occurred down there—he has always been the same boaster, you know."

"Well, that seems to prove the identity. I never in all my life heard of so stupendous a rascal."

"Say what was he doing down in Santiago, or was it Valparaiso?"

"The latter, on the coast, the most enterprising city along the Pacific, south of San Francisco. What was he doing? Well, about the last I saw of him, he was dancing a Scottish hornpipe."

"Yes, he has his merry moments when the liquor is in."

"But this was a unique affair—before an audience that must have numbered thousands."

"God! that would spur even so poor an actor to do his best."

"And Captain Nathaniel did his very best. If, as you say, he has been an actor, as well as a miner, sea captain, coffee planter, speculator, and Heaven knows what not, he certainly had the chance of his life to bring out bravos. However, I don't think he took half as much interest in the affair as some of the rest of us did."

"He didn't, eh? I never knew he was acquainted with modesty. How was that?" asked Artemus, eagerly.

"Well," said Charlie, dryly, "you see, he was being hung!"

(To be continued.)

UNIQUE FISHING DONE IN JAPAN

Black Cormorants There Take the Place of Rod and Line.

"At the farmhouse, commodious and hospitable, likewise clean and charming, after the fashion of Japan, we send for the boy who brings our fishing tackle."

"They came waddling into the yard, the three birds with which we are to do our fishing. Black cormorants they are, each with a white spot behind its eye, and a hoarse voice, come of standing in the water, with which it says 'y'eah whenever a stranger makes a friendly overture. The cormorants answer to the name of Ou, which in Japanese is something like the only word the cormorants can say. The boy puts them in a box together and we set off across the drifted gravel to the Tamagawa. Arrived at the stream, the boy takes the three cormorants out of the box and adjusts their fishing harness. This consists of a tight ring about the bottom of the neck, of a loop under each wing, and a directing line."

"Two other boys take a low net, they drag it down the stream, driving the little fishes and all the rest before it. The boy with the cormorants goes in advance. The three birds are eager as pointer dogs, and apparently full of perfect enjoyment. To the right and left they plunge with lightning strokes, each dip bringing up a shining fish. When the bird's neck is full of fishes down to the level of the shoulders the boy draws him in, grabs him by the leg and shakes him unceremoniously over a basket until all the fishes have flopped out.—Outing.

HEROES OF THE RAIL

Sublime Bravery of Two Western Trainmen Saves a Passenger Train and Many Lives.

From Victor, Col., comes a story of such a remarkable combination of heroism, coolness and judgment that it is a matter of regret that there does not exist a national board of award to decorate the central figures in recognition of their worth as men of nerve and grit. At Eclipse, on the Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad, away up in the dangerous part of the mountains, where tracks seem to cling by some miraculous means to the steep, rugged slopes, a loaded freight car broke from a train, with Brakeman Lund on top. He applied the brake, but the chain broke and down the incline he went at a frightful speed, yet bravely staying at his post, with almost certain death ahead. A suburban passenger train was due to leave Anaconda at about the same time. Conductor Blondy, on an engine, sped in pursuit of the runaway car. As he passed Eclipse station like a streak of lightning he hurled a message, wrapped around a piece of coal, through the window to the operator. It was caught and flashed to Anaconda just in time to stop the passenger train, and the engine, with the fearless conductor in the cab, whirled on in the pursuit of life and death.

Those who have traveled in the mountains of Colorado can imagine

the deadly peril as the freight car and engine rounded treacherous curves with speed undiminished, riding on one track at times, now apparently going over the side into some canyon, now rearing and threatening to bound up the hillside at some sharp change in the roadbed. The serpentine track was followed with a fierce determination. Just four seconds before Anaconda would have been reached the freight car was overtaken. Leaping through the window and climbing around to the pilot, Conductor Blondy made a hazardous coupling at full speed. The air brakes were applied. The runaway was brought to a stop. The brakeman remained at his post. The conductor resumed his engine. The car was taken back up the hill. Those who sat in the passenger coaches at Anaconda probably never knew how near they were to death. The conductor and brakeman? Well, they knew—yes, but it was a part of their daily existence. They recognized a duty, they had the nerve to perform it, they had the presence of mind and the grit and the brawn to make it a success.

It was a thrilling incident. It should be handed down to posterity as an example of what is possible with a man who is equal to the occasion.

SAW SEA SERPENT

Captain of Vessel Arriving at Georgia Port Tells a Remarkable Story.

