

Rob Cleverdale's Adventure.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

The gang he was with had returned for another load. Rob heard them muttering among themselves, and he looked up to see the cause. He was amazed, and felt a thrill of terror rush over him, for there, standing with Captain Elvin and Torrovo, engaged in earnest conversation, was Lemuel Starné.

Now Rob thought surely he would be killed. He thought he now understood some of the hatred he had incurred. Starné, Elvin and the captain of the "Black Cat" were all in one gang. Therefore, if Starné had any reason to wish his death, the others must have the same reason.

There was no way to escape them now. He could not turn back.

When they were taking up their loads Torrovo rushed out and beat Rob with his rope's end so that poor Rob kept his face bent down almost to the ground till he got clear of his tormentor, which was not until he was part way up the ridge.

The boy's heart was broken with grief and terror. What should he do? To continue in this way was simply to be killed. Was there no hope of escape. He went into the caverns again, and this time the black interior seemed to the tortured fellow like a haven of rest. And when the gang turned to leave a sudden inspiration came to Rob. He knew that the last of the cargo was not on its way to the cave. It was possible that he would not be missed if he did not return. With no definite purpose, except to escape the blows and curses of Torrovo, he darted away from the gang and hid in a black recess behind a pile of bales of tobacco.

The men came in with their burdens, and then went out. Those who went out now did not return again. The last of the contraband cargo was

to die in that dark hole, a lingering, painful death by starvation. Oh! it was terrible.

But Rob was a true American boy. After the first few minutes of stupefaction his spirits returned, and he began to think of finding a way out.

He groped about the opening, now so well blocked by the heavy rock, but the largest aperture he could find was simply large enough for him to put his hand through. He could not move the rock an inch.

While thus engaged in his futile efforts the thought came to him that perhaps this was not an accident. Perhaps, after all, Lemuel Starné had recognized him—had told Captain Elvin who he was—and he had been misled, traced to the caverns and locked in to await a terrible death by starvation, or to be kept until they saw fit to release him and kill him some other way. Any way he looked at it, death seemed certain.

With a dull heart Rob left the opening, now, alas! opening no longer, and groped his way in the darkness through the caverns. It was dark as night, and darker. There were no moon and stars in this damp and growsome place to shed a little light and cheeriness. All was dark and damp and dismal.

In his aimless wanderings, Rob's feet struck against something, and he at once thought of the torches the men had used when they brought in the goods. The thing he had kicked sounded like one of these. He stooped and picked it up. It was just what he thought it was—a torch made of some kind of soft stuff like cotton waste, wrapped on a bar of iron and soaked in oil. The odor from it showed that it had been recently used—probably by the men who had been with him.

But Rob could not eat this. There were casks of liquor, but Rob had never touched a drop of it, and even the bottles of which there were many, did not seem to point to a way to spare him any pain.

He found plenty of bales of stuff, silks, cassimeres and everything in that line that was suitable. But not a thing to eat.

After traversing room after room and vault after vault, Rob entered a large rock chamber, dry and cool, and there he stood, more amazed than ever.

It was an arsenal. Here were stored hundreds of rifles, pistols, swords, knives—in fact every kind of weapon. And around the sides of the chamber were kegs—probably containing powder—and cases—probably containing cartridges.

Even to Rob's young mind it was evident that this was more than a mere smuggler's resort. All those arms were there for a purpose—he knew not what.

But he could not eat them.

Weary, hungry and disheartened, Rob went back and examined his bed. Finding it clean and dry, he dragged it to the opening, and extinguished his light. Rob's object in getting near the opening was twofold. In the first place, there was a little light there, and it was less growsome than back in the black recess he had slept in before. In the second place, he would be in the way of any person entering the cave, and could not be overlooked as he might be if he went to sleep in a hidden spot. And Rob had now become so terror-stricken at the gravity of his situation, and the awful prospect of starving to death in that place that he would have welcomed any one—even Lemuel Starné himself, if that worthy had appeared to let him out.

Rob sat on his bale of cloth for a long time, blinking at the little streak of light, and listening to the trickling and dropping of the water in the caverns around him. To his excited imagination it seemed as if this noise was growing louder, and he thought perhaps the roof was breaking, and would let in the water from the river. This meant a speedy death by drowning.

All the events of his past life came up before him. He thought of his mother, and the tears ran down his cheeks. He wondered if his uncle had missed him, and if a search would be made. But he dismissed this hope, for it would surely have been reported that he was lost overboard from the Royal Mail.

