

A WARRIOR BOLD.

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CHAPTER IX.

Lady Arline's Secret.
This assurance on the part of the powerful baron was as balm to Charlie's troubled soul.

He believed Capt. Brand must speedily find himself in hot water.

The conversation took several turns.

Indeed, Charlie found the baron so congenial that he was easily led into relating many reminiscences connected with his past, so that, eventually, Peterhoff had a pretty good knowledge of the young man's character.

"At last they separated.
"You can depend on me. At the same time keep your wits about you when dealing with this Brand. Something will presently drop," said the baron.

When Charlie drew near the hotel, after visiting his own room and improving his appearance to some extent, he was conscious of a nervous condition of mind such as was entirely new to him.

And he was obliged to confess that it had gone pretty far when the prospect of an interview with a young woman could have such an influence upon him.

The next thing on the program was to find a chance for a quiet talk, where the captain could not intrude.

So he asked again for Lady Arline, and she presently came down to the same boudoir parlor, rosy and smiling.

Charlie had heard the voice of Capt. Brand somewhere about the hotel, and he was more or less concerned lest that worthy come in upon them ere he could make his arrangements.

Hence he speedily opened the subject.
"I have much of importance to tell you, and we must be where Capt. Brand may not intrude. Suppose I get a nice vehicle with a quiet animal and we can go to take a look at the suburbs of Antwerp."

Arline did not hesitate.
She knew that she could trust this frank-faced gentleman with her very life if need be.

So she quickly agreed to his plan.
"In fifteen minutes, then; and be sure you wrap up well," said Charlie, hastening away to secure just the outfit that would suit his idea as to the right thing.

True to his promise, he was back in good time.

Near the parlor Charlie ran across Brand, who greeted him rather offensively, he thought, and would have detained him, only that the young man refused to be held up, and laughingly pleaded an engagement with Lady Arline, and the impatience of his noble charger outside.

Thus it came about that, after running the gauntlet in this way, Charlie was at length given the proud pleasure of driving away with the fair girl.

Charlie knew it was only proper for him to open the ball with an account of the strange things that had befallen him since last he said good night.

One thing he intended keeping to himself for the present, and this was the name of the young fellow who had been his companion in the dungeon. At least there was no necessity of bringing it forward until he had heard what she wished to tell him, and discovered if his suspicions were confirmed.

"Now that there is no longer a chance of our being overheard, I'm going to make an awful confession to you, Lady Arline," he said.

She turned a startled face toward him, and, immediately seeing the quizzical smile, felt relieved.

"I shall fortify myself to hear it. Pray proceed."

"Where do you think I passed the night?"

She believed she could account for a fair portion of it, but confessed her ignorance as to the remainder.

"In the lockup," he said calmly.

"Do you mean the jail?" breathlessly.

"Yes. Please don't draw away from me, or imagine I was engaged in any street brawl. It all came to me because I chanced to make your acquaintance yesterday morning."

"Why, Mr. Stuart!"

"Because, forsooth, you chance to have a carriage like a queen; and besides, possess the most charming of golden hair and blue eyes."

She blushed crimson and still surveyed him with puzzled as well as startled eyes.

"I confess I do not understand you at all. You will have to explain further."

"Pardon me. When I assisted you into the carriage at the Steen I was observed by Baron Peterhoff. He believed you were the Countess Isolde Brabant, because in several ways at a little distance one might be deceived. My interest in the baron's plans induced me to loiter about the hotel last night when he was making his wholesale arrests, and by accident they caught me in the dragnet."

"Then she—that wonderful woman—has been arrested?"

When he nodded in the affirmative, strangely enough Arline gave a little sigh of relief, as though some unexplainable burden were removed from her heart; but Charlie was too obtuse to understand that the first little fire of jealousy had been kindled in that gentle breast, because she knew the reputation Isolde Brabant had as a sorceress among men.

The ice having now been broken, he started in to tell his strange story. Arline listened eagerly.

