

Rob Cleverdale's Adventure.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

Copyrighted, 1906, by Robert Bonner's Sons.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

As Rob, dressed in his picturesque Spanish costume, stood on the deck, he thought he had never seen so many villainous-looking men. They would propel the large flat boats to the schooner's side, make them fast and jump aboard. Then the black boatmen and the crew of the "Black Cat" would be busy for a time in transferring from the hold of the schooner to the boats the packages and cases and casks of the contraband cargo. Captain Torrevo was here, there and everywhere, giving loud commands in a language that Rob did not understand, and which would scarcely be understood by any one whose tongue was limited to the precise language of any one country.

Captain Torrevo passed Rob several times without paying him any attention. What was Rob's great surprise, then, when the captain of the "Black Cat" suddenly turned on him with a frightful oath and struck him with a rope's end.

"Will you do nothing?" roared Captain Torrevo, in what appeared a most frightful rage. "Will you stand there, and me trying to get unloaded? Get to work there, or I'll kick you into the water!"

Rob was thunderstruck and terribly frightened.

"I'll do anything!" he cried. "Don't strike me! Tell me what you want me to do!"

"Get into that boat. Do your share of the work! Help carry the stuff to the cave!"

As Rob, without trying to soften the terrific wrath of his seemingly cruel master, turned to obey, he saw, standing on the shore, a large, black horse. Upon this horse was seated a man of apparently fifty-five years of age. This

man's face that he seemed to make the others gentle by comparison.

"Hurry up, there!" he shouted in English, flourishing his whip. "We are being watched every day now. There may be soldiers here any minute. Get the stuff ashore in a hurry."

The men strained harder, and soon the flat nose of the boat was shoved up on the sand. The men leaped out, each one giving a quick look at the master, as if expecting every moment a cut with the heavy whip.

"Hey, Torrevo, who is this?" he shouted, pointing to Rob.

"That fool of a nephew of mine," shouted back the captain of the "Black Cat." "He is no good, but he would make a trip with me. Whip him, if he is lazy."

Rob remembered what Torrevo had said about his appearance as the nephew of the captain of "El Gato Negro," and wondered if he, as Rob Cleverdale, had any more to fear than he was getting as Torrevo's nephew. It seemed to be the object of Torrevo to make him out as stupid and worthless as possible, and to give the Englishman the impression that he hated his nephew.

The men on the boat now began to pick up their burdens, and poor Rob, not one-fifth as strong as one of these fellows, did the same. He unfortunately picked up a package that was too heavy for him, and staggered with it right before the tall, Satanic individual, whom all so palpably feared.

In an instant there was a swish, and the Englishman's whip came down on Rob's shoulders.

"Get on with you!" he said. "If you can't do better than that, what good are you?"

Rob, not knowing but an answer would bring him another blow, shut

and Rob did not doubt that the crew of the "Black Cat" were pirates as well as smugglers.

CHAPTER VI.

He felt a thrill of apprehension as he saw the black shadows cast by the blazing torches and heard the grumbling tones of the moving men in that gruesome place. Oh! What hiding places there were among these piles of bales or in those black recesses of rock, where he could hear the constant trickling of water from above!

Shivering, he went the whole length of the place, deposited his burden, and followed the line of spectres out again.

What glad sigh of relief escaped him as he breathed once more the fresh air outside. But there was no time to stop to enjoy it. The procession moved on, and Rob, with trembling limbs and perspiring brow, went back for another load. The boats had brought some casks from the schooner by this time, and these were to be taken into the cave.

It was hard work, and when Rob saw Torrevo standing on shore by the side of the Englishman, his heart gave a bound of fear. What was the mystery of the hatred felt by these men toward himself? He could not understand it. But it seemed certain that they were bent on his destruction; or, perhaps, he was to be henceforth a slave. Perhaps all these dark fellows were slaves. Rob did not know whether there were any slaves in South America now, but these men were slaves in reality, even if they were not such in name. And what would be his own fate?

Again he fell to work with the others, but could not resist sending a look of appeal into the eyes of Torrevo. The captain of the "Black Cat" saw this, and saw also that at the same time the tall Englishman was looking at the boy.

