

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Miss Caprice," "Dr. Jack's Widow," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Naturally, Charlie Stuart was justified in believing the girl to be the child of some Flemish citizen. True, she was not dressed in the usual Dutch fashion, but her golden tresses and blue eyes, that shone like twin stars, made him take the fact for granted.

He was, therefore, considerably surprised when, springing to her feet, she advanced a step or two toward them, holding out her hands, a look of great joy illuminating her face, and in a voice which the echoes of her recent sobs still haunted, addressed them in purest English:

"Oh, sirs! Heaven has heard my prayer and sent you to my rescue!"

Stuart made up his mind then and there, strange as such a proceeding might be, that there was a deeper mystery about the presence of this young girl in these terrifying surroundings than had at first occurred to him.

Many things united to make him believe this—the fact of her not being missed by her party, her manner in avoiding any reference to the friends who should be so anxious—yes, then and there he became convinced that a story lay back of it as startling as any product of an opium smoker's dream.

Charlie knew it would be well for him to divert the girl's mind as much as possible from the horrors she had so recently been forced to face. Thus as they walked along, he even grew somewhat merry, and his object was accomplished, since the girl's temporary trembling fit had passed away and she was now calm enough to ask questions regarding their opportune presence in the dismal place.

Several times Charlie knew she was looking at him intently.

He believed that he could guess the reason—that she had a story to tell, a story far out of the ordinary run, and was studying him when she thought herself unobserved, studying him to determine whether she dared entrust him with its astonishing details.

CHAPTER III.

Charlie Makes an Engagement.

Who was she? This question came into Charlie's mind many times while they walked through those ghostly passages, seeking the worn stone stairs at the top of which stood the roughly hewn oak door studded with rusty nails.

At the foot of the worn stone steps the girl came to a sudden stop.

"Sir," she said, addressing Charlie as though he were the only party in sight, "unless I am mistaken these steps lead up to the museum of the Steen, and we have reached the exit of this horrible underground tomb."

"We can be in the light as soon as I unlock the door up yonder," he said quietly.

"One moment, before we ascend. I want to catch my breath—to tell you how grateful I am for your timely assistance—"

"Please don't mention it," said Charlie.

"Indeed, it was a great pleasure, fair lady," chirruped Artemus, eagerly.

"You overwhelm me with confusion. I have, as you may well suppose, received something of a shock, and hardly feel equal to the task of explaining to you just now what strange circumstances brought me into the desperate predicament from which I have been rescued by your assistance. But I trust I may see you again soon, when the explanation that is due will be gladly given. Forgive me if I say I have been studying you all this time, and something tells me I may surely trust you with my life. God knows I need friends."

Her words thrilled Charlie.

"Pardon me, miss—I should have told you before—my name is Charlie Stuart. I am at present an exile from old London, in search of a mission. Perhaps I have found one," he said, with an amused smile.

A faint flush chased across her countenance.

"And I—am Arline Brand."

She had a small reticule attached to her girdle, as was the custom. Opening this, she took out a quaint little inlaid cardcase and handed him a bit of pasteboard.

"When you call, ask for me under that name, by which I am known. But let me say again—as a duty I owe you, Mr. Stuart—let me give you full warning that, while I appreciate the great favor you have done me, I must tell you I have enemies, and that if you should seek to continue the acquaintance so strangely begun, it might possibly bring you into trouble."

"I never yet have allowed fear of mortal man to influence my actions," Stuart said, proudly.

"But these men are cruel and unscrupulous. You can realize that after seeing to what a dreadful fate they would have condemned me because I refused to carry out their will."

"They are a set of precious scoundrels and cowards!" he declared.

"Ah! but perhaps they are all-powerful at court—men in touch with a dynasty that can shake the earth if aroused, to whom one poor human life is as a fallen leaf," she said, as if testing his loyalty.

