

# DICK RODNEY;

## or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

### CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"I remember well when, from a wild crest, I saw before me a long blue ridge. It was the Sierra Leona—or the Mountain of the Lioness, as the niggers thereabout call it, the highest in North or South Guinea. Glad was I, Master Rodney, to see the flag of old England waving on the fort and in the bay. There was a sloop of war at anchor there, the Active; and when she fired the evening gun you would have thought a whole fleet was saluting, there are so many echoing caves and dents in the mountains and along the shore.

"I soon made my way home to England, but was more laughed at than pitied for my queer figure-head, which frightened some folks, my old mother especially, for she banged the door right in my face, and called for the police when I went to her old bunk at Deptford.

"However, I got used to all that sort of thing; but as folks are so ill-bred and uncharitable ashore, I have left Deptford forever, and keep always afloat, to be out of harm's way. So that's the yarn of how I became tattooed, Master Rodney."

"Finish the brandy-and-water, Tom," said I, "and now we'll make a start for the brig—noon is past, and the atmosphere cooler than it was."

"Your very good health. Next time we splice the main-brace ashore, I hope it will be in Cuba," said Tom, finishing the contents of my flask and then becoming so jovial that he broke at once into an old sea-song, the last two verses of which were somewhat to this purpose:

"I learned to splice, to reef and clew.  
To drink my grog with the best of the crew.

And tell a merry story;  
And though I wasn't very big,  
Aloft I'd climb, nor care a fig  
To stand by my gun, or dance a jig.

And all for Britain's glory!  
When home I steered again I found  
My poor old mother run aground,  
And doleful was her story;

She had been cheated by a lawyer elf,  
Who married her for her old dad's pelf,  
But spent it all, then hanged himself,  
Hurrah for England's glory!"

Just as Tom concluded this remarkable ditty with tones that made the volcanic grotto to echo to "glory," a voice that made us start exclaimed, close by us:

"Bueno! Ha! Ha! Los Angeles burrachos!"

On hearing this impertinent reflection on our sobriety we both looked up and saw—what the next chapter will tell you.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### Dangerous Company.

Behind us stood eight fellows, five of whom had muskets, and three heavy bludgeons. They were apparently Spanish seafaring men; but whether contrabandistas of the lowest class, a portion of a slaver's crew, or merely drunken brawlers, we could not at first determine. However, they soon made us aware that robbery was their object, and that they were in no way averse to a little homicide if we interfered with their plans—in the least.

Some had their coarse, but glossy and intensely black hair confined by nets or cauls; others had only Barcelona handkerchiefs round their heads. The spots of blood upon these, together with several patches and discolored eyes, showed us that these modern Iberians had been fighting among themselves. Their attire, which consisted only of red or blue shirts and dirty canvas trousers, was rather dilapidated; but something of the picturesque was imparted to it by the sashes of glaring red and yellow worsted which girt their waists, and in which they had long knives stuck conspicuously.

By their bearing, their dark glaring eyes, their muscular figures, their bare arms, chest and feet, their bronzed, sallow and ugly visages—and more than all by their rags, which were redolent of garlic and coarse tobacco, it was evident that we had fallen into unpleasant society. Several had silver rings in their ears, and on the bare chest of one I saw a crucifix marked either with ink or gunpowder.

These fellows had come from the inner or back part of the cavern, where they had evidently been observing us for some time before they so suddenly appeared.

"Acquardiente," said one, approvingly, as he applied his fierce, hooked nose to my empty flask, and then placed it in his pocket. A second snatched away my courier-bag, and a third appropriated my telescope, which he stuck in his sash.

Taking up a stone which lay at hand, I was about to hurl it at the head of the latter when the muzzle of a cocked musket pointed to my breast, and the butt of another applied roughly to my back, admonished me that discretion was the better part of valor.

"El page de escoba—ha, ha!" (the cabin boy), said one contemptuously, as he examined my attire—a smart blue jacket, with gilt anchor buttons, which Hislop had given me. My portemonnaie, which contained only a few shillings, and my gold watch, a present given to me by my mother when I went to Eton, were soon taken from

me. As for poor Tom, he possessed only a brass tobacco-box, a short, black pipe, and one shilling and sixpence; yet he was speedily deprived of them by one who seemed to be the leader of the gang.