"Curse you!" shouted Torrevo. "I will kill you yet!"

He struck him fiercely, and poor Rob, feeling now certain that the friendship Torrevo had shown on board the schooner was assumed, fell to work with a heart that was like a lump of lead in his bosom.

He helped roll a heavy keg to the opening, and was almost run down by it as it sped downward from the top of the ridge. A great, ugly fellow, half Indian and half negro, caught him in a powerful grasp and swung him out of the way to safety.

"Oh, thank you!" gasped poor Rob. "Uh! No 'ank!" said the black fellow, with a hideous grin. "Me no want to see kill. Capitang Elvin him kill soon 'nuff."

"Captain Elvin! Is that the man's name?"

"Ho! Yes. Him Capitang Elvin. Him great man. Him chief all de gangs. Him kill you."

"Why does he want to kill me?" asked Rob.

"Um! Me not know. Look out, dat all."

Again Rob went into the dark caverns, doing his best toward his share of the work. But it was an astonishing fact that as soon as they were out of sight over the ridge, no one cared whether he did any work or not. In fact, in the work of placing the casks, barrels and kegs, he was decidedly in the way of the experienced men, and they shoved him aside.

While doing nothing he looked around the caverns, but was sure to follow the men of his gang out when they returned for another load.

Four or five trips he made into the caverns in this way, winning nothing but blows and kicks and curses from Torrevo, no matter how hard he worked.

(To be continued.)

Evening the Honors Up.

It was at President Hadley's reception that the following bit of conversation was overheard: Dr. Dwight, turning to a prominent young alumnus of Yale, after greeting him with "Hello, classmate," said something about his own very recent return from the country, adding afterward: "By the way, I owe one of the New Haven newspapers a grudge. It printed an item about me some time ago to this effect: 'Ex-President Theodore Dwight has just returned from his summer home at Norfolk.' Now, my name is Timothy, and my summer home is at Litchfield." "Well, that is one of the things, at all events that can be very easily rectified, doctor," said the alumnus pleasantly. "Yes," replied the doctor, with a droll smile, "they might say, and I think it would be satisfactory to me, that 'Prof. Alfred Hadley has just been elected president of an institution at Waterbury.'"—New Haven Register.

A Quaker Wedding.

The Elk City (Kan.) Enterprise describes a Quaker wedding which took place in that city the other day. The bridal couple came into the meeting-house and took their seats all alone on the rostrum, while 200 people sat silently on the benches. After a long wait, during which not a sound was uttered, the groom arose and taking the bride by the hand, said: "Friends, in the presence of God and before this assembly I take Mariette Stevens to be my wife, promising with divine assistance to be unto her a faithful husband until death shall separate us." Then the bride in like manner promised to be to him a loving and faithful wife, and the ceremony was over.

Not the First Time.

Mrs. Gillian—Now, Mrs. Wyckoff, we really must say good-by. Dear, while you put your overcoat on, I want to tell Mrs. Wyckoff a secret. Mr. Gillian—All right. I'll just go and get my hair cut and meet you at the corner.

PICTORAL CONTRASTS

DIFFERENT CONDITIONS UNDER TWO ADMINISTRATIONS.

Dismal Scenes of Poverty and Suffering Give Place to Gratifying Representation of the Splendid Prosperity Visible on Every Hand.

This week's American Economist presents two illustrations which preach a sermon and tell a story of peculiar interest and significance. The first, a photographic reproduction of a scene of actual occurrence, brings into view a condition which existed in January, 1894, less than a year after the inauguration of Grover Cleveland as president of the United States. The administration of President Cleveland was distinctly committed to the policy of free trade, and from the moment the result of the presidential election of November, 1892, became known, the country began to feel the stress and stringency of the changed industrial and economic outlook. A year and a quarter later, the period at which the scene portrayed in the first picture occurred, the wage-earners of the United States were brought face to face with the disastrous consequences involved in the triumph of free trade. Out of work, out of money, their wives and children suffering for lack of food and clothing, eagerly thronged the places where relief was dispensed. One among these numerous places was the New York Herald building, corner of Broadway and Ann street, where free clothing was handed out to the needy. It was a charity which honored the generous proprietor of the Herald and which went far toward mitigating the sufferings of the poor in that never-to-be-forgotten free trade winter of 1893-1894. The charity was the worthier on the part of the Herald, because of the element of reparation entering into it.

