

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.
Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Wishes," "Miss Lorraine," etc.

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"We must have another deal, that's all. Perhaps a better and more generous lover will appear the next time—one who will appreciate little favors at their true value. You can consider yourself dismissed," with a wave of the hand that should have struck dumb terror into the heart of the other, but which, on the contrary, only excited his secret mirth.

"Thanka, but I shall take my discharge only from the proper authority, and in this case that does not happen to be—ahem!—Capt. Brand."

"Very good. Remember, I am her father, and the rightful custodian of our family honor. Perhaps I may resort to other and more drastic measures should you continue to force your unwelcome attentions upon my daughter."

"You would find me ready and willing to give you back as good as you send, sir."

"Why, you young scamp, I could break every bone in your body, if I chose," almost frothing at the mouth with rage.

"Better not try it, captain. In New York state they electrocute for murder, and it's a worse fate than hanging, which you know has terrors enough never to be forgotten."

Charlie, acting upon the spur of the moment, could not help giving him this little thrust.

It was a keen one.

The other's jaw dropped, his eyes momentarily rolled in a spasm of agony, and the sweat seemed to break out upon his brow.

Charlie saw and was satisfied.

He had given the conscienceless wretch a body-blow in return for his vile threats.

Capt. Brand's spasm lasted but a brief space of time, and then he recovered his self-possession.

There was a peculiarity about the captain that seemed very marked—when in a rage his eyes became quite bloodshot, and glowed like the orbs of a hyena upon the deserts of which he loved to stalk.

And just now they were fiery, indeed.

The look he gave Stuart had murder in it, though Charlie showed no sign of alarm.

Here, in this public place, the man would never dare assault him.

Besides, Charlie possessed the idea that he could hold his own at any time against the fellow. True, he was smaller than the captain, but a life devoted to occasional dissipation must have sapped some of the astonishing powers which a generous nature had originally bestowed upon the worthy man of many faces.

But Capt. Brand restrained himself—reason had not quite deserted him.

He smiled grimly, and there was a world of meaning in his sardonic look.

"Very good, my hearty! You have chosen to throw down the glove, and from this hour it's war to the knife between us. You may live to rue the day you made an enemy out of one who held out the olive branch. Depend upon it, Arline Brand is not for you. A fond parent must guard the interests of his sweet child. Go your way, young sir; and when next we meet it will be as foes to the death. I wash my hands of you."

CHAPTER XIII.—The Fateful Hour.

Charlie looked after the retreating figure of Capt. Brand, and was in doubt whether to take him seriously or consider his threat a huge joke. He soon resolved to dismiss from his mind Capt. Brand and all he typified, and seek repose.

He gained the sanctity of his room, and, lighting the gas, sat down to have a last deliberation ere retiring.

All seemed capable of running in a smooth groove, but "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," Bobby Burns tells us, and who has not found it true in his own experience?

Charlie retired, whether he slept soundly or not concerns us little, but under the circumstances it is hardly probable that his slumber was very refreshing.

There was too great a load on his mind.

He felt very much as a man might who stands upon the brink of a precipice.

Success or failure—his whole future depended upon one little word—was balanced in the hollow of a girl's hand.

Charlie's previous bitter experience had caused him to feel more or less caution, with a shade of distrust toward the gentle sex, and against this he had to fight.

Could he have known what lay before him, under what fearful conditions he was fated to win his sweetheart, even his bold warrior spirit might have quailed a little.

It is just as well perhaps, that these things are mercifully hidden from our view—just as well that we need only grapple with each difficulty as it appears in view, instead of crossing bridges before we come to them.

The day dawned.

There was more or less of a bustle in the air.

New York contains more sons of Erin than probably any Irish city outside of Dublin.

And these patriotic exiles never neglect to fittingly celebrate St. Pat-

rick's day, no matter what the weather may be.

Charlie felt he must have something to distract his attention. Arline was not in sight, the daily paper had been exhausted, and as a last resort he sauntered out to watch the crowds.

Never once did he wander far from the hotel, which fact, later on, he was inclined to believe was a special dispensation of Providence.

The magnet was there that held him.

He smoked and walked, and so the time dragged by until the hour of fate arrived.

