

# A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Charlie did not spare himself one look.

He had recovered his senses just as the baron, who had been engaged looking after the security of the fair captive, entered the prison.

The baron stormed and raved more or less when he discovered how they had been taken in so neatly by this ex-sailor, whom he looked upon as a bungler.

Charlie begged the baron to trouble himself no longer about Capt. Brand, since Arline was doubtless by this time safe on board the steamer.

"Very good," was the baron's reply, with a sigh of relief, for he seemed to be overburdened of late with official cares, or something that pressed upon his mind; "but if you hope to get aboard before the steamer leaves, you must hurry, for there is just a scant half hour."

Charlie called for a cab and said good-by to his friend, the baron. He would always have a lingering suspicion Peterhoff was glad to get rid of him, as though he thought Charlie and his affairs took up too much of his precious time, which should be devoted to matters of more serious consequence.

He managed to get aboard just as the order to draw in the last gangplank was given. This sailing at night was something quite out of the usual run, but there was a special reason for it, quite satisfactory to the officials of the line, and all intended passengers had been warned to be on board in time.

It happened that Charlie discovered Capt. Brand in the smoking saloon in time to keep beyond the range of its vision.

To Charlie's astonishment, when Brand took a notion to retire, he blundered into the wrong stateroom, which chanced to be the one that had been assigned to Stuart.

This might have been deep design; but, after carefully considering it from all sides, Charlie felt disposed to call it an accident.

He found rest in another room which the steward opened for him.

And now here they were, with an elephant on their hands, so to speak, bound to come into daily and hourly contact with the strange man whom they strongly suspected, and with good reason, of being a most stupendous fraud.

CHAPTER XI.

Off Fire Island Light.

Charlie had written from Antwerp to certain quarters in London, from which he might expect to receive positive information regarding Captain Brand.

He had done this to satisfy Arline. So far as he himself was concerned, his mind was already made up most positively.

If Brand was surprised to see Charlie on board, he gave no evidence of it.

He concocted some affecting story, which he spun in Arline's ears, and with such success that he actually gained a little of his former ascendancy in her mind, since she was haunted by doubts which it seemed impossible to dispel.

Artemus amused himself studying the old mariner. He even played a few games with him in the smoking-room, where men of all degrees are socially inclined.

Captain Brand was the same as of yore.

The tales he spun of his wonderful adventures in the African deserts were weird enough to take one's breath away.

Artemus listened, almost charmed; and his interest grew apace until one day it struck him that the personal adventures which the captain so modestly ascribed to himself had a somewhat musty flavor, as became ancient chestnuts.

This aroused suspicion.

Artemus set about an investigation. Lo and behold, upon secretly looking into the captain's stateroom, while the gentleman was holding forth among his cronies above, Artemus discovered a well-thumbed volume of "Adventures and Explorations in the Dark Continent."

The captain's secret was out.

For once he had carelessly omitted to keep the source of his knowledge under lock and key.

Artemus borrowed the volume and took copious notes, intending to have a little fun at Brand's expense from time to time.

He took occasion to relate all this to Charlie, who, in turn, told Lady Arline.

Strange that even this new and blackening evidence could not wholly convince her. Filial love must have had a strong hold indeed upon the tender heart of this girl who had from childhood known so little of parental affection.

She even invented excuses for him—a desire to see in print the map of the country where he had so long been a prisoner, and to have his recollection of names revived.

The voice was on the whole, a stormy one, but to Charlie it ended all too soon.

As they neared the shores of America the old captain seemed to lose a goodly portion of his loquacity, and became unusually reserved.

Artemus flattered himself that he was the main cause of this collapse

but Charlie was rather inclined to believe Capt. Brand had started in to work up some new scheme looking to the acquisition and sequestration of his daughter's gold.

Charlie hoped to discover how this fellow—whom he believed he had known as Capt. Kledge, and Artemus pretended was a third-rate actor named Frederick Davenport Macauley—had ever come into possession of the facts connected with Capt. Brand of the lost ship *Hespasia*.