Indeed, Othello, relating his astonishing adventures to Desdemona, could not have had a more deeply interested listener than this fair English girl proved to be.

When he described his companion in misery he was careful not to say too much, lest he betray that which he wished to keep a secret a little longer.

The story was done.
Arline had hung on his words eagerly, and his assurance that Baron Peterhoff would take care of Capt. Brand, discovering the truth with regard to his claims, and relieve her of his presence—if, as Charlie suspected, the other proved to be an arrant impostor—was comforting to her troubled heart.

Still Lady Arline showed no signs of nervousness.

"Perhaps I may shock you, Mr. Stuart—perhaps you have such strict notions of honesty and a name upon which there has never been a stain, that you will hardly be as pleased to look upon me in the light of a sister when I confess that I have a relative in whom I am deeply concerned, and who has broken the law of his native land—who took what was not his own and fled. In plain language, Mr. Stuart, my cousin betrayed a trust and stole money."

She was scarlet with shame as she turned her blue eyes appealingly toward him.

"Let me tell you as briefly as I can. I knew him quite well. He was younger, and a son of my father's only brother, now long since dead. We were good friends up to the time he took this false step, and I was the last one he saw before he fled from England. Poor boy, if he had only confided in me, I could have easily settled the matter, which I did soon afterward, at any rate.

"I have been searching since last October; at times the trail would grow warm, and then I lost sight of him completely.

"By mere accident a friend wrote me that she believed she had seen him in Antwerp, though he had not answered her smile and nod. I could very well understand why, since he believed the officers from London were looking for him.

"That is why I came here—to find this boy, to reclaim and make a man of him."

"And I shall endeavor to assist you in your search for this Alexander Brand," said Charlie eagerly. "As it chanced I have some knowledge of the young chap. In truth, I have seen him face to face."

"Here—in Antwerp?" eagerly.

"In this city."

"And you can take me to him? You will, Mr. Stuart?" laying a hand upon his arm.

"If you so desire; but that will necessitate a long journey—across the sea, in fact."

"Then he has returned to England?"

"No; to America—New York."

"How very strangely it all came about!" she mused.

"Almost incredible! Indeed, I should have been loth to believe such things could be possible if I had not gone through the experience myself."

Everything had now been told, so that there was no more secrets.

The rest of the ride was occupied in enjoying the features of the scenery, in so far as these points could be discovered from a vehicle.

And Charlie's mind was made up ere they returned to the Hotel de la Paix that, God willing, he would serve and win this peerless girl.

The curiosity of Artemus had been whetted to a degree that demanded satisfaction, else his peace of mind was forever gone.

He asked many questions regarding Aleck.

Evidently the young fellow had aroused the strongest interest in his mind, for he saw in him the elements of a strong character that must attract attention from the public.

"Where is he bound—Hong Kong, Nagasaki, Singapore, Cape Town? I'm ready to go to the uttermost parts of the earth to interview him!"

"Try something easier—something nearer home."

"New York?" with a little, almost inarticulate shriek.

"Exactly. I have a sort of engagement with him at the Windsor Hotel in your city."

"But that is not me."

"Well, you can make one of the party, Arline—that is, Miss Brand, or rather, Lady Arline—is bound to find Aleck. She is possessed of an idea that since fortune was so bountiful as to heap favors in her lap, she should respond by taking care of this half-brother, or cousin, who seems balancing between a bright career and going to the devil.

"Circumstances drive us sometimes, don't they, Charlie? But there's one party I rather guess you've overlooked."

"Who's that?"

"Her father," chuckling.

"Capt. Brand, you mean. I believe I have arranged a berth for him."

"Where—on the steamer?"

"Rather in the place where I spent part of last night."

"Oh, ah! then he's a fraud, sure enough?"

"I have every reason so to believe. At any rate, my friend, the baron, has promised to look after him."

