

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

The idea which he had conceived to the effect that the chances might be better in the rear of the hotel as compared with the sides facing upon the thoroughfares was at least reasonable.

He believed some unseen hand guided him, and there was a certain bold confidence in his intrepid heart that all would yet be well—all must be well, since Arline loved him. Heaven could not be so cruel as to give him this fleeting glimpse into paradise, just as Moses was allowed to look over into the Promised Land, and then snatch him away forever.

It was this positive belief in ultimate escape that bore him up so well, that kept his brain as clear as a bell, and prevented a confusion of ideas such as must have proven fatal to his chances.

The two fugitives ran the gauntlet in safety, although there was a time when Charlie began to fear their progress would be cut off, so fiercely did the savage flames roll along.

Luckily an opening occurred, through which he rushed, half bearing Arline.

To retreat meant destruction, as he well knew, and their only hope now was to push grimly on.

One thing favored them—close to the fire the smoke was not so suffocating—in some of the corridors it was so dense that many poor, bewildered, wandering souls must have been asphyxiated long before the fire reached them.

Charlie's first hope was to find some stairway designed for the help, if such existed, through which the fiery streamers had not been drawn.

He saw many roofs here and there, some towering buildings, and a thousand heads in places of vantage, where the whole dread spectacle could be observed.

He saw where a chance offered, if one could but reach the next lower floor, but it was not open to them here.

Quick as a flash he darted into an adjoining room; it had two beds in it, and from these he whipped the sheets.

The sheets, torn lengthwise and knotted together, would serve the purpose he had in view.

Even while he was ripping them in broad strips and knotting them together, Stuart kept watch and ward over the flames.

Again he looked down; everything appeared favorable—at least, there was as yet no sign of flames bursting out below him.

How furiously neworked!—how with clinched teeth he tested each knot! That rude rope was to bear a burden that was very precious to him, and he did not mean it should betray him.

It was all done in an incredibly short time, though doubtless under such a fearful strain it seemed hours to those whose lives and future happiness hung by a thread, as it were.

Charlie knotted one end around Arline, while her eyes looked into his with a bravery he would never, never forget.

She knew this desperate move of his was the only hope they had.

So she shut her teeth hard together and crushed down the wall that fluttered in her throat—the womanly fear of facing peril, such as men can hardly appreciate.

While he worked in this way Charlie was busy explaining to Arline, as simply as words could do, what her part was to be.

Never to his dying day would Charlie forget how she looked into his eyes as she crouched there on the broad sill of the window, and gave him even a piteous smile meant to be encouraging.

Then she was gone!

He thought his heart had broken, such was the wrench it received when she passed from his sight, and he realized that she hung there in midair with only a frail sheeted rope between herself and eternity.

Then elapsed a few seconds that seemed years.

Never had he experienced a more radical sensation of extreme joy than when there came three quick tugs at the rope, the signal she was to give when she had secured a lodgment on the window sill below, and desired more line in order to enter.

Quickly he allowed it to slip through his fingers so that she might release herself from the noose ere he made the attempt to descend.

The flames were now driving along the corridor, and it seemed as though they would reach the open window ere another minute had elapsed.

To a man of Stuart's build and athletic qualities it was a mere bagatelle to accomplish this feat; his only danger seemed to lie in a fracture of the rope.

Like magic he dropped down and arrived opposite the window.

A pair of arms shot out and seized him; Arline was on the watch and much distressed lest something should happen to him.

And Charlie was thankful enough to crawl in through that blessed window; his first act was to take her to his heart and exclaim:

"God bless you for a brave girl! Keep up your spirits and we will cheat the old monster yet!"

She answered him with a rare look of confidence and trust that made him stronger than ever in the resolution to dare all for her sake.

What advantage had been gained?

They were one flight nearer the earth, but the danger still menaced; this floor, like all others, was given over to the riotous flames, and to halt here meant the same inevitable end. Charlie did not mean to stay.

