

# DICK RODNEY;

or, The Adventures of  
An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

## CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"The poor lad is dying from lack of a doctor," said old Tom, who knelt beside Hislop, handling his wounds with the tenderness of a woman; "and if the whole British navy were in sight, we haven't a rag of bandage to shake out as a signal, since that rascally picaroon, the Cubano, has cast every color and signal overboard."

"Well, Tom, he shan't die this bout," said Ned Carlton, hopefully. "Let us tie up his wounds as best we can, to delay the bleeding, and give him something as a reviver."

"It's a blessing his old mother in Scotland don't see all this," added rough Tom Lambourne, with a tear in his eye; "poor Marc Hislop is her only support, and a sister's, too."

"I thought now, with compunction, how often his theories and pedantry had bored me, and I resolved to be unremittent in my care of him."

The united medical skill of those honest souls, our crew, was very small; however, the wounds were carefully washed in clean water; their best shirts were torn into bandages or folded into pads to stop the bleeding; and in this they were quite successful.

A beaker of New England rum was hoisted out of the forehold, and its head was instantly started. The liquor was very redolent of treacle, but a glass of it mixed with water—the readiest stimulant that occurred to the minds of the seamen—was poured between the parched lips of the sufferer, who at last slept, in the pleasant atmosphere formed by the awning which shaded him from the fierce sun, and in the breeze that whistled past the bows as the Eugenie still bore on her new course, close hauled, with all her fore-and-aft canvas set, and the white, glittering spray flying over her cat-heads and dolphin striker.

The terrible Cubano still kept possession of the cabin. His two six-barreled revolvers gave him twelve shots, and we were but nine in all, as the captain, Roberts, and Will White had already perished by his hand, and Hislop, to all appearances, was dying; thus Antonio kept us all in subjection by his weapons, just as half a dozen well-armed soldiers may control a mob of thousands.

So passed the night; the crew grouped forward, full of schemes for vengeance, and he aft, full of triumph, ferocity and cognac.

Next morning I was on the quarter-deck, and when day broke I became aware, by a splashing sound astern, that we were towing something in the dead water of the brig's wake. On looking over the taffrail, what were my emotions on beholding the body of my kind friend—our good and hospitable captain—towed by the neck at the end of a line!

Around the poor corpse, which was in its nightdress, the green waves danced merrily in the golden light of the morning sun that was now beaming over the sea, "refreshing the distant shores and reviving all but him." Antonio in the night had cast it from one of the cabin windows on the port side of the rudder-case, and through that aperture the line to which it was attached was now run.

By the smoke of a cigar, which ascended to the taffrail at times, I discovered that the atrocious Cuban was sitting at the open cabin window below me, watching and waiting to see the body devoured by the sharks; and I knew that he would shoot all who attempted to cross his purpose or who came within reach of his pistol. This prevented any man from lowering himself over the stern, either to haul in the line or cut it adrift.

"Demon!" we heard him exclaim, when by a sudden lurch of the ship the line parted and the poor corpse went rolling and surging to leeward.

"There he goes, and God bless him, although he's cut adrift without a prayer or a sailor's winding-sheet," said Tom Lambourne, taking off his hat, as the body bobbed like a fisherman's float on the waves for a little space and then disappeared in the long, white track made by the Eugenie through the dark apple-green of the morning sea.

All the stories I had heard or read of Spanish revenge seemed eclipsed by the atrocities of this fiendish Cubano.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### The Requital.

Three days and nights passed without finding us able to surprise or dislodge the demon who was in possession of the cabin; without our knowing where the ship was driving or drifting to, and without a sail appearing. A man-of-war belonging to any country we should have hailed as a protector; but on the wide waters of the Southern Atlantic ships are few and far between.

Hislop rallied a little and was removed into one of the fore-cabin berths. He could tell us only that he had been surprised when asleep, and had been stabbed again and again—that he became insensible and remembered nothing more. His distress was great when we related the story of the captain's fate, the death of Will White, and that their destroyer was still in possession of the ship and the arbiter of all our lives.