"You rascally Jack Spaniard!" said Tom, shaking his clenched fist in the robber's face, "if ever I haul alongside of you elsewhere, look out for squalls!"

At this they all laughed, and seized us by the arms, dragged us into the back part of the cavern or fissure in the rocks, leaving one of their number, armed with a musket, as sentry, at the entrance, where he lit a paper cigar, and stretching himself on the grassy bank, placed his hands under his head, and proceeded to leisurely smoke in the sunshine.

These proceedings filled us with great alarm; now that they had robbed us of everything save our clothes, what could their object be?

One of them produced two pieces of rope, with which our hands were tied. Dragged by some, and receiving severe blows and bruises from the clenched hands and musket-butts of others—accompanied by the imprecations and coarse laughter of all—we were conveyed through a low-roofed grotto, or natural gallery in the rocks, the echoes of which repeated their voices with a thousand reverberations.

The only light here was by the reflection of the sunshine at the entrance, where the basalt was coated by a white substance, the debris of some old volcanic eruption; for the slope up which we had been ascending all the morning formed a portion of the great Peak. And now we became sensible of a strange sound and a strange odor pervading all the place.

Through a rent in the rocky roof of the grotto there fell a clear, bright stream of sunlight, that revealed the terrors of the place toward which our captors dragged us.

On one side there yawned a vast black fissure or chasm, in the somber masses of obsidian and red blocks of lava which composed the floor of that horrid cavern; and from this fissure there ascended, and doubtless still ascends at times, a hot, sulphurous steam, which rendered breathing difficult and induced an inclination to sneeze.

From the depth of that hideous chasm, the profundity of which no mortal eye could measure, and no human being could contemplate without awe and terror, we heard a strange, buzzing sound, as if from the bowels of the inner earth, far—heaven alone knows how far—down below.

In fact, we were upon the verge of one of those natural spiracles which the natives term "the nostrils," or avenues through which the hot vapors of that tremendous Piton ascend; and the buzzing sound that made our hearts shrink, we scarcely knew why, was caused by some volcanic throes at the bottom of the mountain, whose base is many a mile below the waters of the sea.

The fissure was also twelve feet broad, and across it there lay a plank, forming a species of bridge.

Two of our captors crossed, and then ordered us to follow them.

I followed like one in a dream; but my heart was chilled by a terror so deadly that I had no power or thought of resistance. My first fear was that the plank might be trampled from under our feet, and that we would be launched into the black abyss below; but such was not the object of these Spaniards, as Tom and I were permitted to pass in safety.

The remainder of the thieves followed, and we found ourselves in another grotto, the roof of which was covered by stalactites, that glittered like gothic pendants of alabaster in the light that fell from the upper fissure, which formed a natural window, and through it we could see the thin, white steam ascending and curling in the sunshine.

Now, supposing that they had us in perfect security, our captors proceeded to hold a consultation as to what they should do with us; and imagining that we were both ignorant of their language, or, what is more probable, caring little whether we knew it or not, they canvassed the most terrible resolutions with perfect coolness and freedom of speech.

### CHAPTER X.

#### The Ventana.

Tom Lambourne's face wore somewhat of a blanched hue, through which the stripes of his tattooing seemed blacker than ever. A severe cut on his forehead, from which the blood was oozing, did not add to his personal appearance. He scarcely knew a word of Spanish, but seemed instinctively aware that we had fallen into hands nearly as dangerous as his former acquaintances, the Mussolongos, for he said:

"Master Rodney, I fear we have run our last knot off the log-line, and our sandglass won't run again, unless heaven gives the order to turn. Yet, if I could but get one of these muskets, to have a shot at the rascally cargo-puddlers before it's all over with us, I would be content. As it is, I am all over blood, from clew to earring, and they have well-nigh choked me by shaking a quid down my throat."

"Hush, Tom," said I, for I was listening to a discussion which took place among the Spaniards.