Given time, he might have found or constructed a rope by means of which he would have lowered Arline to the ground.

That would have been glorious, but the seconds were too few; and, besides, on looking down he saw the old enemy bursting out from the windows near the basement.

Some other plan, then, was needed.

CHAPTER XVI.

At Last.

Charlie had conceived a plan which, while it offered certain chances of success, at the same time entailed continued risk.

There was a wing where the fire did not as yet appear to have secured a foothold.

If they could but reach that section, which would be the last to feed the flames, apparently, their escape was almost a certainty.

Accordingly Charlie's first action, after taking Arline in his arms, was to ascertain whether his surmise were correct, or if he had deceived himself.

There was great relief when he found that a passage led off directly toward the quarter where relief seemed to hold out hope.

The smoke filled it almost to suffocation, and his heart misgave him as he caught a fleeting glimpse of a lurid glow through the haze, that warned him the fire demon was working even in this quarter, sparing nothing.

The smoke grew more dense—it seemed to almost paralyze his very brain; his eyes smarted and burned as though seared with red-hot irons; his senses reeled, yet, with the indomitable pluck of a true soldier, he pressed grimly on, sheathing Arline as well as he could with the cloak she wore, and which proved a blessing in more ways than had entered into his reasoning at the time he first clasped it about her.

Every yard which they covered brought them closer to their goal, where doubtless friendly hands waited to bear them down to safety.

This was the hope that sustained Charlie in the midst of all this desperate ordeal—that an oasis lay beyond, the pure air of heaven awaited them, once they passed the barrier.

He was weak and tottering himself, from the effect of his exertions and the pungent smoke, that many times overcomes daring fire ladders as they venture a trifle too far—and yet he thought only of Arline, thought she must be in a condition of collapse.

Nothing else could have possessed him to suddenly snatch her up in his arms and stagger on through the blinding, choking smoke.

At first she struggled, but when he pressed her more fiercely to his heart she lay passive.

Staggering alone like a drunken man, Charlie endeavored to pass the Rubicon—that spot where the sullen glow was now continuous, and in which he was presently to be engulfed.

Just at the critical spot, where the flames were bearing down along another passage, he sank heavily to the floor.

Was this the end?

Had his brave fight come to naught? In that dread moment, when defeat stared him in the face, his heart almost broke.

Arline had meanwhile struggled out of his arms, for she had gone down with him.

"Oh, Charlie, what shall I do?" she cried, in her wild alarm and distress, for the sea of flame appeared so very close that it seemed as though the dread crisis were upon them.

"Fly! fly! Yonder lies safety!" he cried, trying to get upon his knees, only to fall back. He had sheltered her at the expense of his own strength, and now must pay the penalty.

"But you—I can't leave you here!" she sobbed, bending down to put her arms about his neck.

"You must! There is no hope for me! If I can I will crawl on; but you—must—go! God forbid we should both perish here! Kiss me, Arline, and go!"

"No, no—I could not! Do not ask me!"

"It is my desire; make haste or—Oh, Heaven! it is even now too late!" as a tongue of flame shot across the passage beyond.

Arline gave a shriek.

She tightened her hold upon him; desperation gave her strength, for she dragged the almost senseless man along toward safety.

Guardian angels must have held back those cruel fangs until they had passed the fatal place, for hardly were they beyond than, with a rush and a roar, the abyss of fire swallowed up the spot where Charlie had been overcome.

Still she dragged him along. Love gave her a power she had never known before; under its magical influence weaklings become strong as lions and perform prodigies of valor.

Through the smoke, almost overpowered by its awful fumes, she went. Ah! were those shouts just ahead? She shrieked aloud, and heard answering cries, cheery cries that gave her new hope, new ambition.

Then gigantic figures loomed up beyond, and Arline swooned at the feet of the firemen, who picked both of them up in kindly arms and bore them into the fresh air.