The weariness was too much for him at last, and with great sobs shaking him he fell asleep. Even this time he did not know how long he slept. But he was awakened by hearing some one outside the cave. He sat up and listened intently. There was no mistake about it. Some one was certainly outside.

Rob's heart now beat violently. Was this some wandering native, who would release him from his prison, and enable him to go to Buenos Aires and find his uncle? Or was it Lemuel Starné returned to finish his fiendish work?

The eagerness to get out was greater than fear of Starné, and Rob placed his mouth near the crack and gave a loud "Halloo!"

"Ho!" came in the well-known voice of Captain Torrovo, of "El Gato Negro." "Are you there, after all?"

"Oh, yes! Let me out! Let me out! Please, Captain Torrovo, let me out!" "You are a jewel!" exclaimed Torrovo in a tone that Rob did not understand. "Be easy."

Rob was now flushed with hope, and looked, expecting to see the great stone roll away, leaving him free. But the noise suddenly ceased. Rob waited a moment longer, and then called again.

"Captain Torrovo! Dear Captain! Let me out, won't you?"
(To be continued.)

HONEYBEE'S WINGS.

A Microscopic View of One of Nature's Wonderful Schemes.

At a meeting of the New York Microscopical Society the president of the organization exhibited, besides other things, the honeybee's wing, showing the hooklets by means of which the lower of the two wings of the bee is joined to the upper wing in flying thus making them practically a single wing. The upper of the two wings is about half an inch in length, the lower a little shorter. The wings come together where they are joined to the body; they are otherwise separate. When the bee goes into its hive, it folds its wings together, one leaf over the other, so that they will take up less room. When it goes abroad, it spreads its wings and couples them together with the hooks. When looked at under the microscope, the upper edge of the lower wing is seen to be re-enforced as though it had an extra plate or rib stretched along there, and to this rib, spaced apart at regular intervals, though they are all contained within a total space of little more than a quarter of an inch, there are attached nineteen or twenty tiny, bony hooks. There is a little thickening at the base of each hook, where nature has strengthened it, and one is inclined to regard the hooks as inset separately and to look for the rivets wherewith they were secured to the plate or rib from which they spring. The lower edge of the upper wing, as looked at under the microscope, is seen to be curled up into a flange or trough. When the bee comes out of the hive, it hooks the hooks on the upper edge of the lower wing into the flange or trough at the lower edge of the upper wing and so makes the two wings practically one.—New York Sun.

WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.

PROSPERITY BRINGS A BIG BOON TO LABOR.

One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Operatives Receive Increase of Wages in the Textile Factories of New England and the South.

The wage-earner's share in the general prosperity is coming to him in liberal allotments. On top of the vast increase in wages paid, as shown by the recent industrial census of the American Protective Tariff league, covering conditions as they existed in March, 1899, have come additional increases since that time which affect millions of men who work for wages and other millions dependent upon them. Last week some 60,000 operatives in the great cotton manufacturing centers of New England were granted a liberal advance in wages. Next come the 26,000 workers in the mills controlled by the American Woolen company, who have just secured an increase of 10 per cent.

Last, and most significant of all, since it shows how irresistibly contagious is the epidemic of higher wages in prosperous times, and because it brings the wage rate of that section more nearly to a parity with the wage rate of competing localities in the north, comes the announcement from Augusta, Ga., that the cotton manufacturers of that city are to raise the wages of their 8,000 employes on Jan. 1. This is regarded as an indication that other mill men of the south will also take action on the question.

Manufacturers in the north, with very few exceptions, now have granted an advance, and the step has been taken in spite of the knowledge that if wages in the south remained unchanged, New England manufacturers would be placed at a decided disadvantage. The news from Georgia, therefore, is welcome intelligence to northern manufacturers.

It is estimated that by Jan. 1 from a hundred and forty to a hundred and fifty thousand cotton mill operatives in the north will be working under an advance of wages, and that the advance in the south will bring the total in the United States to above a hundred and sixty thousand.

All this is in perfect accord with the claim that protection tends to increase wages by increasing the sum total of employment. The cotton and woolen manufacturers of the United States have a stronger grip than ever before upon the great home market, with its 75,000,000 of liberal buyers. Hence the rise in wages. The connection is obvious and indisputable.

Not Corn, but "Money to Burn."