Come we now to the second picture, which appears in the New York Herald of Dec. 5, 1899. Three years and a month have elapsed since the verdict of the people at the presidential election of November, 1896, was made known in favor of a protective tariff. Instead of the dismal scenes of poverty seeking the dole of free soup and free clothing, we have a picture of Uncle Sam, his features expressing supreme gratification, standing by the side of a chimney in whose dense mass of escaping smoke are seen the outlines of the word "PROSPERITY," while a huge placard announces the fact that during the past week the wages of 56,700 operatives in Fall River, Lowell and New Bedford have been advanced 10 per cent.

The New York Herald was for many years a strenuous advocate of free trade for the United States. It is not so strenuous now. Otherwise it would hardly have furnished the second picture of a pair which tell so vividly and so convincingly the story of contrasting conditions under two administrations.

BARGAIN COUNTER THEORY.

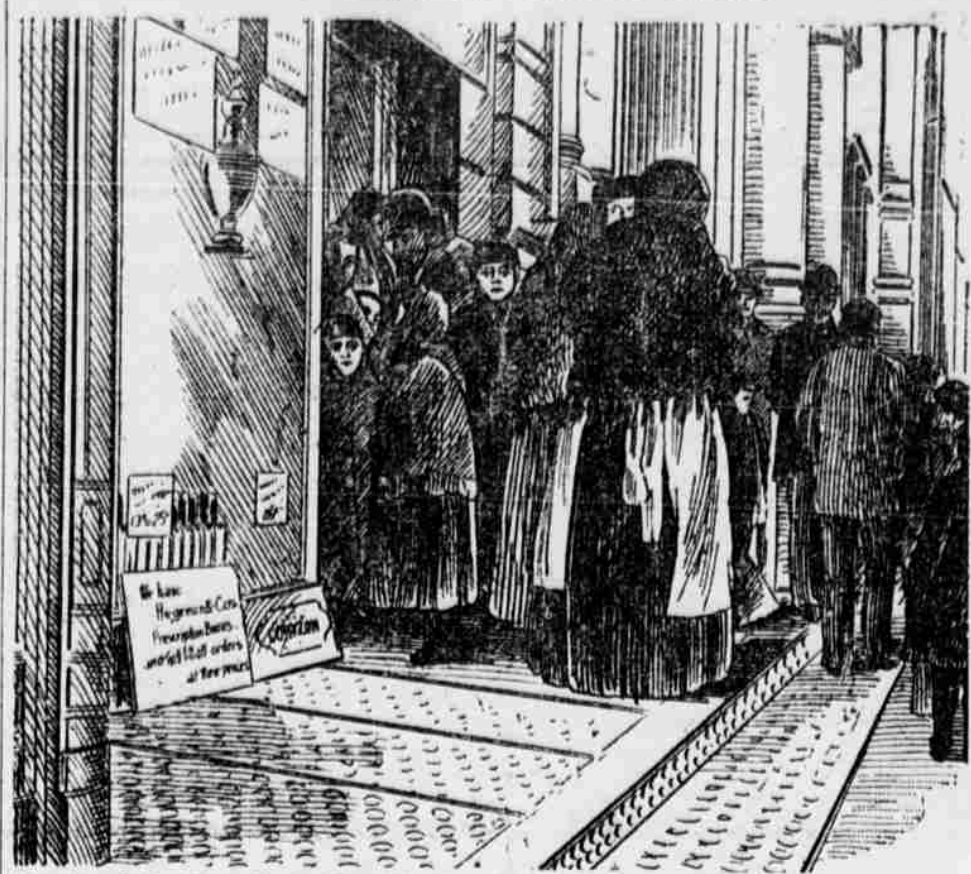
Our Products Not Sold Abroad for Less Than at Home.