He writhed on his bed of pain and sighed bitterly on finding how stiff and sore, how weak and almost blind he had become by loss of blood; but a

crisis was now at hand with our Cubano.

The evening of the fourth day after we had saved Hislop found the brig still lying on a westerly course; but whether in the latitude of Cape San Roque or of the Rio Grande, we knew not; and, I suppose, it was all the same to Antonio.

I was at the wheel. The sunset was gorgeously beautiful. The Eugenie was running with both tacks aft; and under the arched leech of her courses I could see the blood-red disk of the sun right ahead settling in the waves, which shone in all the colors of the dying dolphin; while against the flaming orb the black outline of the masts, the figure-head and the taper end of the jibboom, with its cap, guys and gear, were clearly and distinctly defined.

The waves ahead rose and fell between me and the sun, as slowly and imperceptibly he sank at the flaming horizon, from a quarter circle to a segment; then the last vestige of that also disappeared, but the lingering rays of his glory played upward on the light clouds that floated above. Even they paled away and died out, and twilight stole over the sea, which changed from gold to a transparent blue.

With the increasing twilight came a change of wind, and before it a great bank of cloud rolled from the horizon on our starboard bow. Under its shadow the sea was darkened and its broken water flecked with white. The new breeze came first upon our quarter, then rapidly it was ahead and three great albatrosses were seen to whip the sea with their wings, while a whole shoal of brown porpoises surged past our bows, plunging joyously from wave to wave.

Tacks and braces were instantly manned and the sails were trimmed anew for our desultory course.

"Sail ho—to windward!" said one of the crew, in a low but excited voice, lest the sound might reach the cabin; and as the dense bank of purple clouds opened a large bark came out of it, and her form became more and more defined as she left the vapor astern. She was going free—that is, with her head further off the wind than close-hauled—and had a press of snow-white canvas, which shone in the last light of the west.

"She is four miles off," said Carlton.

"We must signal her," added Lambourne.

"With what?" asked Carlton, in the same sharp but low voice; "every color is overboard."

"Anything will do—a blue shirt at the foremast head; quick!—the sky will be quite dark in ten minutes. Run it up in a ball with a slipping loop, man-o'-war fashion," said Lambourne, in a loud whisper; "get ready a ship's lantern some of you, for the night darkens so fast that we shall scarcely be visible when she is abreast of us. Ned, get into the fore-channel and wave the light as a signal that we want a boat."

These orders were rapidly obeyed and preparations made to throw the brig in the wind. While one man hastily got the lantern from a little round house, in which certain stores and tools were kept on deck; Ned Carlton pulled off his shirt, and was in the act of binding it to the signal halcyards, when the Spaniard, whose quick ears detected some commotion, sprang on deck, armed as usual.

On seeing Carlton busy with the halcyards he looked round, caught sight of the ship, which was running with the white foam boiling under her fore-foot, and thus in a moment divined what we were about.

Muttering a terrible imprecation in Spanish he fired at Carlton, but missed him as before, and shot dead a poor apprentice who was close by.

"Tarnal thunder, flesh and blood can't bear this!" shouted Tom Lambourne, whose fury was boundless, and who snatched up a capstan-bar. "Bear down on him all hands; there is neither sea law nor land law can help us here!"

Snatching whatever came nearest to hand, we all rushed upon the Cubano, who stood boldly at bay, and keeping the binnacle between us and him, fired over it five or six shots from his revolver with terrible rapidity; but so unsteady had his hand become in consequence of his free potatoes below, that every bullet missed, though one cut the knuckles of Tom Lambourne's right hand, and another tore away the rim of my straw hat.

He drew a second revolver from his sash, but Lambourne, by one lucky blow with the capstan-bar, knocked it out of his hand. It went twenty feet into the air and fell overboard.

Quick as lightning Antonio placed the other in his breast, drew his knife, stooped his head, and darting through us like an eel, gave Carlton a gash in the thigh as he passed.

He then made for the main rigging, and sprang on the bulwark, no doubt with the intention of running up aloft to some secure perch, where he might reload his remaining pistol, and shoot us all down at leisure; but he missed his hold of the rattlins, and fell overboard!

There was a shout of furious joy.