"Do you understand their lingo?"

"A little."

"What are they saying?" he asked, with growing interest.

"I will tell you immediately."

But as they all spoke at once in the sonorous Spanish of the Catalonian coast, mingled with obscure slang and nautical phrases, some time elapsed before I could understand them. Meanwhile, how terrible were the thoughts that filled my mind.

"If these fellows murdered and cast us into that awful chasm, the deed would never be known; until the day of doom our fate and our remains could no more be traced than the smoke that melts into the sky. Even if we escaped unhurt, but were detained so long that the brig sailed without us, what could be our condition, penitence, forlorn and unknown, in that foreign island? But this was a minor evil.

Then I burned to avenge the lawless treatment to which we were subjected, and the blows and bruises their cowardly hands had dealt so freely.

"Companeros," I heard one say, "one of these fellows is tattooed and would sell very well to the South American planters with the rest that will soon be under hatches. He is worth keeping, if he cannot ransom himself; as for the other—"

"El muchacho!" (the boy) said they, glancing at me.

"Si—el page de escoba—if he is allowed to return, a complaint may find its way to the senior alcalde, whose alguazils may come and borrow our topsails and anchor for a time; whereas, if we have him where the others went yesterday—"

"Where?"

"Into the ventana, hombre!" was the fierce response; "and then no more will be heard of the affair."

My blood grew cold at these words, and I scarcely knew what followed, till the first man who spoke came forward and addressed us.

"Inglesos," said he, "we have decided that one of you, after swearing not to reveal our hiding place, shall return within four hours, bearing a fitting ransom for both, else, so surely as the clock strikes, he who is left behind goes into the ventana of the mountain, where never did the longest sea line find a bottom—not that I suppose any man was ever as dumb enough to try. Santos! do you hear?" he added, striking his musket-butt sharply on the rocks, when perceiving that Tom was ignorant of all he said, and that I was stupefied by it.

"Si, señor," said I, and translated it to Tom Lambourne, who twirled his tarry hat on his forefinger, stuck his quid in his cheek, slapped his thigh vigorously, and gave other nautical manifestations of extreme surprise and discomposure.

"Ransom, Master Rodney?" he reiterated, "in the name of old Davy, who would ransom a poor Jack like me?"

"The whole crew would table their month's wages on the capstan head—aye, in a moment, Tom," I replied, with confidence.

"I'm sure they would, and the captain and Master Hislop, too, for the matter of that, rather than poor shipmates should come to harm; but—"

"As for me," said I, with growing confidence, "I am, as you said, senores only the page de escoba."

(To be continued.)

### BEFORE TIME OF BELLS.

The Sounds Which Called to Church in Olden Times.

Before the time of bells various instruments were used to summon congregations to worship. In Egypt they are said to have followed a Jewish custom in using a trumpet. In some Oriental churches a kind of rattle gave the signal. In monasteries monks took it in turns to go round the cells calling the inmates to their devotions by knocking with a hammer, which was called the "awakening instrument." Bells of one kind or another are, however, of very great antiquity, having been used in religious ceremonies by many of the ancient nations as a means of honoring their gods and summoning them to the feasts. For example, the feast of Oafrils and Isls was always announced by bells. Pliny says that bells were in use long before his time, being called "Tin tin nabula." The use of small bells (nolnes) in England, says William of Malmsbury, may be traced back as far as the fifth century, and it is clear from Bede that even those of the largest kind (campanae), such as sounded in the air and called a numerous congregation to divine service, were employed in England as early as the year 680, being that in which the Abbot Hilda died.

Cutting Teeth When 63 Years Old.

Physicians of Knoxville, Tenn., have been consulted regarding a discovery made by a tourist in the mountains of Claiborne county, Tenn. The case is that of Mrs. Julia Spence, 63 years old, who has four new front teeth, all of which have recently become fully developed. Previously she had been without teeth for six years. It is considered remarkable that new incisors should appear at this late period in life. Mrs. Spence is in perfect health.—Baltimore Sun.