The free traders think that they are kicking the high beam of humor when they say that protectionists take to themselves and to the policy which they support the credit for the blessing of abundant crops. By their so-called "joking" along this line they hope to distract attention from the very plain and important fact that, although the protective tariff does not take the place of Providence and cause abundant crops to grow, it does make the gifts of Providence of some value by furnishing a market and a fair price for the farmers' crops, however abundant. In free trade days many western farmers, for lack of an opportunity to sell their corn at even a decent price, were forced to burn it as firewood in order to get any benefit from it. They had corn to burn. Today, as always in protective times, they sell their products at a fair price, and have "money to burn." Good crops and no market for them means tantalizing disappointment. That is what free trade brings to the farmer. Good crops with a good market, a ready sale and fair prices mean prosperity. That is what protection gives the farmer. He may choose between the two. The choice ought to be an easy one, and there is little chance that the western farmers will have any hesitation in making their decision. They have given considerable evidence that they think that McKinleyism is good enough for them.

Small Cause for Comfort.

It is said that Mr. Bryan is overjoyed at the election figures in Nebraska. We don't begrudge whatever comfort he is able to get out of the result. If the number of votes cast in the state election for the fusion ticket seems to suggest a compliment to Bryan, the prosperity of the state under the McKinley policy of protection, as compared with the depression and misery which existed there under the Bryan policy of free trade, certainly reflects the utmost discredit on Mr. Bryan's pet policy. And it is not likely that the people of Nebraska will forget from whence their prosperity came when they come to vote on a national policy in a national election.

A state can afford to compliment a popular son at a state election. But Nebraska may sing a different song in 1900. Whether she does or not, though, will make little difference. The rest of the country will put a quietus on Mr. Bryan and on the policy of free trade, in which he believes. President McKinley can take plenty of comfort from the returns from the rest of the country, and the business men of the country can settle back in the assurance of continued prosperity and the surety that the country as a whole will not contemplate the possibility of another free trade experience.

They Tell a Cheering Story.

A recent issue of the South Bend Tribune, a newspaper which is thoroughly representative of Republican sentiment in that garden spot region of prosperity and enlightenment, northern Indiana, contains an interesting

budget of expressions by local business men concerning the remarkable degree of business health which prevails in that thriving city. The Tribune says:

"Besides business houses which have come here many people have been drawn in the general need of more workmen of a good class in some of the factories. This has swelled the population, which is variously estimated at from 33,000 to nearly 40,000. It is stated that the new city directory presents enough names to make the estimate of population over 39,000. Few people are out of work if they really desire to labor. Some factories are running overtime with the largest forces in their history, which, coupled with the splendid state of commercial interest, speaks volumes for South Bend as an active, growing and progressive business center."

Uniform testimony to improved conditions and an increased volume of business are given in these interviews with the wholesale and retail merchants of South Bend. They all tell a cheering story of the changes wrought by "McKinley prosperity."

THREE DEMOCRATS

Thoroughly Disgusted with Bryanism and Tammanyism.

Living in the same block in New York city are three men who voted for Bryan in 1896, but who now unite in declaring that they have had their fill of Bryanism and Tammanyism, and will no longer train with a crowd that seeks to belittle the country's grand record of expansion, progress and prosperity. These converts to Republicanism write to the New York Sun as follows:

"To the Editor of the Sun.—Sir: We, the undersigned, take great pleasure in reading the brief but brave statement of J. Maginnis in the Sun of Nov. 23 regarding the level head of our president, William McKinley, through all the country's troubles since the beginning of the war with Spain and up to the present time.

"We are three Democrats, living in the one block, and we all voted for Bryan in 1896. But listening to the Tammany snarling at our system of government, at our progression, at our successes during our late two years' wars and at our expansion, so nobly acquired, and the doctrine of these same Tammany masqueraders, disguised in the robes of independence, liberty and freedom, are in our estimation not safe for the country at large to follow.

"This country is now in the highest condition of prosperity ever known, and why not let it continue on that same road and keep the same good engineer at the throttle?"

"But the cry is, the workman doesn't prosper. We are workmen, and we say they do, in spite of all the great hordes of Italians and other cheap imported labor. We will vote for Mac next fall, and let well enough alone.

H. Nolan,
M. Hart,
S. Cassidy.

"New York, Nov. 30."

The signers of this declaration represent a type of the average shrewd, level-headed American citizen, who can be fooled sometimes, as he was in 1892, but not all the time, and who finally sets his thinking apparatus to work and figures things out for himself. It was inevitable that as a result of this mental activity a change of political predilection should occur. Such a change has taken place, and is still going on all over the country. The year 1899 has been a wonderful eye-opener. There are many thousands of men who in 1900 will follow the program outlined by Messrs. Nolan, Hart and Cassidy: "Vote for Mac next year and let well enough alone."

