

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 IX.
Lady Arline's Secret.
This assurance on the part of the powerful baron was as balm to Charlie's troubled soul.
He believed Capt. Brand must speedily find himself in hot water.
The conversation took several turns.
Indeed, Charlie found the baron so congenial that he was easily led into relating many reminiscences connected with his past, so that, eventually, Peterhoff had a pretty good knowledge of the young man's character.
At last they separated.
"You can depend on me. At the same time keep your wits about you when dealing with this Brand. Something will presently drop," said the baron.
When Charlie drew near the hotel, after visiting his own room and improving his appearance to some extent, he was conscious of a nervous condition of mind such as was entirely new to him.
And he was obliged to confess that it had gone pretty far when the prospect of an interview with a young woman could have such an influence upon him.
The next thing on the program was to find a chance for a quiet talk, where the captain could not intrude.
So he asked again for Lady Arline, and she presently came down to the same boudoir parlor, rosy and smiling.
Charlie had heard the voice of Capt. Brand somewhere about the hotel, and he was more or less concerned lest that worthy come in upon them ere he could make his arrangements.
Hence he speedily opened the subject.
"I have much of importance to tell you, and we must be where Capt. Brand may not intrude. Suppose I get a nice vehicle with a quiet animal and we can go to take a look at the suburbs of Antwerp."
Arline did not hesitate.
She knew that she could trust this frank-faced gentleman with her very life if need be.
So she quickly agreed to his plan.
"In fifteen minutes, then, and be sure you wrap up well," said Charlie, hastening away to secure just the outfit that would suit his idea as to the right thing.
True to his promise, he was back in good time.
Near the parlor Charlie ran across Brand, who greeted him rather effusively, he thought, and would have detained him, only that the young man refused to be held up, and laughingly pleaded an engagement with Lady Arline, and the impatience of his noble charger outside.
Thus it came about that, after running the gauntlet in this way, Charlie was at length given the proud pleasure of driving away with the fair girl.
Charlie knew it was only proper for him to open the ball with an account of the strange things that had befallen him since last he said good night.
One thing he intended keeping to himself for the present, and this was the name of the young fellow who had been his companion in the dungeon. At least there was no necessity of bringing it forward until he had heard what she wished to tell him, and discovered if his suspicions were confirmed.
"Now that there is no longer a chance of our being overheard, I'm going to make an awful confession to you, Lady Arline," he said.
She turned a startled face toward him, and, immediately seeing the quizzical smile, felt relieved.
"I shall fortify myself to hear it. Pray proceed."
"Where do you think I passed the night?"
She believed she could account for a fair portion of it, but confessed her ignorance as to the remainder.
"In the lockup," he said calmly.
"Do you mean the jail?" breathlessly.
"Yes. Please don't draw away from me, or imagine I was engaged in any street brawl. It all came to me because I chanced to make your acquaintance yesterday morning."
"Why, Mr. Stuart?"
"Because, forsooth, you chance to have a carriage like a queen; and besides, possess the most charming of golden hair and blue eyes."
She blushed crimson and still surveyed him with puzzled as well as startled eyes.
"I confess I do not understand you at all. You will have to explain further."
"Pardon me. When I assisted you into the carriage at the Steen I was observed by Baron Peterhoff. He believed you were the Countess Isolda Brabant, because in several ways at a little distance one might be deceived. My interest in the baron's plans induced me to loiter about the hotel last night when he was making his wholesale arrests, and by accident they caught me in the dragnet."
"Then she—that wonderful woman—has been arrested?"
When he nodded in the affirmative, strangely enough Arline gave a little sigh of relief, as though some unexplainable burden were removed from her heart; but Charlie was too obtuse to understand that the first little fire of jealousy had been kindled in that gentle breast, because she knew the reputation Isolda Brabant had as a sorceress among men.