Charlie, the better to see and be out of the anticipated jam, had mounted a convenient carriage-stone standing in front of a dwelling house half a block from the hotel.

Great as was the excitement around him, it seemed to be doubly intensified further along the line of march, especially in front of the hotel.

He saw the procession break at this point—melt away as it were.

Men ran toward the hotel in squads, waving their arms wildly.

Was it an opportunity to quench the thirst that frequently burns Irish throats on this glorious holiday?

Charlie knew of yore all about the battle of the Boyne, and how an orange flag arouses the hatred of a St. Patrick's day parader even as the red flag stirs the maddened bull to frenzy.

Had some bold and incautious soul dared to invite immolation by thus flaunting in their faces the color they despised?

He supposed this must be the case.

To his surprise, however, the excitement spread—the crowd pressed madly forward, mounted officers came galloping back, shouting out something that at first he could not catch.

Never to his dying day would Charlie Stuart forget the intense anxiety of that moment when he seemed to feel as though the fate of empires was at stake—and then he heard distinctly above the roar the stentorian voice of a leathern-bunged officer.

"Turn out! The avenue is impassable! The Windsor hotel is on fire! Turn out!"

Doubtless that stentorian shout sent a shuddering chill to many a heart when those who heard it glanced up at the massive pile and comprehended the hundreds of precious lives that were endangered.

To one could it appeal with more irresistible force than to Charlie Stuart.

All his hopes and ambitions on earth were centered there—the girl he loved with heart and soul was far up in the doomed structure, perhaps asleep, under the influence of an opiate, after a wakeful night with an aching brow.

At first his blood seemed congealed into ice.

Then it leaped through his veins like boiling lava, fresh from the throat of Vesuvius.

Charlie did not waste time in reflection.

Time was worth more than money now, worth all the world to him.

He had leaped to the pavement like a deerhound, and dashed toward the hotel in great bounds.

Some men would have lost their wits, but it seemed that the greater the emergency the keener became his mind.

Even as he ran and elbowed his way through the excited crowd with irresistible force, he was mapping out a plan of campaign.

Really there seems no limit to the human mind—its capacity is astonishing—it rises to meet the emergency regardless of what is needed.

Now, even when thus fighting his way through the crowd, Charlie saw the hopelessness of attempting to reach the main entrance on the avenue.

The space for half a block was densely packed with a whooping mass of humanity, partly imbued with the eager curiosity that always distinguishes crowds the world over, and at the same time a chivalrous desire to be of use somehow.

If he desired to reach that door he must perforce walk over the heads of the packed crowd.

A better plan suggested itself.

He remembered a side entrance which would admit him much more easily.

Now he was at the corner.

He took one look up and around.

The picture was impressed upon the tablets of his memory forever.

No longer were handkerchiefs and green ribbons waving from the numerous windows of the hotel—instead, panic-stricken girls threw out their arms appealingly and shrieked in terror.

The wand of an evil magician had touched the scene, and transformed it in a twinkling.

Smoke already oozed from several openings, proving to Charlie that his hopes of the fire being trifling were groundless.

It was most serious.

The holocaust of the Parisian Charlie Bazar was about to be repeated in New York; and that St. Patrick's day would be marked as the most greswome Gotham had ever known.

Charlie now had a better chance to push ahead.

Already he feared he had delayed too long.

There were many people and much excitement in the side street, but it was of course not to be compared with the avenue where the crowds had gathered to witness the parade.

Straight to the door Charlie dashed.

A man stood there endeavoring to keep out those who had no business inside, for it is well known that daring thieves will take advantage of such occasions to ply their nefarious

trade, even if they do not at times even create the opportunity.

Ten men could not have kept out Charlie from pushing in.

He shouted that he was a guest, and then rushed inside; nor did the man, after one look at his haggard face, attempt to say him nay.

Charlie avoided the office, where men swarmed, and orders were shouted that could never be obeyed.

His business was aloft.

She was there exposed to a frightful death, and he felt that he lived but to save her!

So up he bounded, three steps at a time.

One thing he must remember—the Windsor was famous as a caravansary where a stranger might easily lose himself in the many passages.

To do so now would be indeed fatal to all his hopes.