Two hours later Charlie, sadly demoralized so far as looks went, with bloodshot eyes, singed mustache, sans a portion of his eyebrows, and with sundry burns upon face and hands, yet bearing a grim look of happiness upon his countenance, knocked at the door of a room in a neighboring hotel, and was admitted by Arline's companion,

lon, whose temporary absence from the Windsor hotel at the time of the fire had possibly saved her life.

Arline lay upon a lounge.

She, too, had suffered somewhat from the terrible experience, although not so severely as her lover, but to Charlie's ravished eyes she had never looked so charming as when she held out both hands to him, while blushes chased each other over face and neck.

"God was indeed good to us, Charlie," she said, after he had bent down and deliberately kissed her with the air of one who holds a proprietary right.

"I echo your words, my darling; and I venture to say I am the only man in New York to whom that fearful fire brought good luck."

"Ah! but you richly earned all that and more—you who fought so desperately to save me. Where would I be now only for you? Oh, Charlie!" bursting into a flood of tears, as she remembered how he had swept into her room and taken possession of her, leading her through devious ways at last to safety and life.

"And who was it dragged me away from the hungry maw of the flames when they seemed sure of their prey? Ah, my dear girl, the honors are pretty nearly even, it seems to me! We belong to each other, and Heaven give me the power to make your life happy!"

"Oh, Charlie! doubt can never enter into my soul. After what has occurred I could not live without your love! I am only contented with you."

They spent a happy half hour.

Then Charlie remembered that he bore a message.

"Alec and your father are below. They met in the strangest way during the fire; it certainly looks as though the hand of fate was in it. At any rate, they are both anxious to see you."

Capt. Brand claimed his daughter, and this time there could be no mistaking the genuine thrill that awoke in Arline's heart when she saw his general face and heard his voice, which at once aroused memories of long ago.

While the great metropolis was wrapped in mourning on that sad St. Patrick's evening, a happy group dined in the other hotel.

Capt. Brand related many of his adventures in a modest way, entirely different from the braggadocio of the impostor.

Again and again his eyes rested tenderly and proudly on his lovely daughter; she had been in his thoughts for years while he scoured the deserts with the wild Arab tribe with whom he had been associated; and he had hard work indeed to believe it was not a dream.

Alec, too, seemed to grow more manly, and Charlie felt sure he had a grand future before him. The follies of the past would serve as guideposts, directing him to the straight and narrow road that leads to happiness.

As for Charlie, a peace had come upon him such as only the mariner knows when at last his storm-tossed barque slips into a safe harbor, where love and home await his coming.

He looked into her beautiful face, where the lovelight and glow of happiness dwelt forever more, and thanked Heaven for the bountiful mercies that had carried them through the perils of fire to such peace and hope.

No cloud dimmed their joy on this night of thanksgiving, save the pity they felt for those who had lost loved ones in the awful calamity.

The shock must for a long time hang upon them—it could hardly be otherwise; but young hearts recover from such things by and by, and at length it would only be a sad memory, to arouse a sigh or a pitying tear.

Through Arline's ready hand a number of those who suffered in the fire found temporary relief; her purse was open to any reasonable demand; and when, some months later, she sailed for England with her husband, many a grateful heart breathed prayers for her safety upon the deep.

THE END.

RARE COLLECTION OF BIBLES.

Dean Hoffman's Costly Gift to the General Theological Seminary.

One of the many gifts of the late Rev. Eugene A. Hoffman to the General Theological Seminary, of which institution he was head, was the special collection of rare old Latin Bibles. This collection is said to be the rarest in the world, surpassing in number of editions even that of the British Museum in London and the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris. The collection was started by Cornelius Vanderbilt about eight years ago, when he donated the splendid Copinger Library. Since then Dean Hoffman has added from time to time many rare and valuable additions, spending many thousands of dollars in his efforts to make the library the most complete in existence. By all odds the most important book in the great library of the seminary is the Gutenberg Bible. It was sold in 1834 for \$19,500 in London to Quaritch, who sold it in turn to the Rev. William Mackellar of Edinburgh. In 1838 it again fell into the possession of Quaritch, who paid for it at that time \$14,750. Later he sold it to Dean Hoffman for \$15,000, who presented it to the General Theological Seminary.