The ice having now been broken, he started in to tell his strange story. Arline listened eagerly.
Indeed, Othello, relating his astonishing adventures to Desdemona, could not have had a more deeply interested listener than this fair English girl proved to be.
When he described his companion in misery he was careful not to say too much, lest he betray that which he wished to keep a secret a little longer.
The story was done.
Arline had hung on his words eagerly, and his assurance that Baron Peterhoff would take care of Capt. Brand, discovering the truth with regard to his claims, and relieve her of his presence—if, as Charlie suspected, the other proved to be an arrant impostor—was comforting to her troubled heart.
Still Lady Arline showed no signs of nervousness.
"Perhaps I may shock you, Mr. Stuart—perhaps you have such strict notions of honesty and a name upon which there has never been a stain, that you will hardly be as pleased to look upon me in the light of a sister when I confess that I have a relative in whom I am deeply concerned, and who has broken the law of his native land—who took what was not his own and fled. In plain language, Mr. Stuart, my cousin betrayed a trust and stole money."
She was scarlet with shame as she turned her blue eyes appealingly toward him.
"Let me tell you as briefly as I can. I knew him quite well. He was younger, and a son of my father's only brother, now long since dead. We were good friends up to the time he took this false step, and I was the last one he saw before he fled from England. Poor boy, if he had only confided in me, I could have easily settled the matter, which I did soon afterward, at any rate.
"I have been searching since last October; at times the trail would grow warm, and then I lost sight of him completely.
"By mere accident a friend wrote me that she believed she had seen him in Antwerp, though he had not answered her smile and nod. I could very well understand why, since he believed the officers from London were looking for him.
"That is why I came here—to find this boy, to reclaim and make a man of him."
"And I shall endeavor to assist you in your search for this Alexander Brand," said Charlie eagerly. "As it chanced I have some knowledge of the young chap. In truth, I have seen him face to face."
"Here—in Antwerp?" eagerly.
"In this city."
"And you can take me to him? You will, Mr. Stuart?" laying a hand upon his arm.
"If you so desire; but that will necessitate a long journey—across the sea, in fact."
"Then he has returned to England?"
"No; to America—New York."
"How very strangely it all came about!" she mused.
"Almost incredible! Indeed, I should have been loth to believe such things could be possible if I had not gone through the experience myself. Everything had now been told, so that there was no more secrets.
"The rest of the ride was occupied in enjoying the features of the scenery, in so far as these points could be discovered from a vehicle.
"And Charlie's mind was made up ere they returned to the Hotel de la Paix that, God willing, he would serve and win this peerless girl.
"The curiosity of Artemus had been whetted to a degree that demanded satisfaction, else his peace of mind was forever gone.
"He asked many questions regarding Aleck.
"Evidently the young fellow had aroused the strongest interest in his mind, for he saw in him the elements of a strong character that must attract attention from the public.
"Where is he bound—Hong Kong, Nagasaki, Singapore, Cape Town? I'm ready to go to the uttermost parts of the earth to interview him!"
"Try something easier—something nearer home."
"New York?" with a little, almost inarticulate shriek.
"Exactly. I have a sort of engagement with him at the Windsor Hotel in your city."
"But that is not me."
"Well, you can make one of the party. Arline—that is, Miss Brand, or rather, Lady Arline—is bound to find Aleck. She is possessed of an idea that since fortune was so bountiful as to heap favors in her lap, she should respond by taking care of this half-brother, or cousin, who seems balancing between a bright career and going to the devil.
"Circumstances drive us sometimes, don't they, Charlie? But there's one party I rather guess you've overlooked."
"Who's that?"
"Her father," chuckling.
"Capt. Brand, you mean. I believe I have arranged a berth for him."
"Where—on the steamer?"
"Rather in the place where I spent part of last night."
"Oh, ah! then he's a fraud, sure enough?"
"I have every reason so to believe. At any rate, my friend, the baron, has promised to look after him."
"I've no doubt Peterhoff's intentions are good; but there's a prospect of his being fully occupied in another quarter," Artemus said, sagely.
"Meaning the Countess Isolda,"
"Well, she has seldom missed her game—the most wonderful woman outside of Thackeray's Becky Sharpe I ever heard of. You're lucky to have just missed her, my boy. Men jeer