He found smoke everywhere, and even fancied he could hear the crackling of flames, though the whole place was in such a turmoil that one could not be sure of this.

He also met numerous persons, flying this way and that, maddened with fear.

Some hardly knew whither they went, and appealed frantically to this cool-headed man beseeching him, for heaven's sake, to tell them where the stairs could be found.

Nor did he fail to direct them, every one, even while he pushed on to the next flight.

Up, up, he went, still finding smoke circling along the halls, through which women staggered, shrieking their appalling distress.

It was a terrifying picture.

There were comical elements injected into it, of course, but no one had the heart to laugh.

Charlie knew in his heart a dreadful calamity was impending—nothing short of a miracle could save the great structure now, and the days of miracles appear to be past.

Perhaps scores of human lives would be sacrificed to the demon of fire—mostly helpless women, employes or guests, who had been viewing the parade from the upper windows.

The mere fact that such a draught passed through the halls from these open windows would hasten the total demolition of the whole structure and make it more certain.

Had Charlie no sacred duty of his own to perform, he would have gladly devoted all of his time toward effecting the rescue of these terrified girls.

As it was, he could only think of Arline.

Her lovely face was before his eyes and seemed to plead with him to make haste.

The smoke was growing even more dense, and he had to push close to the doors to distinguish the numbers, in order to make sure that he was on the right floor.

At last this knowledge came to him.

The opportunity was in his grasp.

Here the same conditions seemed to abound—there was smoke in plenty, frenzied maids and flying figures darting through it all like spectres.

Charlie was somewhat out of breath as a result of his steady climb, but otherwise in good physical condition.

He had the number of Arline's rooms well in his mind—the house had been crowded, and these were the best at her service, though the clerk had promised her a suite near the McKineys after that day.

What if he could have made a mistake in any way? The wretched consequences almost paralyzed him to even think of it.

Eagerly he had scanned each flying or crouching female figure he met, in the hope that he might thus discover the one he sought.

But as yet he had not found her.

Even in that smoke-laden atmosphere he knew he could not mistake her figure, while one note from her voice must have thrilled him through and through.

(To be continued.)

The Talk of Children.

It has been said that children speak the best English in the world in that their idea is expressed in the fewest words and to the point.

Mr. Andrew Simonds, of Charleston, is convinced that their powers of vernacular are superior to his talent for intelligible description.

He was one day trying to interest his little girl, nearly 3 years old, by telling her stories of the circus. She loved horses and was particularly impressed by the feats of the bare-back riders.

"Now," he said, taking a chair by way of illustration, "this is a horse. A man comes in on him and rides him all round the ring standing up without any saddle or bridle. Then directly another horse comes in bare-back (putting another chair by the first), and the man rides him, too, just in the same way, until at last there are four horses, and he rides them all round the ring at the same time. And a row of four chairs represent the four horses. Now, wasn't that fine?"

The little one looked up, very grave, her eyes full of the doubt and credulity that so often puzzle us—

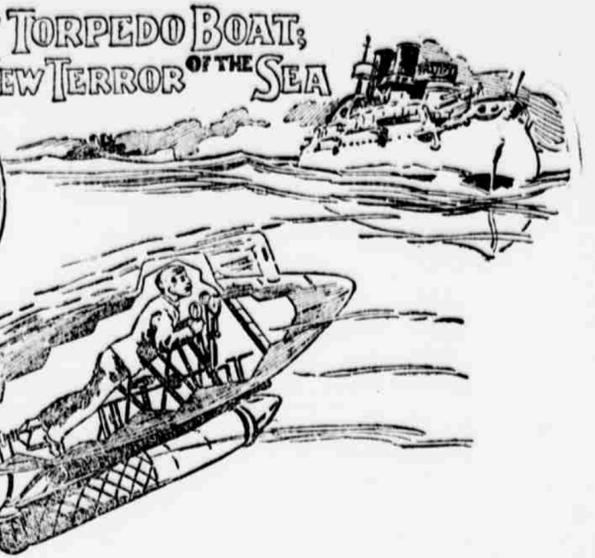
"Yes—he had many legs—that man."

"And I had to go all over that story again," said Mr. Simonds.

True Greatness.