For Quarrelsome Women.

The mayor of Steubenville, Ohio, has hit upon a novel plan to settle petty "clothesline" quarrels between women. He, it is said, has established a "fighting room," in which he locks the women who quarrel over back yard fences. After an hour's abuse of each other they run down like clocks. Then they become reconciled.

If a man gets too fresh he deserves to find himself in a pickle.

WAGES AND EXPENSES

SOME INCREASE OF THE PRICES OF NECESSARIES.

Along With the Greater Consumption, Resulting from Prosperous Conditions, the Cost of Living is Somewhat Higher Than During Free-Trade Times.

With what marvelous regularity do free-trade writers seize the wrong horn of the dilemma, and yet how serenely they bob up after the most disastrous fall. There seems to be an utter lack of discernment among these foes of the nation, especially when it comes to distinguish between cause and effect. This peculiarity has manifested itself to a striking degree in numerous editorial comments on "Dun's" index number, which showed the cost of living to be at the highest point of the decade. Immediately these pretended friends of the downtrodden wage earner rush forward with the cry that prices have been advanced by the tariff and the trusts until starvation threatens the people, for with the use in expenses there has been no equivalent gain in wages.

As a matter of fact, it must be clear to any man of intelligence that it is due to the unprecedentedly high wages and full employment of all labor that prices advance. Commodities would not long show a high level of values if no one purchased. This point is clearly shown whenever a "corner" is attempted. With the inflated price there comes restricted buying until the normal position is regained. During the years 1893 to 1897 prices fell to the lowest point on record because there was no demand and the articles unaffected by any change in tariff were as badly depressed as those from which the duty had been removed, since the buying power weakened by idle workmen. The flood of imports that came in at that time has just been absorbed. Wool is conspicuous in this class, for it is only within a month that its revival from low prices has appeared.

To quote the non-partisan "Dun's Review" on its own index number:

"The cost of living has now reached the highest point of the decade, notwithstanding the cheapening of many manufactured goods through improved processes, and the absence of undue inflation in various classes of steel products which was conspicuous in the spring of 1900 and brought about the subsequent severe reaction. No artificial stimulus is responsible for the present high level of manufactured products, and, aside from some rise in food products due to short crops, the present position of the index number may be attributed to sound business conditions and full employment of labor at high wages. In attaining the highest point for over ten years, the index number truly gives an index of national conditions. The cost of the necessities of life naturally tends to advance just in proportion to the ability of the people to consume."

Moreover, in its detailed comparison of prices, the same authority shows that boots and shoes now sell at about 90 per cent of the price in 1888, finished products of iron and steel at 73 per cent of the prices prevailing in 1887, woolen goods 59 per cent of the prices of 1860, and cotton goods 62 per cent of the level 41 years ago. In other words, while the active demand sustains the general level of quotations at a high point, the very products of industries that have been developed by the iniquitous tariff are obtained at striking concessions. The late William McKinley promised that a protected industry would not only provide work at good wages for an army of men, but that in a few years the prices of the articles produced would be put below the level prevailing before the enactment of such helpful legislation. Records prove that these predictions have been most wonderfully fulfilled, and with true American energy not only the home market, but foreign markets are now supplied. In some cases the development has been slower than in others, and in the weaker industries it would be easy to precipitate disaster by adverse legislation this winter. But unfortunately the foreign sympathizers in this country are not taking a prominent part in the government, except from the editorial sanctum.