"It is the same—I see no reason why I should draw back." Taking out his watch, he continued, in the most deliberate fashion: "It is now almost

high noon. At eight, then, this evening, to the minute, I shall do myself the honor of calling upon you at your hotel, and until I am convinced that it is unlawful for me so to do, all the police of Antwerp shall not stop me in my rights of a British citizen traveling under the protection of his flag."

Arline impulsively held out her hand.

"I thank you, God bless you, Mr. Stuart!" she said, in broken tones.

And Charlie, as he felt the little hand quiver and throb in his, found a strong indignation arising within his breast, directed against those unknown parties who had so mercilessly condemned so charming a young woman to a cruel fate.

It was Artemus who unlocked the heavy door and ushered them into the garish light of day, who gravely received Charlie of his brass candlestick and placed it, together with the rusty keys, where they belonged.

Charlie saw that his companion glanced hastily to the right and left through her veil. Once he was almost sure she gave a start, but by no word did she signify discovery.

"Could you get a cab for me?" she asked with a perceptible tremor in her voice.

"Easily, no doubt. There are usually vehicles waiting outside the Steen. This way, please."

Before the vehicle started, Arline Brand threw back the veil, and again Charlie was given the privilege of looking into those honest blue orbs, rivaling the heavens in their hue.

"I will release you from your promise if you regret making it, Mr. Stuart," she said, softly.

"Thanks; but I am a singularly obstinate man, I fear. At eight to-night, I said, Besides, I confess to much curiosity to hear what you promised to tell."

Those wondrous eyes beamed upon him; a little hand crept out to allow of a parting pressure; then the vehicle lumbered away, leaving him there in front of the historic Steen, watching its progress down the crooked thoroughfare, and wondering at the change that had broken into his quiet life.

When Charlie Stuart reiterated his rash promise with regard to seeing the owner of those marvelous cerulean orbs that same evening, he had but a faint conception of the magnitude of the task he had taken upon himself.

He was dimly conscious of a figure hanging from the rear window of a second old vehicle—a figure that made all manner of pantomime gestures, and in which he recognized his friend Artemus.

Remembering the quaint methods by which Artemus invoked the dramatic muse, he ended with a laugh.

"No harm done, I imagine," he said, aloud. To his surprise some one added:

"That remains to be seen, young sir."

Turning indignantly to see who had dared to thus address him without invitation, Charlie faced a middle-aged gentleman of military aspect, who was regarding him with much urbanity.

"I am quite ready to explain the meaning of those words I uttered, young sir, on condition that you favor me with your name."

Charlie's first hasty inclination was to refuse point-blank, but he had up to this point of his existence never known the time when he found reason to be ashamed of his name. It belonged to one of the best families in Scotland, and his ancestry dated back to the days of Bruce and Wallace.

"That is a condition easily complied with, as I have never yet refused it to any man who felt enough interest in me to ask. It is Charlie Stuart."

The other bowed.

"Good! I see we shall get on together amazingly well. There need be no trouble whatever, since we agree so charmingly," he said.

"Ah! about what, now?" asked Charlie, once more keenly on his guard.

"H'm! Say, the pretty fraulein."

"But perhaps we do not agree on that subject; in fact, our views may be diametrically opposite. Tell me, why do you waylay me? I am a complete stranger; I never saw you before."

"Quite true, quite true, young sir," chuckled the other; "but I have seen you before. I know when you came to Antwerp, and just how you have employed your time since."

"The deuce you do! Then you must have known my name. Why did you ask for it?" with the light of suspicion and unbelief in his eyes.

"To ascertain how far you would have confidence in me. I see you are incredulous but, young man, it is my especial business to know every stranger who comes to Antwerp, whether he be French, English, Russian, American or Turkish; also to discover as much with relation to his business here as is necessary to understand his status in society. Although you have never met me before, I doubt not you would recognize my name. Permit me."

A card was thrust into Charlie's hand.

Mechanically he glanced at it.

The result was peculiarly unpleasant.

It simply bore a name, but that name was as famous as St. Petersburg

and Paris as in Antwerp—Baron Demetrius Peterhoff.