at her powers and boast about their invulnerable qualities; yet no sooner do they come in touch with this modern Circe than their knees grow weak, and one glance from her bewitching eyes charms them even as the rattlesnake does its prey."
"Your advice is good. I had intended depending on my own ability to checkmate this old reprobate; and, on the whole, it may be best for me to keep my hand at the plow."
"And I'll stand by, ready to give what aid I may. Don't hesitate to call on Artemus Barnaby if you are bent upon some dark and desperate business that stands for the right. You know I have some sort of a claim upon this affair, seeing that only for my pertinacity in dragging you on that wild goose chase in search of the new man in the Iron Mask, of whom old wives in Antwerp gossip, you would never have gone there to the dungeons of the Steen, and ergo, would never have had the pleasure of saying Lady Arline from her distressing position."
The words of his companion aroused within Charlie a sense of the great debt he owed Artemus, who had been an instrument in the hands of Fate to bring about the result upon which his whole future now seemed to hinge.
So he seized his hand and squeezed it with fraternal zeal—squeezed it until the owner was fain to appeal for mercy.
"Yes, I owe you everything, my dear fellow; and if I can at any time do you a favor, try me. There are few things I could refuse you."
After that there was the fullest confidence between these two. Charlie confided to Artemus his plans for routing the enemy, and was glad to adopt some very bright and sagacious ideas advanced by the latter.
Everything seemed as usual. Yet under the calm exterior forces were working that threatened a speedy upheaval.
Capt. Brand had taken the alarm. Keen-eyed man of the world that this great traveler was, he read the writing on the wall, and it plainly declared his reign had neared its end.
Hence he detested Charlie with a venom such as could only be compared with the enraged cobra, seeking to bury its poisoned fangs in the object of its hatred.
In brief, this fine old plotter began to cast about him for some method by means of which he could get rid of Mr. Charlie Stuart, either temporarily or for all time.
He was not alone in his scheming. Other harpies there were who hoped to share in the glorious plunder—men whose past lives no doubt could possibly show almost as great a variety of adventure and bold schemes as his own.
Accordingly these precious worthies laid their heads together in order to devise some brilliant scheme whereby the obnoxious interloper—this young Lochinvar who had come out of the west—might be defeated ere he could carry the girl off on his feet steed.
And when the conference was adjourned, it had all been arranged just how Charlie was to be dropped out of sight.
However, these worthies in planning so neat a campaign failed to take into consideration several elements which had a positive bearing upon the ultimate outcome.
There was the baron, for example. Besides—there was Artemus.
No doubt this latter individual, with his peculiar notions and his apparently inoffensive appearance, would have been looked upon by the hoary old fortune-hunter as very much in the line of a freak, and must be brushed aside without ceremony.
But they made a mistake. Under that simple exterior beat a bold heart and a keen brain.
For Artemus had taken a room next to Capt. Brand's, and during that celebrated conference his eye and ear did noble duty at the keyhole of a connecting door.
(To be continued.)

WHERE DEATH REIGNS HIGHEST

France, Though Favored by Nature Has Heavy Mortality Record.

M. Papillon has lately printed a striking array of statistics on the relation between public hygiene and mortality, from which the following instances and remarks are taken.

France (he says) is favored by climate and in other respects. Why is its death-rate among the greatest? The cause is not in nature, but in institutions. From the 38,000,000 inhabitants of France 150,000 deaths from tuberculosis annually occur, while there are but 60,000 among the 41,000,000 of Great Britain, but 90,000 among the 55,000,000 of Germany.

In every nation of Europe save France the mortality from tuberculosis has diminished, and, at the same time, the consumption of alcohol has retrograded. The results are that in France, between one census and the next, the mortality from tuberculosis has increased 68; while in Germany it diminished 109 in every 100,000 inhabitants. The difference is 77 per 100,000—or in the total population 68,000 lives were lost during the last census period in France that might have been—and ought to have been—saved.

Hypophobia is stamped out in England, and is still common in France. The case is similar for other diseases.

Typhoid Fever Kills Soldiers.

During the months of January and February there were 800 deaths from typhoid fever in the British army. Notwithstanding the regulations regarding boiled water the soldiers continue to drink out of brooks and rivers.

A BOY IS SHOT

Spirit of Unrest in Mine Region Has Outlet.