One point in the discussion of wages and prices is of considerable sociological and economic importance, yet it is generally ignored in discussions. Among a large number of American people there is a certain feeling that office work is more dignified than manual labor and socially superior. This is most noticeable in the families of artisans where the children have received a common school education. Their mothers advocate the boys accepting positions in banks, mercantile houses, etc., where the opportunity for advancement is slow owing to the enormous force employed. Bookkeepers and men in similar positions work all their lives at the same desk, never earning more than \$15 or \$20 a week, whereas in the lines of productive labor they might easily secure \$4 or \$5 a day, besides the healthful advantages of physical activity. Yet this matter of social position puts up an obstacle which is becoming more serious every day, tending to overcrowd the cities even when all productive industries are handicapped by lack of men. It is no more difficult to become a skilled laborer than to learn bookkeeping and other office duties, and the difference in return should outweigh any mistaken notion of so-

cial equality. If free-trade writers are arguing the question of political economy from the standpoint of the average office clerk they are working on a line that is most complicated, but while the rate of wages in this case does not respond as quickly to industrial activity, it is nevertheless true that the size of the office force is quickly reduced when general business is poor, and these young men are too proud to work at manual occupations are not too proud to go home and live on the money earned or saved by their fathers in the obnoxious carpenter shops or iron mills.

"JIM" HILL AND TARIFF.

Mistaken Presumption that Protection's Usefulness Has Been Exhausted.

In his speech to the Illinois Manufacturers' association in Chicago, Mr. James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway company, expressed himself as follows regarding the practical operation of the policy of protection:

"We have enjoyed all the benefits of a protective tariff for many years, and whatever good it can do in the way of building up infant industries has already been accomplished. The growth of our enormous iron and steel industries, which are pointed out as the result of our protective tariff, can be more surely traced to our enormous resources in the iron mines of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota than to all other sources."

It would seem that the free-trade microscope has not been wholly driven out of Mr. Hill's system. It was in great measure dislodged by the events of 1893-1897. Prior to that time he was a Democrat and a free-trader. The experiment of the second Cleveland regime opened his eyes, and he is understood to have supported McKinley, both in 1896 and 1900. In 1893 Mr. Hill found it necessary to put in force a sweeping reduction in wages throughout the Great Northern system, and it was not until after McKinley's inauguration, in 1897, that the former rate of wages was restored. Our enormous resources in the iron mines of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota did not prevent Mr. Hill from cutting wages, nor did they enable him to restore wages until after a protective tariff regime had been installed. Protection created the iron and steel industries of the United States by securing to them a sure market and defending them against injurious foreign competition. The iron mines of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota would have lain dormant for another fifty years if Great Britain had been permitted to continue her monopoly of supplying the United States with iron and steel products. Iron or steel mines do not open or develop themselves. They await a demand. Protection created and still maintains that demand.

In saying that protection has done all it can do in building up infant industries Mr. Hill seems to suggest the conclusion that in his opinion the time has arrived when we can profitably abandon protection and open our doors to unrestricted foreign competition. We do not believe that Mr. Hill thinks or meant to say anything of the sort. We do not believe that he would welcome free-trade. As an investor in great railroad properties, no man is more dependent than he is upon a condition of general prosperity. No man knows better than he that we cannot have free trade and prosperity at the same time. Mr. Hill knows a great many things and knows them extremely well. He knows too much to be a free-trader.

A Farmer's Tariff.

There was a time when Senator Morgan advocated a protective duty for coal and iron, in which his state was so largely interested. The result of that protection inured not to the manufacturers, but to the landowners, the miners, the transporters and the farmers who supplied with food the new cities like Birmingham, Anniston, Sheffield, Bessemer and a host of others which sprang up from the development of the mineral region.

The protective duty on cotton goods has kept the home market free from the competition of Great Britain and Germany, and has built up factories all over the South. These mills have added one-half a cent to the price of cotton, being able to pay that much more than the Northern mills. This addition means two and a half dollars a bale, or twenty-five millions on the total annual crop. This money goes to the cotton planter; and the mills, besides creating this new fund, are creating cities in every Southern state, giving new and valuable employment to labor and affording new markets for farm produce.