This wonderful man had been at the head of the famous Third Section in Russia; he had been the terror of Nihilists for years; an argus-eyed head of police; until, unfortunately, a cog slipped with fatal result, since the Czar Alexander was murdered through the instrumentality of a bomb, and from that hour Baron Peterhoff's usefulness in Russia was at an end.

"Ah!" Charlie said, very calmly; "I have heard of you very often, Baron; but, really, I confess the prospect of meeting so renowned a character never entered my mind. To what am I indebted for the honor?"

Again the distinguished gentleman uttered the word that had startled Charlie before.

"To the pretty fraulein."

Charlie frowned.

"See here, Baron—I know this lady as Mlle. Arline Brand. Surely there must be a mistake."

"She has golden hair?"

"Yes."

"And eyes so blue"—holding up his hands in a dramatic manner that would have delighted Artemus—"that they shame the lovely skies of the Riviera."

Charlie groaned an assent. A crushing weight seemed to press upon his brain and he felt as though tottering on the verge of a precipice.

"As to the name," continued the Baron, coolly, "what does it matter? Mlle. Arline Brand is as good as another—indeed, when you come to examine it, there is something of the adventuress stripe about so delightful a cognomen, don't you think, young sir? To my knowledge that is only one of a score of different names the lady has adopted within the last few years."

"Adventuress!"

How like the shock of a rattlesnake's stroke the mention of that word fell upon Charlie's hearing.

"Since you have been so kind as to give me warning, suppose you tell me who this wonderful lady of many names is?" he asked, coldly.

"You must have heard of the Countess Isolde Brabant."

It was a name he had often seen mentioned in London and continental papers, a name belonging to a beautiful Russian young woman, given over heart and soul to the cause of Nihilism, connected with high families in the Land of the White Czar, banished through royal decree, and now turned adventuress in Vienna, Paris and other capitals of Europe.

He shuddered at the picture.

"At least I am under favors to you, Baron, for your kindness; and if I make a fool of myself it will not be for lack of warning."

"Well, young sir, I owe my life to your father. Before Sebastopol, when a fierce engagement was in progress, I had been cut down and lay there helpless, when a squadron of British dragoons charged. They would have crushed me to atoms, but that a wounded Highlander captain, crawling over, shielded my body with his own, and, raising himself, waved his tartan in the air, at which the dragoons separated, sweeping past to the left and to the right. That brave Highlander was your noble father. For years we corresponded; but in my eventful life the memory of the debt I owed him—more shame to me—became obscured by other issues. Young sir, for his sake I have sought to save you from the snare of the fowler. Be warned in time."

A cab, doubtless previously signaled, dashed up, the busy Baron jumped in, waved his hand to Charlie, and was gone.

He left a very puzzled and deeply worried young man in front of the Steen.

Charlie seemed wrestling with the problem, and drawn first this way, then that; but his natural obstinacy finally won out.

"Well," he muttered through his teeth, "I said eight o'clock to-night; and, come woe or come weal, I shall keep the appointment."

(To be continued.)

QUESTION DEVIL COULDN'T ANSWER

Unable to Predict Action of a New York Jury.

While waiting for the verdict in the Patrick case a few days ago somebody remarked to Mr. Van Diver of the District Attorney's office, that he thought the jury would acquit the lawyer who had conspired with William Marsh Rice's valet to gain possession of the Texas millionaire's fortune. Mr. Van Diver, who had followed the case closely for several months, doubted this, but added reflectively:

"Of course, nothing is more uncertain than the action of a jury. I remember a story my father told me when I was a boy in Alabama. The story was of His Satanic Majesty and a plain citizen who met one day on a narrow pathway cut in the edge of a cliff. On one side there yawned a precipice. On the other side was the solid rock. There was only room for one to pass, and of these two, one must lie down and let the other walk over him."

"If you'll propound three questions I can't answer," suggested Satan, "I'll lie down and let you pass over my body. The citizen asked:

"What is whiter than snow?"