One of the arguments most generally urged against the protective tariff system by its opponents is that American products are frequently sold to foreign consumers for less than they are sold at home. The same objection might be urged against the bargain counter sales of the American merchant. He has a surplus and cannot afford to hold it over until the next season, to be put up in competition with new and fresh goods, even of the same manufacture. The bargain day sales of the merchant do not affect the salaries of his employees, they are of some benefit to those who buy, and although they may not add to the profit side of the merchant's account, they at least save him from loss.

The manufacturer cannot exactly estimate the quantity of goods he can sell during the season, but he knows he must have enough, and he furthermore feels that he is in duty bound to furnish his employees full employment, and therefore lets his mills go full time. If he has a surplus and can dispose of it at cost in a foreign country it saves him from loss, helps the purchaser to the extent of reduction in price, and above all, enables him to give his labor full employment.

Is there anything wrong in the

FREE TRADE MEANT FREE CLOTHING.



Result of the New York Herald's Teaching—The Distribution of Free Clothing in the Herald's Ann Street Building, January 19, 1894.

transaction? The thinking man will say no.

The fact of the matter is, however, that American products are never sold in foreign markets for less than they are at home.

That they are sold, however, at less price than the foreign manufacturer can produce them for, is an acknowledged fact. This is the misfortune of the foreigner.

The superiority of our skilled labor and improved labor saving machinery enables us to do this, and we do it.

Can any one find fault with us for doing so?—St. Louis Star.

FREE TRADE BOSH.

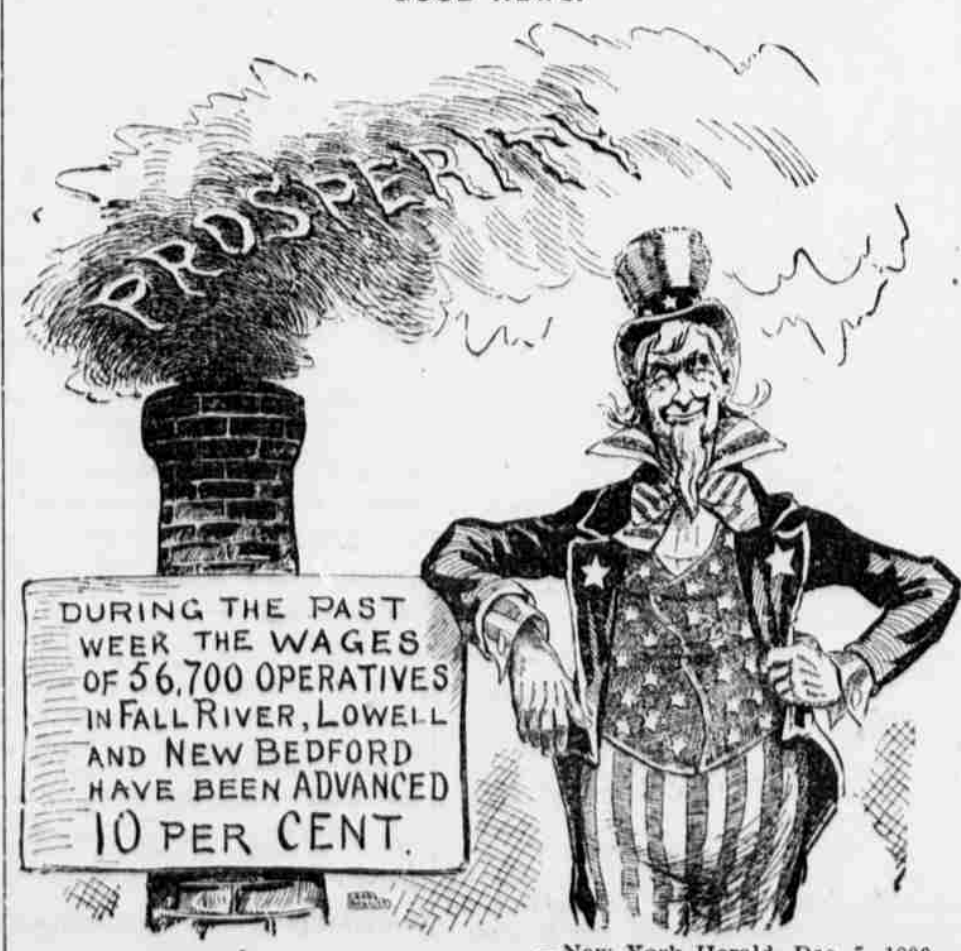
The Assertion That President McKinley Leans Toward Cobdenism.