"The sea will rob the galleons of its due!" said Carlton; "but he'll be shark's meat, anyway."

But Antonio was not gone yet, for in falling he caught one of the lower studding-sail booms, and clutched it

with deadly tenacity, for he knew that if once he was fairly launched into the ocean his fate would be sealed.

His face was pale with combined fear and fury; his black eyes blazed with the fire of hatred; the perspiration oozed in drops from his temples. Tom Lambourne sprang forward to beat off his fingers; but at that moment the boom, a slender spar, broke from its lashings alongside, and swung out at a right angle from the brig, with the wretch at the extreme end of it, dangling over the waves, like a herring at the point of a ramrod.

Again and again he writhed his body upward in wild struggles to get astride the boom, or to reach it with his knees, but in vain!

Instead of exciting pity his terrible situation drew forth a shout of derision, mingled with expressions of hatred and satisfaction, from the line of avenging faces that surrounded him over the bulwark. He hung thus for fully five minutes, for he was a powerful man, of great strength, muscle and bulk.

I have no doubt this man was as brave as it is possible for a ruffian to be; but the prospect of an immediate death—a death, too, from which there was no escape—terrified him.

His glance of hate toward us turned to one of wild and earnest entreaty.

"Mercy!—pardon!—in the name and for the love of the Almighty!" he exclaimed in Spanish, in a tone of intense earnestness; but he was heard by us with fierce derision at that moment of just triumph and too long delayed vengeance.

Twice the Eugenie gave a lee lurch, and each time the feet and knees of the wretched Cubano were immersed in the waves.

Beneath him was the abyss of water that rushed past the side of the brig. He panted rather than breathed, and through the dusk he could see how his aching hands turned white as his face, and that the points of his fingers were blood-red. His eyes grew wild and haggard as terror chilled his coward heart and agonized his soul; and yet through the surge the fleet craft flew on!

Every moment increased the weight of his body and the weakness of his hands and wrists.

At last it was evident that his powers of endurance could be no longer taxed; he uttered a half-smothered shriek, and closed his eyes as he clung to that slender spar, and it swayed to and fro while the close-hauled brig flew on!

The iron hook in the bulwark on which the studding-sail boom was hung gave way under the double weight of the spar and of his body. There was a shrill cry of despair, like the parting shriek of an evil spirit, or the skirl of the gusty blast, as the boom, and the wretch who clung to it in blind desperation, vanished into the black trough of the sea, and, like a cork or a reed, were swept amid the salt foam to leeward.

The Eugenie rose like a duck upon the water, and, as if freed at that moment from a load of crime, seemed to fly forward with increased speed.

'Twas night now, and the ship which we had first seen upon our weather bow was a mile astern and to leeward of us.

(To be continued.)

## THE MANCHUS.

Peccolities of the Race That Has Long Governed China.

The Manchus, as a body, really do not care two straws about Confucius, though it is part of their policy to make a great fuss, just as Napoleon found it paid best to honor the popes. Of course, I am speaking of the genuine typical Manchus, who are fastidious and become petticoated prigs of Chinamen, but without a Chinaman's suppleness and brains. The true Manchu has an honest contempt for "writing fellows"; he has long since forgotten his own language, and now speaks a rough, energetic, bastard Chinese, called Pekinese, with a good, honest country burr. It bears much the same relation to "literary Chinese" that Hindustani does to Sanskrit; or, better still, that the Viennese dialect does to German. The emperor of China on formal occasions, descending on funerals, Confucius, filial piety, and so on, is like E. J. Dillon's French president, descending on "right civilization and justice." The real human Manchu emperor making broad jokes in the coarse Peking brogue, cracking melon seeds and puffing at his water pipe withal, may be compared with his majesty, the Emperor Francis Joseph with a feather in his billycock and a pot of Pilsener beer before him, smoking a long, coarse, Italian Avana da quindici with a straw run through it, and exchanging repartees with his private cronies in quaint Viennese. The Manchus like sport, good living and fresh air; they neither care nor profess to care one little bit about the Chinese empire, except in so far as it is a big elastic sponge out of which can be squeezed at suitable intervals a rich nutriment. The one exception is, or was, the emperor, who during the first four reigns took a keen pleasure, as well as a pride, in running the vast machine as economically and as uprightly as possible, and even now there is a considerable quantity of good many leaves in Manchu mankind, just as there is in any other mankind, and it is this minority of good men which keeps things going, not to speak of the leaven of gold in the Chinese or Confucian element, which combines with the excellence on the Manchu side, even as in the United States the under stratum of solid worth in party life keeps things sufficiently afloat in the Serbian bogs of populism and Tammany hall.—Gentlemen's Magazine.