"I've no doubt Peterhoff's intentions are good; but there's a prospect of his being fully occupied in another quarter," Artemus said, sagely.

"Meaning the Countess Isolde."

"Well, she has seldom missed her game—the most wonderful woman outside of Thackeray's Becky Sharpe I ever heard of. You're lucky to have just missed her, my boy. Men jeer

at her powers and bo't about their invulnerable qualities; yet no sooner do they come in touch with this modern Circe than their knees grow weak, and one glance from her bewitching eyes charms them even as the rattle snake does its prey."

"Your advice is good. I had intended depending on my own ability to checkmate this old reprobate; and, on the whole, it may be best for me to keep my hand at the plow."

"And I'll stand by, ready to give what aid I may. Don't hesitate to call on Artemus Barnaby if you are bent upon some dark and desperate business that stands for the right. You know I have some sort of a claim upon this affair, seeing that only for my pertinacity in dragging you on that wild goose chase in search of the new Man in the Iron Mask, of whom old wives in Antwerp gossip, you would never have gone there to the dungeons of the Steen, and ergo, would never have had the pleasure of saving Lady Arline from her distressing position."

The words of his companion aroused within Charlie a sense of the great debt he owed Artemus, who had been an instrument in the hands of Fate to bring about the result upon which his whole future now seemed to hinge.

So he seized his hand and squeezed it with fraternal zeal—squeezed it until the owner was fain to appeal for mercy.

"Yes, I owe you everything, my dear fellow; and if I can at any time do you a favor, try me. There are few things I could refuse you."

After that there was the fullest confidence between these two. Charlie confided to Artemus his plans for routing the enemy, and was glad to adopt some very bright and sagacious ideas advanced by the latter.

Everything seemed as usual. Yet under the calm exterior forces were working that threatened a speedy upheaval.

Capt. Brand had taken the alarm. Keen-eyed man of the world that this great traveler was, he read the writing on the wall, and it plainly declared his reign had neared its end.

Hence he detested Charlie with a venom such as could only be compared with the enraged cobra, seeking to bury its poisoned fangs in the object of its hatred.

In brief, this fine old plotter began to cast about him for some method by means of which he could get rid of Mr. Charlie Stuart, either temporarily or for all time.

He was not alone in his scheming. Other harpies there were who hoped to share in the glorious plunder—men whose past lives no doubt could possibly show almost as great a variety of adventure and bold schemes as his own.

Accordingly these precious wraiths laid their heads together in order to devise some brilliant scheme whereby the obnoxious interloper—this young Lochinvar who had come out of the west—might be defeated ere he could carry the girl off on his fleet steed.

And when the conference was adjourned, it had all been arranged just how Charlie was to be dropped out of sight.

However, these wraiths in planning so neat a campaign failed to take into consideration several elements which had a positive bearing upon the ultimate outcome.

There was the baron, for example. Besides—there was Artemus. No doubt this latter individual, with his peculiar notions and his apparently inoffensive appearance, would have been looked upon by the hoary old fortune-hunter as very much in the line of a freak, and must be brushed aside without ceremony.

But they made a mistake. Under that simple exterior beat a bold heart and a keen brain.

For Artemus had taken a room next to Capt. Brand's, and during that celebrated conference his eye and ear did noble duty at the keyhole of a connecting door.

(To be continued.)

WHERE DEATH REIGNS HIGHEST

France, Though Favored by Nature Has Heavy Mortality Record.

M. Papiillon has lately printed a striking array of statistics on the relation between public hygiene and mortality, from which the following instances and remarks are taken.

France (he says) is favored by climate and in other respects. Why is its birth-rate the smallest in Europe, its death-rate among the greatest? The cause is not in nature, but in institutions. From the 38,000,000 inhabitants of France 150,000 deaths from tuberculosis annually occur, while there are but 60,000 among the 41,000,000 of Great Britain, but 90,000 among the 56,000,000 of Germany.