### Overlooked.

Mrs. Beeswick—I can't see why those people next door don't take a hint. They're always sending over to borrow something. If we did the same, they might have an excuse, but we've never got anything from them yet. Mr. Beeswick—My dear, you are mistaken. Didn't we get the measles from them?

### WASTING THEIR TIME.

#### FOREIGN FREE-TRADERS ARE CHASING RAINBOWS.

Baseless Rumors That President McKinley Looks Favorably Upon the Policy of Giving Outsiders a Wider Entrance to the American Market.

If we may credit what purports to be a dispatch from London to one of the New York papers, the free trade guild of Great Britain is being fooled into building up hopes upon an expected abandonment of the protection policy by President McKinley. The very statement of what is expected by the Cobdenites will sound so ludicrous to all who know the sentiments of President McKinley on the question of protection to American industries that no statement that Mr. McKinley has not changed his opinions in respect to that doctrine in industrial economies need be made. But, so prompt are the free trade advocates of this country to take up the London gossip about an alleged statement by the president to one of the Canadian members of the high joint commission now engaged in efforts to make a treaty for reciprocal trade relations between this country and Canada—which statement was to the effect, as quoted, that the president has changed his views and will recommend a revision of the tariff before he leaves the office of president—that it is worthy of some notice.

The fact is that the comments by the free trade press upon the workings of the Dingley tariff have been so replete with misstatements and misrepresentations that when the little coterie of Cobdenites in this country set about to show the necessity of tariff revision upon the ground that the Dingley law is not producing sufficient revenues, they will find themselves confronted by a pretty big contract. The facts are, the Dingley protective tariff is producing, every month of its operation, more revenue from customs duties than was raised in any month during the life of the Gorman-Wilson free trade tariff, and more revenues than have been raised from customs tariffs during any time since the McKinley tariff was stricken down by the free trade victory in this country in 1892. Not only is the law successful as a revenue producer, but it is successful in giving encouragement to domestic industries by removing competition from goods the like of which are produced in this country.

There is no doubt that President McKinley is desirous of seeing a treaty concluded between the United States and Canada which would settle some of the vexed questions which have arisen in our relations with the Dominion government. But the Cobdenites may rest their souls in contemplation of the fact that Mr. McKinley will not advocate the making of such treaty if it do so will place in jeopardy a single industry in this country, or detract in the least from the free operation of the protective policy in respect to such industries.

There is no better evidence of that fact than the reports which come from Washington as to the treatment accorded by the American members of the high joint commission in matters which come up in connection with the proposed reciprocal trade treaty. It is stated upon reliable authority that in these considerations the commissioners give full credit to those principles which underlie the protective policy in respect to entry of competing goods of foreign production. There is no doubt that the American commissioners are in constant consultation with the president. The fact that they will consider no class of commodities upon which reciprocal trade is proposed without going carefully into consideration of all matters pertaining to cost of production and competing elements, is evidence that there will be no abandonment of the protective principle in the formulation of the proposed reciprocal treaty. If not in this case, where in do the Cobdenites find occasion for floating their visions of free access to the American markets of British-made goods?

The organs in this country of the British manufacturers, and the entire brood of visionary speculators upon the "grandeur and glory to come to the United States from the policy of permitting British manufacturers to fabricate goods for the American market," should take their cues from the free trade apostles in congress. The spokesmen of the Cobdenites in the halls of the national legislature have practically ceased their clamor about the alleged unsuccessful workings of the Dingley tariff. Improved business conditions throughout the country since that law was enacted, and increased customs revenues under the law, have practically silenced the carping critics of the protection policy. If the organ editors for the Cobden clubs in this country can find no better evidence that William McKinley will turn his back on the policy of protection to American industries than gossip in the London press, whose editors are straining their vision for a glimpse of even a possible return to the days of Wilson-Gormanism and a British revel in American markets, they are wasting their time.