The protective duty on sugar is restoring and expanding the farming lands of Louisiana and building up factories throughout the West, promising at no distant day to retain among our farmers the hundred millions now paid annually for foreign sugar.

The protective duty is not, as Senator Morgan suggests, a manufacturers' tariff. It is just as much a farmers' tariff. There may be, and no doubt should be, adjustments of the tariff to meet changed conditions, but when the issue is raised against protection as a principle, the senator will find that the people of his own state will be slow to follow his leadership.—New Orleans Item.

Discouraging Russian Students.

Two Russian students have been hanged at Pultava for posting forged proclamations, apparently signed by the czar, urging the peasants to rise in revolt.

Witty Retort Pleased Keene.

Like all men prominent in Wall Street, James R. Keene is continually being asked for tips on the market. The other day an impecunious friend said to him insinuatingly: "Are you a bull or a bear, Mr. Keene?" Rather curtly came the reply, "I'm nothing." "But maybe you'll recover; maybe you're not incurable," was his caller's droll remark. It tickled Mr. Keene, who said, with a grim smile, "Come in and see me to-morrow," and they do say that the impecunious man's quick retort was worth money to him.

An Episode in the Zoo.

One of the most interesting authentic anecdotes showing the influence of captivity on wild animals comes from the English Zoological Society's domain. A couple of wolves recently contrived, after a long period of captivity, to get loose, to the alarm of the visitors. So completely, however, had their recently experiences molded and modified their habits that, instead of running away in a straight line for the wilder parts of the park, they must needs run up and down, just as they had done behind the bars of their cage, and they were without difficulty retaken.

After Her Perquisites.

The wife of a new congressman, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, is invariably careful in looking after her perquisites, and sometimes makes herself ridiculous by over-reaching. A certain Mrs. M. C. hearing, not long ago, that it was the custom of the fish commissioner to distribute fish to representatives in Congress if they cared to have them, telephoned to the commission that she was giving a dinner party the next day and would be much obliged if he would send up three large or six small lobsters. A polite reply, to the effect that the fish commission was not a market, but that she could have a dozen goldfish for her aquarium, if that would in any way contribute to the success of the feast, was sent in reply to this request.

Fatal Prank of Students.

A legend of Aberdeen university tells of a college servant, by name Downie, who, having rendered himself obnoxious to the undergraduates, was one evening forcibly conducted by a party of students into one of the college rooms, and after a mock trial sentenced to death. He was then led into another room, draped with black, and containing a block and masked executioner with an ax. Downie was blindfolded and made to kneel at the block. After an interval, the executioner struck his neck with a wet towel. The farce was at an end, but Downie was found to be dead. The terrified students swore a solemn oath to secrecy, and the real circumstances of the death were revealed only after many years by one of the participants on his deathbed. This story, told with much circumstantial and picturesque detail, appears for the first time in print in a curious book, "Things in General," published anonymously in London in 1824, but now known to have been written by Robert Mudge.

Not Mere Ornaments.

Whenever there is a flood, earthquake, storm or other disaster in a city the horror of the situation is added to by lack of light. Either the electric light wires and poles will be blown down, connections or machinery stopped, power house flooded, or in some way the gas or electric light is cut off.

For some purposes, such as carrying from one room to another and keeping in a bedroom to make a quick light in case of sudden emergency, candles are safe, clean, convenient and cheap, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Any one who once adopts the good English custom of keeping a candlestick in each bedroom will never abandon it. Have low, plain candlesticks, easy to keep clean, not easily broken, and with a saucer-shaped base, broad enough to catch all the drips and impossible to upset, and you will be glad a dozen times a year that you have them, and if you never allow a lamp carried from one room to another you will be less apt to collect your insurance.

The Klondyke Gold Mystery

A THRILLING story of the far North, will follow "A Warrior Bold," which comes to a conclusion next week. "The Klondyke Gold Mystery" is a well-told story of adventure and suffering in the search for wealth. It is from the pen of John R. Mistle, author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Allendale's Double," etc. Don't miss the opening chapters.