The New York Times seems to be taxing its resources to save the Democratic party. It sees that Mr. Bryan and all that he stands for on silver, trusts and expansion can only make that party less popular with the people. It has finally hit upon a scheme by which the party can be reinstated and the country saved from untold disaster, namely, by abandoning its position on silver, trusts and the Philippines, and standing for the simple issue of tariff destruction. Let the party declare for putting all trust products on the free list and make "a determined assault upon the 52 per cent Dingley tariff" and its popularity with the people is assured. It takes the recent remarks by President McKinley and Postmaster-General Charles Emery Smith, favoring foreign commerce, as certain evidence that the administration is rapidly getting in line for free trade, and warns the Democratic party that if it does not hurry up and get upon this anti-tariff platform the Republicans will be ahead of it, and then its chances of success will be gone for another generation. Mr. Bryan may lack political insight in adhering to the 16-to-1 proposition, but in his wildest moments he has never exhibited such mental chaos as is revealed in the notion that President McKinley and his postmaster-general have turned their backs on protection, and that free trade would be a popular issue for 1900. Such a notion can only be entertained on the assumption that the American nation is composed of seventy-five millions of people "mostly fools." Besides this delirious Mr. Bryan's talk really sounds like statesmanship.—Guntton's Magazine, December, 1899.

No Tariff Tinkering.

Representative Payne of New York, chairman of the house committee on ways and means, is certain that the present congress will do no tariff tinkering. "The Fifty-sixth congress has important work on its hands," said he in a recent interview. "There will be no tariff legislation during the present session. The condition of the country is today thoroughly prosperous and will continue so unless ill-advised and radical legislation affecting the busi-

GOOD NEWS.



—New York Herald, Dec. 5, 1899.

ness and financial interest of the nation is enacted during the next few years.

"The country demands and should have a settled and assured policy in respect to those questions. The Dingley law as a revenue producer has more than satisfied those responsible for its enactment, and has proved gratifying to the people of the country generally.

"It has furnished ample revenue to carry on the government from the moment the sugar and wool schedules began to operate. I am convinced that the happy results it has produced will be permanent."

Representative Payne is right. The Dingley law has proved so satisfactory and in all ways beneficial to the country that the people have no desire to interrupt its operations for some time to come.

Protection and the Gold Reserve.

The treasury statement for October 13 shows that the gold reserve in the treasury stands at \$257,746,906. The Democratic "endless chain" seems powerless to draw the gold out of the treasury during a Republican administration. When we had free trade, or tariff reform, the Democratic administration sold over \$262,000,000 in interest bearing bonds to obtain gold with which to maintain the gold reserve and to pay current expenses of the government. There has been no drain on the gold in the treasury since the Republicans were placed in charge of it, because the people have full confidence in the financial ability of the Republican party. If the Democratic party was placed in power tomorrow our unparalleled prosperity would vanish, our gold reserve would melt away like snow in August, and before six months had passed the "endless chain" would be doing business at the old stand, bonds would be sold to pay expenses and maintain the gold reserve, business would be paralyzed and before a year had passed the country would be swept by a panic, and labor would be thrown out of employment.—Benton (Ill.) Republican.

Historic Phrases A la Atkinson.

From the Mobile Register: If the fashion prevails of bewailing our nation's effort to maintain the dignity of its flag in the face of the enemy, we will have to revise the saying of those who once were national heroes and ask our children to study them in the following shape: Give up the ship.—Lawrence. Be sure you are right, then apologize for it.—Davy Crockett. We have met the enemy, and ours are theirs.—Oliver Hazard Perry. Wait until you see the whites of their eyes, boys; then run.—Andrew Jackson. Don't hold the fort; I'm running.—W. T. Sherman. Damn the torpedoes; take a sneak.—David Glasgow Farragut. I propose to get out of this line if it takes all summer.—U. S. Grant. There stands Jackson like a stone wall, but he is a fool to do it.—Gen. Lee. When you are ready, Gridley, you may skedaddle.—Dewey.