Why isn't a star a sort of sky-light?

## TARIFF AND TRUSTS.

LATTER NOT A NATURAL ALLY OF THE FORMER.

Some Deductions May Be Drawn from the Present Era of Combines to Reduce the Cost of Production—Trusts Increase Wages of Their Employees.

Commenting on the organization of trusts the Zanesville Courier recently said:

"The Courier desires to protest against the attempt, now beginning to be again apparent in some of the old free trade organs, to attribute the influence of trusts to the fostering influence of protection."

"We do not believe that tariff, high or low, has anything to do with formation of trusts. The impulse toward the combination of capital, as the Courier pointed out some time since, does not primarily spring from the relations of manufacturers to the public, but from the internal economy of their own business affairs. Usually the movement to establish a trust does not originate in a desire to increase prices, but in the purpose to reduce expenses, and to improve the stability and certainty of business by enlarging the base. Generally speaking, price increases are incidental and not burdensome to the public."

It has been the contention of free traders from the founding of the first trust that protection is at the bottom of trusts. This is as foolish as the equally positive contention of the free traders that high duties on imported goods prevent the sale of American goods to foreign nations.

Experience has demonstrated the fallacy of the latter contention as it would the fallacy of the former. If every custom house were leveled to the ground, and every port opened to free importation of foreign goods, trusts would be formed and they would be more necessary than under a protective tariff, unless we are willing to abandon manufacturing and become purely an agricultural people.

The primary object of trusts is to increase profits by reducing expenses. Under a trust, the aggregate of wages in a particular industry is reduced, not by cutting down the wages of those continuing in employ, but by reducing the number of high-priced employees, chiefly in the managing and selling departments of that industry.

If all the Republican papers of Ohio were combined under one management with one chief editor, a half-dozen editorial writers would do the work now done by hundreds of writers. The same political views would be expressed in all of them, just as the same political views are expressed in all of them now, and the variety would be solely in the local departments of the several papers, because that variety would be necessary and essential to success in each particular locality.

One man would do the buying for all of them, and five hundred buyers would be thrown out of employment. Those still employed would probably receive higher wages than at present allowed. The saving would be in the reduction of the force. The political articles would be prepared under the supervision of one chief editor instead of under hundreds, and so in every department. The saving would reach millions of dollars and the profits to the stockholders would be correspondingly increased.

The greatest trust in the United States pays the highest wages. It saves by confining the management of a great industry to a few men, and not by cutting down the wages of those who are the actual producers. Split this trust into several pieces, and we either cut down the profits to the owners of the plants or increase the prices to the consumers of the product. The tariff has nothing to do with it.

Strike the duty off of steel rails and the necessity for a trust in that industry would be greater than it is now, and a trust would be formed to take in every possible foreign competitor. Strictly speaking, under absolute free trade human industry would be trade without a country, would know no national, would be cosmo-national, not national. The industry would ignore geographical lines and gather into one fold all its branches and outposts and become an international trust. There is not a steel rail maker in England who would not gladly combine with his American competitor to control the output and absorb the market.

Then the wages of the producing laborer would be cut to an international scale and he would be helpless in the hands of the "octopus." The only safeguard the American employ has is in the protection given him by the duty on the foreign product. Deprive him of that, and wages in the United States would drop to the European level, because the laborer would be at the mercy of an international combination of capital and the interest of capital in his particular industry.