"Cotton," was the answer.

"What is sweeter than sugar?"

"That's easy again; molasses."

"What will be the next verdict rendered in this county by a petit jury?"

"Pass on your way," said the Devil, as he made a carpet of himself."

The natives of Palestine have a kettledrum, the body being made of pottery and the head covered with parchment. It is provided with a cord and is borne in festal processions.

IS IT OUT OF DATE?

CLAIM THAT PROTECTION HAS BECOME OBSOLETE.

Has the Doctrine of Blaine, McKinley and Dingley Served Its Day and Outlived Its Usefulness to American Labor and Industry?

In its issue of March 24 the Poughkeepsie "Eagle" says:

"The American Protective Tariff League asks us to join in protesting against any change in the Dingley tariff in connection with the pending reciprocity treaties or reciprocity concessions. We respectfully decline. We believe with all our heart in protection, but we believe just as fully in reciprocity. The old-fashioned protection, which built up a wall around our country to keep foreign imports out, has served its day and become obsolete. The protection of the future will take into consideration all American interests and will be as much concerned with bringing into the country things that we need, and in promoting the export of things which others need, as in keeping out articles which compete with our productions. The American Protective Tariff League has in time past done some very good service, but it wants to get out of its rut and take a broader view of things. Some of those who assume to speak for it are showing such a disposition to imitate the Democratic policy of organized negation that they are greatly reducing its reputation and influence."

Welcoming fair criticism and honest controversy, concerning our aims and methods, we gladly print the above expression. It is typical of the view entertained by a very considerable number of important newspapers of Republican proclivities, newspapers which, like our Poughkeepsie neighbor, formerly believed unreservedly in the principle and policy of protection, but now are of the opinion that it "has served its day and become obsolete." The American Free Trade League hold precisely this view, with the difference that it never held any other view; it always believed that there should be no wall around our country to keep foreign imports out. Free Traders never did and do not now want to keep foreign imports out. They want them to come in without restriction of any kind. On that line Protectionists and Free Traders have divided ever since the organization of our government.

Is the line about to be obliterated? Shall we now tear down the wall and let in the foreign imports? Is that what the Poughkeepsie "Eagle" means when it avows its acceptance of the new doctrine of "reciprocity" and its rejection of "the old-fashioned protection which built up a wall, etc?" If it does not mean that, what, then, does it mean? "Reciprocity," as now advocated by many newspapers of Republican proclivities, either contemplates a larger importation of competitive articles and an equivalent displacement of domestic production, or it amounts to nothing. Reciprocity "in articles which we do not ourselves produce," and which will not lessen the sum total of employment and wages in this country, would be of relatively little value to foreign producers. That kind of reciprocity we already have. With "the things we need," we are amply supplied, and they are nearly all on the free list. A trifle less than half of the total bulk of our imports are non-dutiable. We are liberal buyers of "the things we need," and there is no tariff on those things. Reciprocity takes no account of articles of this kind. They are wholly excluded from the scheme. What it aims at and insists upon is that we shall tear down the wall and let in a lot of things which we do not need. If we don't do that, we don't "reciprocate." That is the situation in a nutshell, and we are indebted to the Poughkeepsie "Eagle" for presenting the issue in a shape so practical and tangible. It has assisted in the plain presentation of the question. Has the old-fashioned protection "served its day," and is it "obsolete?" The Republican party is now engaged in wrestling with that problem in connection with the domestic production of sugar and tobacco. What will be the solution? Not such, we hope, as shall register the decision that protection for each and every domestic industry is "old-fashioned," is "obsolete," and has "served its day."

Should Be Careful.

No tariff is perfect, even for the time at which it is framed. Every tariff act, like legislation of any other sort, is a compromise among diverse interests. It satisfies no one entirely, and it grows, in spots, less and less satisfactory as time alters conditions. But there is always a chance that when any revision at all of a tariff is attempted, the whole system is taken up for discussion. In every instance when tariff changes have been started the changes have affected more articles than the changes intended at the outset. One of the consequences of this tinkering has been that men in nearly all sorts of industries have been made uncertain regarding the outlook, and as a consequence enterprise is blighted for the time.