### The Tariff Wall.

English journals are seriously discussing the inroads already made and projected by American manufacturers in British home markets and in neutral markets hitherto in the almost undisputed possession of British traders. Trade rivalry from this time forth is sure to become more strenuous

between the United States and Great Britain, and there is more danger of an interruption of the present cordial relations from this cause than from any other. The policy of the "open door" which Englishmen both preach and practice would give to the United States a seeming advantage in the terms of competition, but it is to be noted that more and more English capitalists are availing themselves of the obstructive taxation on imports in the United States by investing their money in American plants, and thus taking a hand themselves in the plunder of the American consumer behind the tariff wall.—Philadelphia Record.

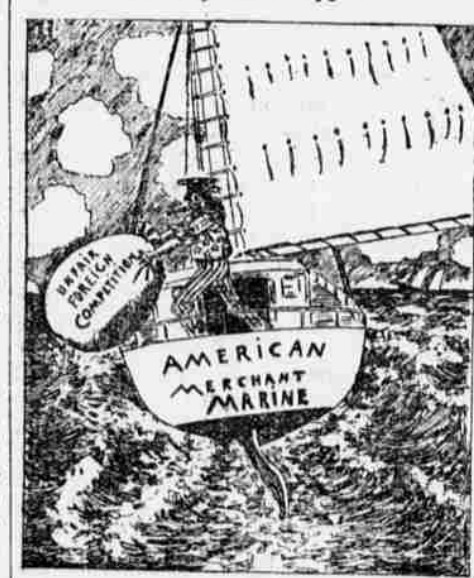
It will be pretty hard to convince the American consumer that he is being plundered when American manufacturers are driving British manufacturers out of the British market. It will be still harder to convince the American workingman that he does not profit when American competition compels British manufacturers to erect plants in the United States and thus increases demand for American labor. It ought to be needless to say that British manufacturers are investing in plants on this side of the Atlantic because thereby they save cost of ocean transportation on products designed for American consumption and because they are able to purchase much of their raw material and machinery cheaper.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Protection and Export Trade.

The Boston Herald quotes from an article in the Textile Record to show that protectionists are becoming despondent concerning the future of the protective tariff. The Textile Record deprecates the fact that some Americans who have hitherto supported the policy of protection have become so much enamored of the idea that export trade is for the country's greatest advantage that they have parted with much of their ardor for the tariff. This is not a novel discovery; that kind of "Protectionist" is always with us.

The Textile Record sees that the great menace to some of our protected industries and the interests of our wage-earners comes from the prevalent craze for foreign markets. This threatens a reduction of wages in some manufacturing lines, a consequent diminution in the purchasing power of the workers, and impairment of the home market. But that journal does not admit, as the Herald's article implies, that the Dingley tariff is a failure, or that the prosperity of the country has become dependent upon a vast increase in our export trade. On the contrary, it says: "We express the opinion again that the American market, under conditions which give fair recompense to its farmers and factory hands, is worth to us more than all the other markets in the world."—Boston Home Market Bulletin.

### Heavily Handicapped.



### Protection in Minnesota.

A joint committee of the Minnesota legislature has reported in favor of a bounty of 50 cents per ton for all pig iron made in Minnesota for the next ten years. Minnesota finds the reward of labor distributed in that state does not exceed \$1 per ton of iron ore mined, whereas Bessemer pig sells for \$10 per ton, steel rails for \$18, tin plates for \$70. Most all of the advance in prices over the cost of the ore in the ground is paid to labor, either in manufacturing or transporting. Now it is proposed that much of the cost of transportation shall be saved to the consumers of the northwest and the money paid for converting the ore into useful products shall be distributed in Minnesota, where the laborers shall be consumers of the products of Minnesota farmers.

It is noticeable that a year from next fall the Minnesota farmers will be assured that they are injured by the near market and will be asked to vote for those who will send all manufacturing to England and Germany.

### Manifest Destiny.

All the statistics show that Canada has gained nothing by its unfriendly legislation against the United States, and that its efforts to help the United Kingdom by discrimination in its favor has been a complete failure. Canada's interests are parallel with those of the United States, and the sooner its people recognize this fact and act accordingly the sooner our great northern neighbor will approach its manifest destiny.—Port Huron (Mich.) Times.

### Should Be All American.

From abolishing the old British winter load line the next step should be the building of American ships and the carrying of American commerce in American bottoms.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### DUE TO BREAK DOWN.