TROUBLE OCCURRED AT WILKESBARRE

Shooting Followed by Effort to Burn Property—Further Trouble Likely to Ensnare Parties Who Shot Arrested—Other News.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 6, dispatch says: The spirit of unrest that has been manifesting itself more or less in this city and vicinity during the last few days broke out in earnest at two places in this city last night, and as a result a boy was dangerously, if not fatally, shot by a guard at the Scranton colliery, and a considerable portion of the fence around the Murray colliery was destroyed by fire.

The Stanton colliery is operated by the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company, controlled by the Central railroad of New Jersey. It is located in the southern part of the city. While Charles McCann, aged thirteen years, was walking along the field outside the fence tonight, several shots were fired at him from inside the fence. One bullet struck the boy in the back. The shots ere heard by the people in the vicinity, and it looked for a time as though there would be serious trouble. The boy was quickly removed to the Mercy hospital and the police notified.

The chief of the Wilkesbarre police with a squad of men went to the colliery and with the assistance of the chief of the coal and iron police on the ground, made an investigation. They finally placed the blame for the shooting on four coal and iron policemen who were located near the place where the shooting occurred. They were taken from the colliery by a circuitous route and landed in jail at midnight.

The men say boys were tearing down the fence and that they shot into the air to scare them, and did not know that any one had been injured until told of it later. Three of the men fired one shot each and one fired two. They also claim that some one on the outside fired at them.

Shortly after the shooting the crowd sought vengeance on the company's property, and some one set fire to a trestle work. The fire department was summoned and with considerable difficulty put out the blaze.

KRUGER IS FAILING

Peace in South Africa Effects the Old Man Greatly.

An Amsterdam, June 6, dispatch says: The health of former President Kruger is breaking up. His condition is said to be extremely critical.

A London, June 6, cablegram says: In the house of commons, London, Thursday afternoon, the Irish members raised a debate on the proposed grant of fifty thousand pounds to Lord Kitchener. During the debate William Redmond, nationalist, created a scene by saying: "Kitchener's name will go down in history as having made war on women and children."
Immediately the house was in an uproar. Finally Henry Stow Carr, conservative, moved that the "honorable gentleman be no longer heard."
Again Redmond was as far as "Kitchener is responsible for the death of 15,000 children," when he was howled down.
In reply the speaker claimed to be unable to control the house in its present temper and when Redmond again rose, when someone shouted: "I move closure."
The speaker put the motion, amid great excitement and yells from Irish members: "You're interfering with free speech."
The motion carried by a vote of 27 to 138.

The vote on the grant of fifty thousand pounds to Kitchener then was called for and carried by a vote of 280 to 44.

The British cabinet met Wednesday morning. The meeting is believed to be called for the purpose of considering the details of the South African settlement and also in opposition to the education bill.

Pretoria dispatches state that the Boers are surrendering in large numbers on account of the peace agreement.

Lord Kitchener will remain in South Africa until July attending to the many details of the peace settlement.

The Exchange Telegraph says Sir Thomas Lipton has definitely decided to challenge for the America's cup next year.

Boy Dangerously Injured.

While wading in the river channel opposite Plattsburgh James Gilling, a 12-year-old boy, met with a peculiar accident. In some manner he stumbled and fell, striking a piece of glass or barb wire, which cut a gash in his abdomen four inches in length and caused the intestines to protrude. The boy managed to reach the shore and procured a towel, which was tied about his body in such a way as to cover the wound and check the flow of blood. He went home and a physician was summoned.

Mule Camp Abandoned.

The British officers on Wednesday formally abandoned the mule camp at Port Chalmette, La. The animals on hand will be shipped to Canada. Captain Eden left for Washington and the other officers are preparing to leave New Orleans.

NEWS BOILED DOWN.

Lower democrats will hold their state convention at Des Moines, September 3.

Dr. Joseph Eastman, one of the best known surgeons in the country, died at Indianapolis.

RIGHT TO WATER

Supreme Court Holds First-Come-En-Titled to Allotted Supply.

A decision of considerable importance to irrigation interests was handed down by the supreme court of Nebraska Wednesday night in the case of the Farmers and Merchants Irrigation company vs. Cozad Irrigation company, from Dawson county. The question involved is priority of right to water, whether a subsequent appropriator who builds his dam and ditches across the stream can use the water to the inconvenience or damage of the first comer, who located farther down?