Doing Very Well.

The offer of the treasury department to redeem \$25,000,000 worth of government bonds is an unmistakable indication of the flourishing condition of our national finances. The lack of readiness shown by the holders of bonds to take advantage of the offer of the secretary of the treasury is an equally reliable indication of the very satisfactory condition of commercial affairs throughout the country. The Dingley law seems to be doing pretty well, both by the government and by the people generally.

Oh, the Sadness of Prosperity!

"Everything seems to be lost for the time being in the whirl of money-making—the pursuit of money."—John R. McLean, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

This is the pathetic way in which the candidate defeated on a platform of calamity and discontent describes general prosperity.

The situation, as Mr. McLean describes it, may seem sordid, but it is all right.—New York Sun.

Much More Favorable.

No other word than triumph does justice to the results of the Dingley law. No matter where the test is applied its workings are far more favorable than any tariff ever devised by a Democratic congress.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



"GET ON WITH YOU!"

man was tall, and had a heavy beard. He was dressed in a well-fitting riding suit, with high boots. There was a look of masterful cruelty about him that made Rob shiver.

Rob noticed that the blacks, and the crew of the "Black Cat" as well, shot glances of fear toward the calm and powerful-looking man on horseback. Poor Rob did not know what to do first. All around him were groaning and chattering blacks, and the cruel, sharp words of Torrevo were ringing in his ears.

"Take it! Take it!" said one of the laborers to him, holding out a package. Rob tried to take it from the fellow and put it with others, as he saw the men around him doing, but it was too heavy. He let it fall, and there was the sound of breaking glass. Immediately the captain of the "Black Cat" let out a shrill yell of rage, and leaped into the boat. He gave Rob a cut across the shoulders and even on his face with the rope's end he carried. Rob cried out with pain, but Torrevo cursed and struck him again.

"Cub! Good for nothing!" he screamed, seemingly beside himself with rage. "Will you break the captain's bottles? Take that for your clumsiness."

The schooner was near enough to shore for the man on horseback to hear and see what was going on. He turned a calm, impassive face toward the boat.

"It's that good-for-nothing nephew of mine, Senior Captain," sang out Torrevo. "He would go on a voyage with me, and what good is he, except to steal and lie and break things? I'll break him! Come, take this and see if you can break it!"

Rob tremblingly took the package from the dark hands that held it out to him, and succeeded in getting it in place without a mishap.

his teeth hard and took up a smaller package. With this, which he could just carry, he fell into line.

There was now a steady line of men going from the shore, where two boats were unloading, over a ridge some few hundred feet off, up to which there was a constant rise. They disappeared over this ridge, and Rob wondered where they took the contraband goods. But he was soon to find out. As part of the endless procession, with dark, shining bodies, before him, and others coming after him, he walked up the slope, and at the summit of the ridge found that there was a steep descent on the other side. And down this there was a swampy place, toward which the men went. They did not go into the swamp, however. Turning one side, they continued till they reached a spot where the side of the hill was almost straight. Here there was a small opening, almost hidden by a growth of trees and bushes. These were being held aside by men while the burden carriers went into the opening. To accomplish this they were compelled to put the burden they carried on the ground, roll or push it in, and then get down on their knees and crawl in themselves. Rob did just as he had seen the others do, and when he again stood upright he found himself in a great cave, almost totally dark, with the men moving like spectres of darkness here and there. After a few minutes he managed to see a little, and then found that the cave he was in was only one of a series of vaulted caverns, leading back from the ridge toward, and perhaps under, the water of the bay. There was a constant slope downward, and Rob judged that the bottom of the cave was at least fifty feet below the river bed. From one of the caverns men now came with toches, and Rob saw that this strange place was a vast storehouse of smuggled goods. Bales of tobacco lined one rock room. Bales of silk and cloth filled another. Here there were casks of brandy and in another place a quantity of liquor in bottles. There was wealth represented there—stolen wealth—for, even if the smugglers had bought the goods honestly, they were stealing it into the country, which was in itself dishonest. And if they would do this, no doubt they would steal it,