The fog hung about them exasperatingly, and the monotonous horse-throated whistle kept up its warning notes until they were close to Fire Island Light, when suddenly the vapor gave way and the shore of Long Island appeared in view, already showing the first signs of spring.

Charlie had perfected what few arrangements remained. They would all go direct to the old Windsor, and there await the coming of Aleck, when an interview between him and Arline must result in happiness all around.

It seemed simple enough, yet none of them for an instant suspected what tremendous things awaited them in this magnificent capital of the New World, or the forces which might yet be arrayed against them through the energy and scheming of the man who would not accept defeat.

Here, then, the last dramatic scene was to be placed. Here Charlie was to win his bride, or lose her forever—in this city of restless energy, of wonderful buildings and unequalled magnificence, Charlie and his enemy would come face to face for the last time.

Heaven be on the side of the right and strengthen the arm of this warrior bold who dared all in defense of what was innocent and true.

Capt. Brand had almost reached the end of his rope, and would doubtless husband the remainder of his resources for one last desperate, masterful stroke by which he would win or lose all.

As usual, there was the customs trial to be passed through, but when the gauntlet had been successfully run they were free.

The great and wonderful city stretched before them.

To Arline it was all new, and the sights that were strange to her eyes she found to be numerous, from the lofty buildings to the electric cars that dashed along at an apparently reckless speed.

Capt. Brand accepted everything philosophically.

He had seen the world; his checkered career had embraced every clime, and the startling events that had fallen to his share would have laid the foundation for a very fair second edition of *Munchausen on the Arabian Nights*.

Arline was deeply concerned about young Aleck, whom she had not seen in so long a time.

His whole future was at stake.

If she missed him now, all might be lost.

Yes, this had been wearing upon her mind so long now that it affected her nerves. There may have been something more, which neither of them suspected—a premonition of the startling events destined to take place in their experience; for some minds seem gifted with an almost supernatural power to anticipate coming changes, even as the mercury in the barometer's tube indicates a change in the weather hours before it occurs.

Taking a carriage, they were all speedily located at the reliable old Windsor.

Upon inquiry Charlie learned that some had called for him only the day before, and he was constrained to believe it must be the young fellow who had been his companion in the Antwerp jail, and whose escape had rivaled that of Monte Cristo.

This was good news.

He had left word he would call again, so that all they had to do was to leave a message for him at the desk, and await developments.

Arline was not recovered from the effect of the voyage; at least, she was in no humor for sight-seeing until this long-anticipated interview with her half-brother were over.

So she kept her room much of the time.

When the so-called Capt. Brand set foot again in New York, he faced new dangers.

There were those upon the Rialto, actors of greater or lesser degree, who must have had dealings with Frederick Davenport Macauley during the palmy days of yore, when he played his little part in the drama, and his experiments have proved so successful that they have won for him the approval of the French Academy of Sciences. Fluorescent injected into the human body, produces absolutely no effect if the body is dead, whereas it produces most surprising effect if the body is alive. Dr. Icard uses a solution of it which is so strong that a single gramme is able to color 40,000 quarts of water.

If a little of this solution is injected under the skin of a living person in two minutes the skin and especially the mucous membranes, will become much discolored, and the person will present the appearance of one suffering from an acute attack or jaundice. Moreover, the eyes will become of a greenish color and the pupils will almost become invisible. These symptoms will remain for one or possibly two hours and then will gradually disappear. Since fluorescein produces this effect on living body it naturally follows, according to Dr. Icard, that any body on which it produces no effect must be dead.

Thus evening found them.

Charlie had the pleasure of dining with Lady Arline.

He exerted himself to cheer her up. Several times she seemed to temporarily throw off the strange stupor that had settled upon her spirits, and for a short period appeared to be her old self, when, by degrees, the melancholy crept back again.