The Cozad company has a dam across the north channel of the Platte below Willow island, which is just above Cozad. This was constructed some years ago, at which time water rights were secured. The other company went some miles above and put a dam or threatened to put one across the north channel. As the Platte is decidedly low at times, when water is most needed, the Cozad company thought this meant it wouldn't get any water at all, and secured an injunction against the new concern. The district court thought that it could just as well go across the river and build a dam that would divert all of the water into the south channel, but the supreme court thinks this is asking a little too much, as it is in effect placing upon the new company the burden of supplying the other with water. In this respect only is the injunction modified. The court lays down the law of water right as follows:

"The right of a prior appropriator of water is to get his allotted supply without unreasonable inconvenience, because of the effect of subsequent appropriators.

"The reasonable convenience in getting water, of a prior appropriator, is such as leaves it profitable to him to take out the water and in addition gives him every advantage which he can have without causing a greater disadvantage to a subsequent appropriator."

The court says that every appropriator takes subject to the possible rights of all subsequent ones. Public utility is the surest test of reasonable use. Water must not be wasted merely to promote the inconvenience of someone else, and on the other hand the law isn't intended to allow so many inches of water to an appropriator and then make it impossible for him to get that allotment except at the expense that makes it cost more than it is worth.

TEAMSTERS WIN OUT

Packers and Strikers of Chicago Reach Amicable Agreement.

After an all night conference a settlement between the packers and their striking teamsters was reached Thursday morning. The settlement was a compromise, but the union scored an important victory. The wage scale provided for in the agreement is:

Go cart drivers, eighteen cents an hour; single wagons, twenty cents; to horse, twenty-two and one-half; four horse, twenty-seven and one-half; six horse, thirty cents.

The teamsters shall be paid from the time they take up their time checks until they return same, less a half hour for lunch; no work to be performed Labor day; all strikers to be reinstated without prejudice.

The packers stuck to their refusal to employ union men, but agreed not to discriminate against them. Labor organizations joined in a jollification over the settlement. Scores of wagons left the stock yards manned by men who yesterday were on a strike. Cheers greeted the men at every step. The boycott on the butchers was declared off, as was that of the coal and ice drivers, and everywhere rejoicing assumed the place of riot and bloodshed.

By the new scale the stockyards teamsters can earn a minimum for a full week of seventy hours of \$12.60 and a maximum of \$21.

VICTORY FOR STATE

Nebraska Wins Suit Against Bondsmen of Bartley.

At last another decision has been handed down in the suit of the state against the bondsmen of ex-State Treasurer Joseph Bartley. Once again the state is victorious, the court holding that all six of the bondsmen are liable for any shortage that may have occurred during the second term. The books of the office shall be prima facie evidence, and if the bondsmen desire to evade liability by showing that the shortage occurred during the first term, the burden is upon them.

Commissioner Roscoe Pound is the author of the opinion, which is approved by the supreme court. Commissioner Oldham took no part in the decision because he was assistant prosecuting attorney when the litigation was before the district court of Douglas county. Justice Holcomb did not participate in the courts' opinion because he was governor at the time the shortage occurred and was one of the chief witnesses for the state.

The bondsmen are all held liable. They are W. A. Paxton, Thomas Swobe and Cadet Taylor of Omaha; C. C. McNish of Fremont, and E. E. Brown and J. H. Ames of Lincoln.

This is the third time the case has been before the supreme court, having been tried in the first instance before the district court of Douglas county. The last trial resulted in a judgment against McNish, Brown and Ames, but excused from liability Paxton, Swobe and Taylor, the three Omaha bondsmen. This is reversed and the cause remanded.

The shortage originally was \$537,000 and with interest now amounts to over \$600,000.

Kills Two and Sidelines.

Because his wife insisted that he pay \$5 arrears due for board, Oscar Webb of Philadelphia, Pa., colored, shot and killed his wife and her aged mother, Julia Waller, and then shot himself. He cannot live.

Boys up Zinc Mines.

G. E. Smith, representing Detroit, Mich., capitalists, has purchased the Roseberry zinc mining property near Knoxville, Tenn. He is preparing to erect a 200-ton zinc plant on the property and will begin its development at once.