True greatness, first of all, is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age nor too far before it. It is up with its age, and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

A ONE-MAN TORPEDO BOAT; THE NEW TERROR OF THE SEA



One man with a deadly torpedo floating about beneath the surface of the water.

The torpedo charged so that it will blow a great warship to destruction; the man provided with means by which to discharge his dangerous weapon in a way to do the most harm.

Such is the latest of all torpedo boats—a one-man affair, not larger than a large fish, and yet as effective in its purposes, if the theory of its inventor is correct, as one of the Holland submarine boats.

The man who has perfected this offensive and invisible destroyer is Thomas J. Moriarity, for many years the mechanical expert in the employ of the United States government at the torpedo station at Newport.

Mr. Moriarity was long ago impressed with the idea that the only way by which to make the action of the torpedo actually certain was to put an experienced operator inside it, for, while its automatic machinery operates with almost human intelligence, there is no certainty that it will on long ranges do exactly what is required of it.

From the idea of putting a man inside it to that of placing a man outside it, the transition was easy; and it then became a problem to give him a safe shelter, means of locomotion, of submerging and of discharging the projectile.

To accomplish these essentials he has devised a cigar-shaped boat of bronze plates, about ten feet long, three feet deep and five feet wide. Beneath this is suspended the Whitehead torpedo in a frame and it is propelled by compressed air when the operator has approached near the mark.

When in the boat the operator lies on a cradle astride of its support. Padded prongs on the cradle curve over his shoulders and hold him in place, providing also a purchase for his arms when operating the lever in front of him.

He wears a waistcoat made of two thicknesses of airtight material, to which is attached a small mouth tube by which it is inflated. It serves as a padding for the body while the operator is in the boat and also as a life preserver in an emergency.

Air is admitted through the rear mast and circulates throughout the boat. This air tube is, however, automatically closed when the boat is beneath the surface of the water, and the conning tower is completely covered by means of a hydrostatic piston, open to the water at the bottom of the boat, the pressure of the water at the increased depth forcing up the piston, which actuates a lever to force a valve over the air tube opening, thus preventing the entry of water through it.

The same motion of the piston operates levers connected to a valve in the compressed air tank in the bottom of the boat, opening it and thus allowing a fine stream of air to issue therefrom into the boat, and supplying the operator with fresh air. As the boat again reaches the surface the pressure on the hydrostatic piston is released because there is less depth of water and the air tube is again opened and the air tank valve closed.

The torpedo is fired by compressed air, but on leaving its casing the propelling mechanism of the projectile is set in motion, and it starts off under its own power for the mark.

New Arrangement of Stars in the Flag

A HISTORICAL AND SYMMETRICAL PLAN TO BE LAID BEFORE CONGRESS.

For years the lack of symmetry and historical significance in the arrangement of the stars on the blue field of our national flag has been a subject of comment among observing patriots. Fourteen years ago J. R. Stahlnecker of Silverton, Col., commenced working out the idea, but never arrived at a satisfactory solution until recently, when a design was evolved, and the question of its adoption will be brought before congress.

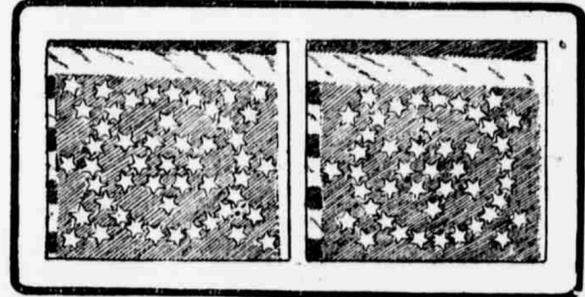
It was a work requiring more thought and study than at first appears. With a given number of stars to get a design that would commemorate the greatest number of events in the history of the country and yet secure a symmetrical and artistic effect, was the task Mr. Stahlnecker set for himself.

The center group of thirteen stars represents in his flag the thirteen original states at the close of the Revolution, or at the time of the adoption of the constitution. The outer circle of twenty-three stars represents the states admitted between that time and the close of the civil war. The great seal of the United States is represented by the center group of thirteen and the encircling wreath of twenty-three.

It is intended that these three great

features shall not be changed. The first event brought the flag into existence; the second, the admission of twenty-three more states and the civil war, made the life of the nation doubly secure; the third, the representation of the great seal of the United States, is regarded as appropriate.