"To-morrow," said Charlie, when she was leaving him to go to her rooms, "I hope we will have Aleck here with us, and then all must be well. You can dismiss doubts and fears, to be happy once more."

"Will you forgive my foolish fancies. You are always so cheerful and kind," she murmured, while he was holding and ardently squeezing her hand, perhaps quite unconsciously.

"Until to-morrow, then."

"Shall I see you at breakfast?" he asked, eagerly.

We must be as careful to keep friends as to make them. The affections should not be mere "tents of a night." Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable.

—Lord Averbury

"If I am feeling quite well; surely at dinner."

He was forced to be content.

So he watched her, his soul in his eyes, as she walked to the elevator. Was there ever a more queenly girl than Lady Arline; one with a greater share of beauty concentrated in face and mind?

Ere the elevator car shot toward the upper realms she waved her hand to him and gave him a ravishing smile.

And that smile haunted him a long time, for it was the last time he was fated to look upon her face until destiny had been utterly fulfilled, the drama carried to its concluding scene, most terrible of all.

Sauntering into the rotunda of the hotel Charlie lighted a weed and then began to remember there were others in the world besides himself and Arline Brand.

Where was Arline for instance?

And Capt. Brand? Who had now been ashore long enough to get his bearings and figure on some desperate move.

Perhaps it would be best, as his good sense suggested, to seek assistance in outwitting the great schemer. Clever minds could be controlled for money, detectives who were able to cope with even such a remarkable scoundrel as he conceived this man to be, and who would speedily put him on his back in the first round.

And yet the wretched result of his arrangement with the great "Baron Peterhoff" aroused serious doubts in his mind. If the fascinating presence of a woman could so upset a sagacious master of finesse and diplomacy, who could be trusted?

There was apparently time.

Brand would hardly get his columns in motion under a day or two.

Charlie could be governed by circumstances and the trend of events.

Besides, there was Artemus, whose wits were of the brightest, and who might be depended on, to accomplish more than a little, looking toward the exposure of the great fraud.

These soothings reflections came in some degree through the influence of the magic weed, for its devoted votaries tobacco seems to be an incentive which creates optimists where once pessimism had previously reigned.

And of course our Charlie contemplated with more or less complacency the high degree of happiness that would be his portion when the blessed time arrived for him to claim Arline Brand as his own darling wife, with no one, not even a haunting memory of the buried past, to say him nay.

He had figured it all out, and decided that he would make full and free confession regarding his one foible and his past.

No doubt Charlie took considerable pleasure in speculating upon the various ways in which he might bring these important matters to focus, but never once did he dream of the wonderful and fearful event by means of which the desired end would be swiftly attained.

Again and again he looked toward the Fifth Avenue entrance as the door swung behind new comers, but Artemus remained only conspicuous by his absence.

Could anything have happened; would the bold and reckless Capt. Brand begin operations by lopping off the limbs of the tree he meant to fell?

It made him dejectedly uncomfortable to even consider such a calamity.

Surely some tremendous catastrophe was brooding over himself and his fortunes, or could it be he was partaking of Arline's slow spirits?

Was his cigar to blame? Ah! a change was on the tapis, for there came Artemus bustling in from the outside night air.

(To be continued.)

## HAS NOVEL TEST OF DEATH.

Device of a French Physician Seems to Leave All Doubt Behind.

Horror of being buried alive is common to the whole human race, and from time immemorial experiments have been in progress with the view of making such a terrible fate impossible. Some physicians maintain that satisfactory tests can also be made by the use of the Roentgen rays, but it is not everyone who has the facilities for making such tests, where anyone can make a test on the plan devised by Dr. Icard, a physician of Marseilles, France. The doctor uses fluorescein, the well-known coloring material, and his experiments have proved so successful that they have won for him the approval of the French Academy of Sciences. Fluorescent injected into the human body, produces absolutely no effect if the body is dead, whereas it produces most surprising effect if the body is alive. Dr. Icard uses a solution of it which is so strong that a single gramme is able to color 40,000 quarts of water.

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