FEROCITY OF ENGLISH SPARROWS

When They Are Fanned Up Together Death Alone Ends Their Fights.

A great many young men go to Riverton at this season to shoot live pigeons as they fly from traps, and some of the young men agreed recently that for a target sparrows would make an excellent substitute. So they caught no less than a hundred sparrows and put them in a big cage against their next shoot, which was to come off in three days. But they found at the end of that time that all of the birds but six were dead.

They had fought and fought among themselves until only those six invincible champions remained. The young men concluded that they had been so unlucky as to catch unusually vile-tempered birds, and at considerable trouble they landed another batch. These, too, however, battled together, and after forty-eight hours had gone by there lay in the cage eighty-four dead sparrows, while two live ones slaggared feebly to and fro, and, when their breath returned, began to fight again.

The young men are now convinced, says the Philadelphia Record, of what they should have known before, that no living creature is more ferocious or more game than the common English sparrow.

PROMPTLY TOLD HIS DESTINATION

Unexpected Response to a Pompous Lecturer's Ill-Timed Inquiry.

All that transpires in the Sunday schools of the land does not breathe of that piety which is supposed to permeate the place and its surroundings. A visitor to a Philadelphia gathering of juveniles one Sunday recently in addressing the children said in a pompous manner:

"I come from Massachusetts; I am now on my way to Maryland, and I have stopped over here to talk to you children and to save you from going to hell." After repeating this introduction to his remarks, the visitor said: "Now, my children, where did I come from?"

"Massachusetts," was the reply, in chorus.

"Where am I going?" he then asked.

There was a pause; his geographical route had evidently not been deeply impressed on the gathering. Then the silence was broken—

"To hell!" came the prompt and startling reply from an earnest but confused pupil.

HAD GOOD EXCUSES FOR IDLENESS

Senator Stewart's Protege Could Not Work in Hot Or Cold Weather.

As a rule the colored man and brother "mightily loves his ease" and will work only when necessity compels. Senator Stewart of Nevada, who has been in Washington for many years, has an old negro retainer who comes around twice a week for some money. He made his regular Wednesday call. The senator gave him a dollar and said:

"Jim, I'm getting tired of this sort of business. You are an able-bodied man. Why don't you go to work instead of living on my charity?"

"Deed, boss," said Jim, reproachfully, "you ain't the kind of man to be askin' me to go to wuk now, is you? Why, boss, it's too hot to wuk."

"Well," snorted Senator Stewart, "I haven't seen you work any in the winter, either."

"In de wintah, boss?" in great astonishment. "Why, boss, you mus be crazy! It's fah too col' to wuk in de wintah."

English Pronunciation.

At the General Theological Seminary alumni dinner in Buffalo a few days ago Rev. Dr. Van De Water told an amusing story about the last pan-American conference of bishops in England, which he attended as a chaplain. There was a certain meeting at which the title of each bishop was loudly announced as he entered by a functionary at the door who was quite unfamiliar with many of them. He got along pretty well, however, until Three American and one colonial bishop came along, whose cards he read as follows: "The lord bishop of Ee-o-wah (Iowa), the lord bishop of O-he-o (Ohio), the lord bishop of Misyry (Missouri), the lord bishop of British Gohenna (Guiana)."

Herbert Spencer's Work Ended.

At the age of 82 the venerable Herbert Spencer has at last laid aside the pen that has exercised such a powerful influence upon the thought of his century. In his forthcoming volume, "Facts and Comments," Mr. Spencer announces that he has written his last book. His work of creating a synthetic philosophy based on the theory of organic evolution was begun in 1859 and finished in 1896, and now the last chips from his workshop are gathered up. Though he is everywhere acknowledged to be one of the greatest figures of his time he wears no fancy titles to his name and has steadfastly refused even to accept honorary degrees from colleges.

Walnuts and Wine Ousted.

Table tennis has dealt the coup de grace to port. Men no longer sit over their wine, but have the table cleared with all celerity for the fray. Respectable connoisseurs of vintages, praeteriti immemores, take off their coats and shout in the excitement of the rallies at the same board where once they talked politics or friendship over the walnuts or the wine.—The Pilot.

The first impulse of a people is precious—one must know to use it to