Protection is far more beneficial to the laborer than to the capitalist. Given a free course, with no protection to the employe, capital would speedily come to an agreement, and it would not matter to the capitalist whether the product on which he makes a profit is made in Europe or America, at home or abroad. Capital is a citizen of the world. Labor is the citizen of a locality. The men who possess the capital will send their money into the remotest parts of the world if assured the larger profits. They do not believe that a dinner of herbs larded with content is better than a fat ox without contentment.

The conclusion of this philosophizing is that in the search for gain the capitalist is ready to combine with his

brother capitalist in China or England, and to him the value of a protective tariff that saves the American laborer from starvation wages is not a sufficient factor worth the effort to secure it. What he wants is profit. What the laborer wants is a living and contentment. Trusts will come and trusts will go just as they are factors in increasing gains, and the duty we impose on foreign goods will neither foster nor prevent them.—Sandusky, Ohio, Register.

## WOOL AND TARIFFS.

Wool Law Held Responsible for Existing Demoralized Conditions.

From the address of Dr. James Withycombe, president of the Pacific Northwest Wool Growers' association, at the annual convention at Pendleton, Ore., March 7:

"The wool market has not blossomed forth to a degree that inspires hope to many growers, and in some directions loud mutterings are heard and many articles are written inured with sharp criticisms of the present wool tariff. A careful and dispassionate examination of the present tariff on wool should convince any grower that the late Congressman Dingley fully considered the matter. True, the present law in some respects could be improved; but, as a whole, the law is good, the wool growers' interest being fully protected.

"The dull and featureless wool market is not due to domestic over production, nor to excessive recent importations, but to the immense quantities of wool and wools accumulated under the Wilson bill, and to the continued demand for the cheaper grades of domestic woolsens.

"The custom house figures will fully substantiate the statement so often made that the Wilson bill should be held largely responsible for the present demoralized condition of the wool market.

"There were 923,000,000 pounds of wool imported during the life of this bill, 100,000,000 pounds of which were imported in the condition of scoured wool, which would last as long as 300,000,000 pounds of American unwashed. Therefore, while the government figures show the free wool imports to have been 923,000,000 pounds, if measured by American wool, they would equal at least 1,100,000,000 pounds, which was equal to the entire consumption by American machinery during the same period.

"The production of home-grown wool during this period was about 826,000,000 pounds, which constitutes the accumulated surplus on hand at the time of the passage of the Dingley tariff act. The clip of 1898 has since been added to this supply, and the clip of 1899 is in sight. Thus it will be seen that a two years' supply was imported in anticipation of the passage of the Dingley tariff act.

"Under the existing conditions it does not seem wise for wool growers persistently to agitate this matter; for, by so doing, congress may be induced again to open the question of tariff, and, in the final shuffle, the wool grower is in danger of coming out second best. At the present time, items of legislation affecting the industry are not of vital concern to the wool grower, but he should rather devote his energies and talents to an analytical study of flock characteristics, local improvements and markets."

## Maxims vs. Markets.

It has been said that the Democrats are students of maxims, while the Republicans are students of markets. Experience counts for nothing with the man who has a theory. The Wilson bill, adopted during Cleveland's administration, was a theoretic low-tariff Democratic bill, but it brought ruin to American industries and hard times, and so bankrupted the United States treasury that bonds had to be sold to pay the daily expenses of the government. The Democrats can never be made to see that a tariff tax is not always added to the price and paid by the consumers, but the truth is that a tariff on imported goods so stimulates American productions that it results in cheapening the price to consumers. It worked that way with steel railway rails; it worked that way with plate glass; it worked that way with wire nails; and it is working that way with tin plate. The industry is built up in this country by the tariff tax on imports, and the price to consumers is reduced. But no Democrat will admit that putting a tax on an imported article results in reducing the price. The protective tariff works well; it furnishes work to Americans at American wages, and reduces the price to consumers, and makes good times, and we agree with Mr. Dingley that "what practically works well in any country is more likely to be safe and wise than any theories, however fine spun, that have not succeeded in like conditions."—Freeport (Ill.) Journal.