Golden Days in the West.

The recent new discoveries of zinc and lead in southern Missouri, which have given a spur to industry all over the state, is only one of the factors which are giving an impetus to the business and social development of this section. The gold discoveries of Colorado, Montana and other mining states, which are frequently chronicled, do not attract much attention, but they are contributing to the immense increase in the production of that metal in the United States which is taking place every year, and which is likely to score a bigger gain this year than in any previous time since the California and Pike's Peak gold fields were first opened.

These are particularly halcyon days for the western states. The great grain crops are contributing their quota to the sum of the factors which are making 1899 the most prosperous year which the west has ever known. The gains of this region are reflected in the table of bank clearances published every week, the returns of the earnings of the railroads centering in this section, which are given to the public occasionally, and the total of the transactions of the postoffices, which are given out by the government every month or two. The figures from the postoffices, which have just been furnished from Washington, show a gain in every western city, the increase in some cases being almost without example in its extent.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Difference Between Good and Bad.

Out of these evidences of prosperity can be drawn added reasons why intelligent business and working men of the country should give their support to the party of sound money and protection in every contest which arises, whether in city, or state, or nation. The difference between good and bad legislation can be estimated by the difference between the good years we are now enjoying and the bad years of the Democratic regime.—San Francisco Call.

Up to this century the night before Christmas in many villages special watches were told off to guard the mince pies and other dainties against thieves. This Christmas fare was enjoyed in common during the merry-making that followed.

A Sunday school teacher telling her class about Jacob's dream—how in a vision he saw a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, with angels walking up and down. "But," interrupted the youngest member of the class, "why didn't they fly?"

Winter Tours.

Should you desire information regarding California, Arizona, Texas or Mexico and the long limit, low rate, round-trip tickets, sold to principal points, the various routes via which the tickets can be purchased, or regarding one way first and second-class rates, through sleeping car lines, first-class and tourist, call upon or address W. G. Neimyer, Gen'l Western Agent, Southern Pacific Co., 238 Clark St., Chicago; W. H. Connor, Com'l Agent, Chamber Commerce Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, or W. J. Berg, Trav. Pass. Agt., 220 Elliott St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Important Inventions.

Patents have been allowed upon applications prepared and prosecuted by us for interesting subjects as follows: To C. W. Cross, of Grinnell, for an auxiliary air heater adapted to be connected with a stove in such a manner that it will receive and direct the products of combustion and aid in warming and circulating air in a room, as required to maintain a uniform temperature, by admitting cool air at its bottom, heating it and discharging it at its top. An undivided half is assigned to W. S. More of same place.

To J. Morgan, of Atlantic for a plant planting machine adapted to be advanced across a field by horses to set out cabbage and tobacco plants in rows at regular distances apart. A boy on the machine hands plants in succession to automatic plant holders on a wheel and as the wheel revolves it places the plants in a furrow in advance of the wheel by a furrow opener and furrow closer immediately cover the roots and rollers pack the ground around the roots. An undivided half has been assigned to E. Whitney, of Chicago.

Printed consultation and advice free. THOMAS G. ORWIG & CO., Registered Patent Attorneys, Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 27, 1899.

A Boston Man Pleas.

In conversation with some friends, a prominent Boston man told of his sufferings from rheumatism and nervousness, and one of his friends gave him some advice, which will be mentioned later, and which has proven to be of incalculable value.

To successfully act on this advice, it was necessary to make a trip of over 2,000 miles, but he undertook it, and now thanks his friend for the advice, as he finds himself fully relieved of his old trouble and has returned to his home feeling able to cope with his business demands, a new man.

The advice given was to go to "Hot Springs," South Dakota, and have the baths and enjoy the finest climate of any health resort in America.

If this man was satisfied after making a long trip, those residing within a few hundred miles and similarly afflicted can certainly afford to try it, or rather can't afford to neglect to try it.

Ask any agent of the North-Western Line for full particulars, or write J. R. BUCHANAN, General Passenger Agent, F. E. & M. V. R. R., Omaha, Neb.

If you have not tried Magnetic Starch try it now. You will then use no other.

Half Rates South via Omaha and St. Louis and Wabash Routes.

On the 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month the above lines will sell home-seekers tickets to southern points for one fare (plus \$2.00) round trip.

WINTER TOURS. RATES now on sale to Hot Springs, Ark., and all the winter resorts at greatly REDUCED RATES.

Remember the O. & St. L. and Wabash, the shortest and quickest route to St. Louis.