A monstrous sea serpent, vicious and awful looking, was the sight that brought fright to the crew of the schooner Samuel B. Hubbard only a few days ago, says the Atlanta Constitution. This vessel, of which Capt. Mehahey is master, has just arrived in port from New York. Her commander, who is well known to all of the north Atlantic ports, vouches for the authenticity of the story, and the facts are corroborated by his first mate, Mr. Coverdale. Capt. Mehahey says:

"It was on the 23d instant, in north latitude 34 degrees 41 minutes, and west longitude 76 degrees 10 minutes. The ship was lying becalmed about 12 noon, when the chief mate called my attention to something in the water just ahead, a quarter of a mile off. A long, slim object, moving from side to side, and coming toward us with such great rapidity that it looked like an old thrasher at work. It very quickly worked under our quarter, and in the clear water we saw the queerest fish out. As it lay quiet within fifteen feet of the vessel it appeared to be about thirty feet long by three feet

in circumference. A smooth body, showing no fins but the dorsals, three of them, one short, one, say, about a foot long, near the head. Then half way down the body a long, tail-like fin about seven feet long and about five inches wide, and near the tail a small hind fin. The tail was unlike a fish, ending at a point, without a fin. The body was a deep pink color to the middle, and darkening to a light brown at the tail.

"The head was fully three feet long, the mouth close to the top. The eyes were large and close to the top of the head. We had a good look at the fellow, as he stayed by fully half an hour. Then the mate got a shotgun and as the fish lay with half of his upper body exposed, sent a charge of small shot in. It evidently hurt him, for he leaped out of the water half his length and sounded like a whale. It came to the surface in a few seconds, and if it kept up the gait it started with, the serpent is near the western coast of Africa by this time.

He makes no friend who never makes a foe.

Sioux Falls Divorce Colony

Novel Community That Has Brought Prosperity to Merchants of the Dakota City.

The Sioux Falls divorce colony is growing into quite massive proportions. It is estimated that at the present time in the neighborhood of 300 females and males, who have attachments to them in the shape of husbands and wives, are either in the city sojourning or are paying for room rent here, while enjoying the luxuries of the far East, says the Sioux Falls Journal. Some of the divorcees are going on the theory that so long as they pay room rent and claim their residence as Sioux Falls, they are exempt from living here during the seven months necessary to get the decree of separation from uncongenial spouse.

There are all grades, kinds, colors and degrees of divorcees here; from the kind that are compelled to work for a living in order to make both ends meet to the aristocratic German count and prominent citizens of New York, the latter generally preferring to remain in New York to residing here. Then there is a prominent coach for a famous football team who is represented in eastern papers as visiting occasionally at Sioux Falls to look after some patients he has there.

Among the male seekers for divorce

there are some that certainly need to be caged. It would undoubtedly be a disagreeable experience for them if they should be riding out in the country and meet some farmer lad who was out hunting. The farmer lad would be justified in thinking he saw some new species of something and took a shot at it. Then there are the divorcees, nearly all of whom are good-looking. Some are quiet and demure sort of individuals, and have their brothers (?) with them, while there are others who are trying to turn the heads of some of the traveling men and gay members of this city, who are apparently succeeding in pretty good shape.

The divorce colony as a whole is a pretty good thing for the merchants of this city. They are all money spenders, and those who have the coin want the best going. They are naturally restless lot, having nothing in particular with which to interest themselves during their sojourn here, and are naturally ready to do anything that will pass the time, which accounts for some of them getting reputations for giddiness.

Even rough men can be gentle when they meet a real woman.

THE TROUBLES OF ARMLESS MEN

Three Woes That Cause Them the Greatest Annoyance.

Three common incidents of everyday life worry men without arms more than many of the graver questions of existence. In the first place, the armless man seldom finds any one who can put his hat on so that it feels comfortable, scarcely no one is able to adjust his glasses, and, lastly, he experiences great difficulty in getting his shoes laced in such a way that his nerves are not set going.

"They're small things to complain about," said one armless man, "but they worry me more than even the fact that I have no arms. My wife has made a careful and conscientious study of my peculiarities with reference to my hat, my glasses, and the lacing of my shoes, yet even she does not give satisfaction, and as for strangers, they are simply unbearable."

"When my hat is set on my head it never seems to touch the right spot. It is either too far down over my eyes or too far back, or else, if the position happens to be somewhere near correct, the hat sets too lightly or is

pushed down on to my ears. I always wear a 'stiff' hat, so I can butt my head against the wall and adjust my top piece to my own satisfaction.

"My glasses cause me even more worry than my hat. I've tried all kinds and styles with the same result. I'm now wearing old-fashioned spectacles, so I can by rubbing the bridge against the sharp corner of a door or the bottom of a table adjust them at least half way correctly."