## No Practicable Anywhere.

It would seem that England must teach us our lesson of stable and consistent protection, and by exempting the utility of that policy wisely regulated, induce our madcap free-trade countrymen to have done with a system that is not practicable even for a nation so situated as England. To cope with Britain in the regime of her new policy we must the soonest possible strike the golden mean of protective tariffs and secure its maintenance.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

## Vindication.

The once-scoffed-at Dingley tariff is more than vindicated, nowadays, the assurances of its framers.—Boston Journal.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Real Reason for the Marked Increase of Tariff Receipts.

The New York Staats Zeitung, in rebuking the Republicans for claiming any credit for the increased revenue from tariff receipts, says the "reason why tariff receipts under the Wilson tariff were not so high as now was because of the general business depression and the low consuming capacity of the country, and that the depression has disappeared is certainly no merit of the Republicans." No protectionist will deny that the low tariff receipts under the Wilson law were due to "the general business depression and the low consuming capacity of the country." There is no doubt that if the people of the country had had more money they would have bought more foreign goods—as well as more domestic goods.

But because of the closing of American factories through the operations of the Wilson-Gorman law the wage-earners of the country were deprived of work and wages, and the employers of labor were without business and without profits. Naturally the consuming capacity of the country was low. The consuming capacity always is low under free trade, because free trade means the destruction of American industries. The strange thing is that the Staats Zeitung cannot see the inevitable connection between free trade and a low consuming capacity. That connection has been illustrated more than once in the history of the country.

The Staats Zeitung apparently thinks that business depression just comes and goes and that no man knows the why or the wherefore. But all effects have a cause, and the Staats Zeitung would do well if it would ponder with unprejudiced mind upon the cause of the industrial depression which prevailed throughout the country during the existence of the Wilson-Gorman law and the free-trade administration of Grover Cleveland, and which disappeared at the restoration of protection. There is no doubt in the minds of the vast majority of the people as to the cause of the industrial depression of 1893-1896. The result of the presidential campaign of 1896 showed how they interpreted the matter.

## Only a Partial Remedy at Best.

We do not believe that the total abolition of the tariff would cripple the trusts, for such combinations are not confined to this country. Take off the protection from American manufacture and the trusts would combine with foreign combinations and capital to control the foreign output of an article, as well as the domestic output, and they would have consumers just as much at their mercy as they have now.

In order to properly regulate the trusts and curb the awful power which they are developing, they must be brought under federal control. The attorney general of the United States claims that the Sherman anti-trust law is ineffective. Other lawyers, as good as he, claim that the Sherman law could be made effective, if properly enforced; but whether it could be or not, there is the power of amending the federal constitution, which resides in the people and the states. There is also another and a quicker method of securing federal control, which has already been pointed out by the Tribune, and that is to employ the taxing power of the federal government to tax the stock and bond issues of the trusts out of existence and thus compel them to organize under federal charters, just as banks of issue are now compelled to do.

The Tribune does not believe that it would be good policy for the Republican party to reverse itself on the tariff in the hope of thereby throttling a few trusts. If it is to tackle the trust problem, let it adopt a thorough and not a partial remedy.—Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune.

## Trusts Are Everywhere.

There are trusts in Germany, Austria, Italy and Russia, as well as every other country which has great industries or natural resources valuable enough to attract large sums of capital in their development. The trusts are doing more damage in some of those countries than they are doing here. Nevertheless the republican party will keep up its warfare on the trusts. It has been fighting them from the day they first made their appearance. It is the only party which has had either the courage or the intelligence to strike a blow at the illegitimate practices of the combines and to restrict them in their operations. It is a satisfaction, therefore, for the country to know that as the republican party is going to remain in control of the nation for years to come its vigorous and practical work in maintaining the people's interests in this as in all other fields will be kept up.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## How to Breed Defects.

A deficit threatens the British government, and it is proposed to impose an import duty on sugar, grain, flour and meal. This illustrates the difference between free-trade theory and practice, and also the difference between the protection principle and the tariff-for-revenue-only idea. Under the Dingley law duties are imposed mainly on articles of foreign manufacture that come into competition with the products of our own labor. Under the English system duties are imposed mainly on articles not produced in England, but which every Englishman must have. In England everybody knows "who pays the tax."—Chicago Inter Ocean.