The Importer Was Boss of the Road Until He Struck a Snag.

Puck's cartoons are always in the interest of free trade, but they do not always teach free trade lessons. The large cartoon by Keppler in the issue of February 1 is a case in point. The artist has drawn a spirited picture, but has put over it a foolish caption: "Its good is doubtful—its harm is certain." The picture shows an exporter and a farmer, prosperous nabobs in appearance, seated in a handsome carriage drawn by a dashing team named respectively Agriculture and Manufacturing, with a modernized figure of Mercury mounted on the box as driver and labeled Commerce. Team and vehicle sweep along the road majestically, while a single rig, with Importer as driver and Import Business the nag, has come to grief alongside through running up against a log entitled Dingley Tariff. Below is this legend:

"It is Not Quite Certain that the Dingley Law is Responsible for our Good Crops; But it surely is Responsible for the Break-Down of the Importer."

Hence Puck's characteristic deduction: "Its good is doubtful—its harm is certain." For such harm as has come through the increased use of domestic and the diminished use of foreign products the Dingley law can well afford to be held responsible. When the farmer and the exporter are carried swiftly along the road of prosperity by agriculture and manufacturing, with commerce holding the reins, the people of the United States are not going to lose any sleep or shed any tears because the importer has a fall. He was the boss of the road during four of the darkest years ever known in this country, and he was due to break down. That is the way Puck's cartoon will be construed by every level-headed American.

### "Error, Wounded, Writhes with Pain."

Let all the others who write under prohibitory protection keep the faith at the next election and we shall get the better of the tailors and their Board of Trade.—New York Times.

Thus we see there is hope for those that writhe. A time limit may be set to the duration of agonies caused by heartless attempts to stop genteel smuggling. Others who groan with the pangs of restriction in the matter of bringing in dutiable foreign goods without paying the duties prescribed by law may also look forward to relief from their sufferings. Success of sorrow is possible to all these unfortunate, provided they "keep the faith at the next election." Their hour of joy will strike when custom houses are abolished and appraisers are no more. Unrestricted foreign competition is the free trade Utopia which "the next election" is always going to create. The question is whether those who writhe outnumber those who don't. "The next election" will tell.

### That Terrible Tariff.

According to some of the Democratic papers, the real cause of the sickness among the soldiers of the United States army in Cuba was the Dingley tariff. They claim that by the shutting out of foreign importations American packers were forced to use cans made of domestic tin in which to pack the meat for army use, and that the lead used in this cheap tin poisoned the soldiers! It is, of course, nothing to the point that millions of packages of American tinned meats are constantly in use by the families of this and other countries, and that sickness from this cause has been hitherto unknown. The fact remains that a considerable percentage of our troops did not thrive in the hot climate of the tropics, and it must be that the Dingley tariff was the cause of it.

### Their Preference.

If it has to choose between a free silver Democrat and a high tariff Rature in England. He speaks four vote for the Democrat.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

This, from an earnest enemy of depreciated dollars, shows what may be expected in 1900 when anti-Bryan Democrats are called upon to make a choice between unsound money and sound economics. If protection wins next year it will win on its own merits, and on its strength with the intelligent voting masses. It may expect no help from free traders who would rather see silver and Democracy in the saddle than see protection and sound money continue to travel in double harness for another term of four years.

### Ought to Hear Less About It.

With the full restoration of the purchasing power and consumptive capacity of our people, the multiplication of our industries, the expansion of our export trade by the judicious and peaceful methods which have thus far been pursued with unexampled success, and the firm maintenance of our present protective tariff, we believe that we shall hear much less about the impaired value of the home market.—Boston Home Market Bulletin.

### Proportions Never Dreamed Of.

Treasury statistics prove that in time of peace the Dingley act would have provided the revenues necessary for the expenses of the government and thus have vindicated the claims of its framers. It also has been even more of a success in reviving the industries of the nation and in expanding its foreign commerce to proportions never dreamed of before. The Dingley tariff is the most successful act of that nature ever enacted.—Springfield (Ill.) Journal.