Remember the O. & St. L. and O. K. C. & E. is the shortest route to Quincy. Unexcelled service to Kansas City and the south.

For rates, sleeping car accommodation and all information call at the QUINCY ROUTE OFFICE, 1415 Farnham St. (Paxton Hotel block) or write Harry E. Moores, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.

New Inventions.

Among the patents issued last week was one for an apparatus adapted to be used in a sign; while an electrically illuminated sign, which obtained a patent for a coffee machine, the coffee being brewed by steam, and the coffee being collected and utilized in the collection of the steam.

Nebraska inventor obtained a patent for a curiously constructed foot operated hammer.

Among the prominent manufacturers buying patents were the following: Griffen Wheel Co., Chicago, Ill.

Spotless Steam Sponger Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

American Turret Lathes Wks. Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mason Machine Works, Taunton, Mass.

Calumet Tire Rubber Co., Chicago, Ill.

Veeder Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.

Ball-Bearing Co., Boston, Mass.

Campbell Printing Press & Mfg. Co., New York City.

Parties desiring free information as to the method of procuring and selling patents should address Sues & Co., Patent Lawyers, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

A new kind of filter, designed to purify the water supply of large cities, is being tested at Evanston, Ill. It is the invention of Louis Gathmann, designer of the segmental wire-bound gun, and consists of the mechanical separation of impurities from water by centrifugal force, on the principle of a cream separator. An additional device kills by electricity any germs that may have escaped.



LIT UP THE GLOOMY CAVERN.

in. The last black fellow had gone. The caverns were as still as death, except for the trickling water on the rocky walls. Rob craved in his to him almost an entire day.

His limbs ached. His face was sore from Torrovo's blows. His hands had swollen from the excessive labor he had performed. The weariness at last overcame him. First he fought against the drowsiness, then welcomed it, for it brought with it forgetfulness of his troubles. He found some bales of cloth, took them into his hiding place, and lay down upon them. Soon he was fast asleep.

How long the boy slept he did not know. But he awoke at last with a start, and wondered how long he had been there. He left his nook and went toward the entrance to the caverns. Then he made a discovery that made his heart almost stand still.

The entrance had been closed with a great stone.

He was locked in.

CHAPTER VII.

For several minutes Rob stood there in the dark cavern looking at the thin streak of light that came in through a chink by the side of the blockading rock, with a terrible sense of terror. He was literally buried alive.

He did not know how often the smugglers, or pirates, or whatever the gang might be, came to this place. If their visits were limited to such times as the "Black Cat" brought cargoes of smuggled goods, then it was certain that he would be confined there for weeks, and perhaps months, and that meant that he would die there.

When the full sense of the disaster broke upon him, his boyish heart throbbed with fear. As a young and healthy American, he loved life. He loved his mother, and he had looked forward to the day when, having by skill and attention to his uncle's business, won wealth and position, he could make a comfortable home for that dear mother, for which she would not be beholden to any one for charity. To die with this brilliant prospect before him would be hard. But

But a smothered torch gives no light, and Rob could not feel that he was any better off than before. He had never learned to smoke, and therefore carried no matches. If he only had a match!

Suddenly it occurred to him that he did not have on his own clothes, but the fantastic garments given him by Captain Torrovo, of the "Black Cat." Instinctively he felt in the pockets of his velvet jacket.

First he brought out a package of Spanish cigarettes, which he threw away, not having any use for them. In another pocket—oh, joy! he discovered a box of matches. It was something to wear the jacket of a smoker, after all.

With feverishly trembling fingers, Rob lighted a match and applied it to the torch. In an instant it burst into flame and lit up the gloomy cavern around him. The smoky flame, while it gave light enough for him to see, made the shadows even more terrible. And with the light held above his head Rob gazed with strained eyes into the lanky blackness of recesses opening out on three sides.

But Rob had been through the caverns when a dozen such torches had been blazing, and he knew there was nothing there that would harm him. There were no wild beasts. So, bolstering up his courage with this one consoling thought, he began a thorough exploration of the place. From one cave to another he went, closely examining the sides, always on the alert to catch a glimpse of what might be another opening. But he saw none. There were the great stores of contraband goods—enough to make a dozen men rich if sold at fair prices, but nothing that Rob wanted.

To all the rest of his discomfort now came the pangs of hunger. He did not know how long he had slept; therefore he could not judge how long he had been in the caves. But he knew he was very hungry.

He now applied himself to searching for something to eat.

There was plenty of tobacco, easily distinguished by the odor.