"My strangest trouble is with my shoes, and they cause me the most worry because I have not yet been able to remedy the annoyance caused by them. My wife usually laces them in the morning, and frequently she is compelled to make two or three trials before she gets them properly drawn together. If they are a bit too tight or a bit too loose, they set my nerves on edge, and make my life miserable. I don't know whether I'm a crank or not. Sometimes I think I am, but of this much I am sure—I can't help it."

Those who are in the habit of making capital out of the misfortunes of others will find themselves with a lot of worthless assets sooner or later.

CROSS-EYED MAN MADE TROUBLE

How His Visional Defect Discomfited a Lecturer.

"I have faced a thousand audiences," said a well-known lecturer the other day, "and I have never been able to shake off my nervousness of the first 10 minutes. Scores and scores of times I have wanted to run away as the moment approached for me to step out and be introduced, and dozens and dozens of times I have had close escapes from breaking down after making a fair beginning. The merest trifle will sometimes put a lecturer clean out."

"The flattest failure I ever made was in a town in Ohio. I had been speaking for 10 minutes when a cross-eyed man came in and took a front seat. He at once crossed his legs, folded his arms and looked me full in the face. I tried not to see him, but in spite of myself I found my glance wandering in his direction, and he soon began to irritate me. I got to wondering if his children were also cross-eyed—which eye he saw the best with—why he didn't hate them straightened, and I felt myself getting tangled up. I fought against the influence and went on all right for 10 minutes, and then I noticed that the cross-eyed man had a pimple on his nose. I thought I saw him trying to look at it, and I just stopped dead still in my lecture to watch him. For two minutes the audience was as silent as so many dead people, but then they caught on and began to laugh, and for another two minutes the hall was in an uproar."

"I hadn't meant to call attention to the man's misfortune, of course, but his feelings were not at all hurt. It appeared that he had bought a new neck-tie at a bargain that day, and as I stood there like a stupid he rose up and bowed to me and said:

"Thankee, sir. If you want one too I can tell you where they are sold for 17 cents apiece, and they are the biggest bargains in Ohio!"

"Then we had a hearty laugh all around, and I found my lost wits and went ahead again, and I do believe that was the most enthusiastic audience of the year."

MONKEY IN UNITED STATES ARMY

Twenty-Third Regiment Mascot Unharmful by Bullets.

Fritz, the mascot of company H, 23d regulars, and veteran of the Philippine war, is known to the boys of the company as "comrade," and to them he is away above the average of his kind.

Fritz enjoys the rare distinction of being the only one of twelve monkeys able to stand the long ocean voyage from Manila. Frank J. Knoeffkey is the owner, and the soldier has never gone into an engagement since April 14, 1900, when Fritz was brought into camp, without the faithful monkey either on his shoulders or trudging along close by his side. Fritz has been on every island in the Sulu archipelago, and suffered without a murmur the long and trying campaign.

When Knoeffkey lay wounded on the field on Cebu island, his comrades in uniform pressed on, but his comrade Fritz nestled close to his side and guarded him through the watches of the night.

On the regiment's forced march across Lately island, Fritz divided his time between walking and riding on the shoulder of the men all along the line. It was on this occasion that he came near losing his life, at the hands of several wild monkeys, because he had no tail. A monkey loses his social standing in the Philippines when he is minus a tail. Fritz escaped from his indignant relatives only by leaping to the shoulders of his master.

Morphine Fiends Increasing.

At least 10,000 persons in this country are victims of morphine and 10 per cent of American physicians are slaves to opium in some form, according to a statement adopted by the Medical News. All recent estimates, the same authority asserts moreover, indicate that the use of morphine not only as a drug to allay pain, but also as an intoxicant, is daily becoming an increasing evil. A physician recently said:

"The demand for morphine in the drug stores is increasing at an alarming rate. Traffic in the drug is restricted by law, but the law is practically ineffectual. Any morphine fiend who needs a supply knows how to obtain it, and does obtain it readily enough and apparently one user of the drug makes many more."

"Before long there is sure to be a cry for increased restriction. What is needed, however, is not so much a new law, but the stricter enforcement of the present one and vigorous prosecution of those who connive at the illicit traffic in the stuff."

American Girl's Win.

The number of American girls who are now holding important positions in French opera has caused no little discontent among the Paris public. Not that there is any personal prejudice against Americans, but simply because it is considered that French artists should have the first showing where engagements at their national theaters are concerned. Yet it is unquestionable that voices are beginning to be scarce in France, whereas America is advancing steadily as the country for good material which requires only classical training abroad to develop all the qualities necessary for operatic success.

Artificial Indigo.

The manufacture of artificial indigo was started in Germany thirty-five years ago, with less than forty workmen all told. It now employs over 6,000 men, and has a staff of 148 scientific chemists.