The Republican party has a special incentive to be careful about tariff tinkering at the present time. An election for Congress will take place some months hence, and congressional elections which come at the middle of a presidential term are apt to hamper the party in power in the presidency. The Republicans, of course, went through the congressional canvass of 1898, in the middle of President Mc-

Kinley's service, successfully, but their lead in the House of Representatives was considerably shortened. On the other hand, the Democrats in 1894, in the middle of President Cleveland's second term, and the Republicans in 1890, half-way in the service of President Harrison, met a disastrous defeat, which was a presage of the overthrow, in each case, of these parties at the polls in the presidential canvass two years later.—Oyster Bay (N. Y.) "Pilot."

Remember 1892.

Shall history repeat itself in the matter of Tariff revision? Is the country prepared to duplicate the folly of 1892? Congressman McCleary of Minnesota in a letter to some of his constituents answers these questions in a broad, comprehensive, clear and philosophical manner. Ten years ago the people of the United States were persuaded that prices were too high and that in order to bring about a general reduction in values the McKinley Tariff should be repealed. It was repealed, and prices fell mightily. Four years later the problem was, How shall prices be increased? This time the Democratic solution was, A Fifty-Cent Dollar. McKinley pointed out a better way to restore the good prices that had been foolishly flung away in 1892. His plan was to open the mills instead of the mints. His plan was adopted. Prices revived under the workings of a Republican Protective Tariff. All prices revived—prices of things to be sold, prices of things to be bought, prices of labor. Tremendous prosperity resulted, greater than any people in any period of human history had ever known. That prosperity has continued for nearly five years. There is no break in sight. Once again, however, it is contended that prices are too high. Once again it is proposed to lower prices by Tariff revision. It was done in that way eight years ago. It can be done again in that way. Shall it be done?

He Continues to Howl.



Uncle Sam: "What's the matter with that dog? Will nothing satisfy him but another total eclipse of the moon?"

Not So Strange.

The Providence "Journal" thinks it strange that the promoters of the beet sugar industry should have been able to hold up legislation for Cuban relief. Does the "Journal" forget that the domestic producers held a specific pledge from the Republican party that their industry shall be protected? Is it so strange that they should ask the honorable fulfillment of this pledge, and that a considerable number of loyal and consistent Protectionists in Congress should do all in their power to prevent the violation of this pledge? The strange thing about it is that there should be a single Republican member of Congress claiming to be a Protectionist in favor of withholding from the domestic growers their just and lawful right to the same measure of Protection that is granted to other domestic producers.

A Good Riddance.

Congressman Babcock authorizes the statement that he has changed his attitude on the question of the continued Protection of the domestic sugar industry, and is now prepared to join the knifing that industry by a reduction of 20 per cent of the Tariff on Cuban sugar. For a time the Wisconsin Tariff Ripper stood with the Protectionists in opposing this surrender to Free-Trade and Sugar Trust pressure. He has been made to see the error of his ways and get in line. If anything could add to the dignity and the consistency of the attitude of the anti-surrender wing, Babcock's defection has done it. He could well be spared.

Sound Sense.

It is said that as there are no sugar beet raisers in Maine, there is no occasion for Mr. Littlefield to be interested in their protection. But if the doctrine is to obtain that no congressman is to vote for a protective duty unless it benefits some industry in his own district, the whole system will soon be in ruins.—Portland "Press."

Take Notice.

To favor the Sugar Trust, at the expense of the growers of sugar beets, will be to serve notice to the farmers of the West that no favors are needed at their hands.—Grand Rapids "Herald."

Why?

Why should the beet sugar people be so loudly denounced for their insistence in objecting to giving us part of their protection?—Racine (Wis.) "Journal."