The stars outside the circle of twenty-three represent the states ad-



mitted into the Union after the close of the civil war in 1865 to the Spanish war in 1898. This places two in each of the four corners and one midway on each side, and gives the entire

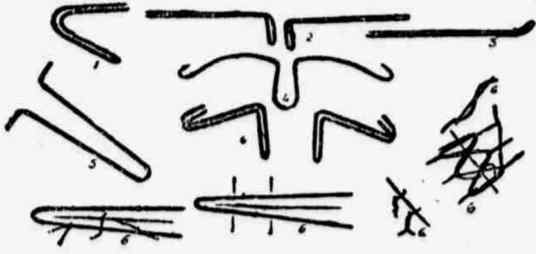
membership of statehood at the present time.

As New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma and Indian Territory come in their stars may be placed in the extreme corners outside the groups of two, thus forming a triangle. If the time comes, says the Denver Post, when Alaska or Hawaii desires admission as a state, stars may be placed midway on each side of the field, in line with the groups of two at the corners, making a second wreath and not detracting from the symmetry of the arrangement.

Dinner Guests on Record.

It is the custom now in polite society for guests at dinner to sign their

The Hairpin as a Surgical Instrument.



In a serious article on "The Surgical Uses of the Hairpin," Dr. J. Torrance Rugh, of Philadelphia shows in American Medicine that this article of the feminine toilet may in an emergency be of great aid to the surgeon, easing pain or even saving life. Dr. Rugh writes: "Because of its almost universal presence this small article lends itself to many purposes, and he who remembers some of the practical ones will not infrequently have at hand the means of dealing with an emergency which might otherwise result disastrously. Its chief points of usefulness are: Its almost universal presence, its ease of sterilization, convenience of size, adaptability to any desired shape by bending or twisting, and its cheapness. After being once used, especially if used in an infectious or contagious case, it may be thrown away, or by being passed through a flame it may be rendered safely sterile."

The hairpin, Dr. Rugh says, may be used either in its natural shape or bent into special forms. In the former condition it may serve to pin on bandages, to remove foreign bodies from any natural passage, as a curette for scraping away soft material, to compress a blood vessel in controlling hemorrhage, as shown in the figure, or to close a wound, as illustrated in the same; and, finally, as a substitute for calipers.

Straightened out, the hairpin may be used as a probe (in which manner it has probably been employed in surgical emergencies more frequently than in any other way); to wire bones together in fracture; in actual cautery, when heated to redness in a flame; and in many other ways.

Bent or twisted in the various ways shown in the illustration, it also does service as a nasal speculum (1), as a retractor for a wound (2), as a surgical needle (3), in tracheotomy (4) to maintain an opening until the proper tube can be obtained, instead of a drainage tube (5), or to bring the edges of a wound together in various ways (6).

names in a guest book supplied by the host.

Don't complain because there are no links; life is more than gold.

LURED BY A LIGHT.

A Calcium Carbide Lamp Traps Vineyard Pests.

For several years past the vineyards in the important wine growing district of Beaujolais have suffered greatly from the attacks of numerous flying insects, the most important of which is known as the pyralid. Last year, says the Electrical Review of London, a series of experiments was carried out in one of the large vineyards to see if the insects could be caught by bright lights burning at night. An apparatus was constructed, consisting of an acetylene generator holding about six ounces of calcium carbide. Over this was a circular metal dish about twenty inches in diameter, and over this at a height of about eight inches a single acetylene jet giving a small, bright light at about ten candle power. This light the carbide was sufficient to keep burning for six or eight hours. In a basin a layer of water was placed, and on top of this a layer of kerosene or some other cheap oil, of which about two fluid ounces were required. These machines were set up about 550 yards apart and were set in motion at dusk, preferably on dark nights. On the first night one lamp caught 4,600 pyralids and 218 moths of other kinds. During July the lamps averaged 3,200 insects per lamp per night. The expense of the lamps is reported to have been two cents per night each, or about two and a half cents per night per acre. It is said that this method of catching noxious insects is more efficacious than any method which has been tried before.

Don't indulge in improving conversation—unless you need it.