At Ploughnastel, a small town in Brittany, all the weddings of the year are celebrated on one day. In February last 34 couples were married simultaneously.

MARK TWAIN AND HIS "ENGINE"

Calque Method of Propulsion on the Mississippi River.

Captain Thomas Bixby, under whom Samuel L. Clemens—Mark Twain—served as pilot and engineer on the old Mississippi river boat Swallow, has given in a New Orleans paper the following description of the engine of the Swallow:

"The craft was a little, shabby affair, which plied between St. Louis and Cairo. It had a stern wheel, a place for freight and passengers, a pilot house and a place on what may be called the pilot deck for the engine."

"That 'engine' went aboard when it was needed, and only then. It burned no wood or coal, but ate a powerful sight of grass. It was a large gray mule named Jerry, which worked a treadmill that propelled the boat. Samuel Clemens was chief engineer and pilot."

"He had a system of signals which was effective and ingenious. By pulling a cord he could raise a head of cabbage just out of reach of the mule. The 'engine' would start and begin to walk after it, and the boat floated majestically down or up the river, as the case might be."

"Without desiring to be personal, I will say that Jerry was one of the most intelligent animals I ever met. His voice was more on the order of a fog horn than a whistle, being too much of a barytone for the latter. When Samuel wanted to whistle for a landing he just hit Jerry with a stick." —Youth's Companion.

HADN'T RECKONED ON SPELLING

Would-Be Joker Who Went Up Against an Old, Old Game.

It is related that Dr. James Wise of Covington, Ky., is the victim of one of his own jokes, and that he is in half-mourning on account of it. From all the evidence that can be produced it appears that some time ago the doctor went up against an old game.

One of his friends met him and, producing a pencil, said: "Doctor, see this pencil? I can make it write any color I want to."

"Let's see you make it write indigo blue."

The owner of the pencil promptly sat down and wrote I-n-d-i-g-o b-l-u-e."

Then the doctor tumbled and said, "That's pretty good. I'll just go down the street and try that on Theodore Hallam."

Down the street he went, looking for Mr. Hallam. He finally found him and, producing the pencil, said: "Theodore, here's a pencil that I can write any color I want to with."

Then the doctor gathered himself for a good laugh.

"Let's see you write ecru," said Mr. Hallam.

The doctor started, picked up a piece of paper and smiled to work, and for ten consecutive seconds said nothing. Then he said swear words, and added: "I have forgotten how to spell that word."

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JAPAN RUSHING TO BANKRUPTCY.

Island Empire of the East Has Been Recklessly Extravagant.

Frederick Taylor, a son of the late Moses Taylor of this city, known internationally for his work as an explorer was a passenger on the steamship Nord America, which arrived recently.

Mr. Taylor made a study of the Boer prison camps in Ceylon and Bermuda, explored the jungles of Borneo, visited the Malay Peninsula, and many points of interest in China and Japan.

Mr. Taylor had no very exalted opinion of the commercial integrity of the Japanese, especially when compared with that of the Chinese.

"It has been the experience," said he, "of all good sound banks in the far east and most particularly of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, that in all their dealings with Chinese merchants for many years they never lost a dollar, while with the Japanese they lost thousands."

During the time I was in Japan in the matter of business, the Japanese are the Yankees of the east."

—New York Times.

How He Worked It.

"I don't see why they call you the star boarder," complained the fellow who always got the wing.

"That's easy," replied the other, in his copyrighted superior style. "I just twinkle-twinkle, and the landlady doesn't know what I am and lets me stay on blind faith."

Wanted to Be Prepared.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "would you give a starvin' man something to eat?"

"Perhaps. But you are not starvin'."

"I know it, lady. But an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, ain't it?"

"Cyclists and Hens" Warned.

The church in Buecken, a German village of about 1,000 inhabitants, has a notice board which bears the following legend in large letters: "Cyclists and hens are forbidden to wander around the churchyard."

The world is always suspicious of fat philosophers.