In every nation of Europe save France the mortality from tuberculosis has diminished, and, at the same time, the consumption of alcohol has retrograded. The results are that in France, between one census and the next, the mortality from tuberculosis has increased 68, while in Germany it diminished 109 in every 100,000 inhabitants. The difference is 77 per 100,000—or in the total population 68,000 lives were lost during the last census period in France that might have been—and ought to have been—saved.

Hyphrophobia is stamped out in England, and is still common in France. The case is similar for other diseases.

Typhoid Fever Kills Soldiers.

During the months of January and February there were 800 deaths from typhoid fever in the British army. Notwithstanding the regulations regarding boiled water the soldiers continue to drink out of brooks and rivers.

ARE WE TOO RICH?

THE FOLLY OF TAKING LIBERTIES WITH PROSPERITY.

Meddling with the Tariff Seems to Be a Passion with Some People, But It Has Always Resulted in Alternating Streaks of Plenty and Famine.

It would be an excellent thing if the good sense of a country noted the world over for its practical turn of mind could be concentrated for a time upon the question of "taking liberties with prosperity." There should be more of the sort of discussion that is to be noted in the current columns of such newspapers as the San Francisco Chronicle, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and the Columbus (O.) Journal, setting forth the inane folly of establishing alternate periods of prosperity and stringency by means of tariff changes. Commenting upon the tendency of our people to "get tired of their riches" and to revert to lean periods through the operation of "reforming" the tariff, the Columbus Journal says:

"We leave it to the common sense of the American people if this alternation between plethora and famine is not ridiculous. If there is a law of nature which makes it imperative that prosperous tariff years should be followed by lean free-trade years, as in old Egypt, the seven fat years of regular inundation and rich crops were followed by seven years of drought and famine, then the country should know it. Meanwhile, it is reasonable to think that if the voters of the nation would take a little thought for the morrow there would be no occasion for these alternating streaks of plenty and famine."

"If, now that the country has filled up with wealth again since the poverty and beggary and hand-to-mouth borrowing of the last Democratic administration, there should come the same old alternation to a so-called tariff for revenue only, then there will be the usual failure of business, tendency to panic,

posed by both Senators Elkins and Scott, who stand firmly for the integrity of the tariff. That the passage of the measure by the senate will be used as an entering wedge is pretty clearly defined by the half chuckling remarks of the ultra free trade Philadelphia Record, which loses no opportunity to thrust a knife into the vitals of protection. In a recent issue it pointed out that the Cuban measure was a splendid tactical opportunity for the Democrats, and added:

"It would be miserably poor policy to oppose a rightful measure to which the faith of the nation has been committed in order thereby to secure a merely partisan advantage. No opportunity should be lost to make a breach in the protection wall. Small and niggardly as is the proposed 20 per cent reduction of the 97 per cent duty on Cuban sugar, it should not be refused by the aid of Democratic votes. It is an entering wedge which may be driven home when further opportunity shall offer."

There has been no convincing proof brought forward that distress exists in Cuba of the character that would warrant any relief from this country at a definite cost and injury to some of our own people. In a letter to a member of the Republican club of New York city, a member of the house of representatives who fought the Payne-Sibley compromise states that of Republicans throughout the country thoroughly understood the situation there would be such an overwhelming sentiment against this new proposed un-American policy as would sweep it out of existence and leave it without a single Republican supporter.

Referring to the reports as to the prevailing distress on the island the congressman quoted says that "it is conceded by those who are advocating this policy that there is no distress in Cuba; that the demand for labor there is greater than the supply; that wages are higher than ever before; that at least two-thirds of the sugar crop is produced by non-resident corporations and wealthy individual planters whose domicile is either the United States or Spain. Two-thirds, therefore, of the reduction of duty

withdrawing of capital and all those other symptoms of a disease that requires a violent remedy. If it is unwise to pay too much attention to the various interests of the country which ask for high tariffs, it is certainly not less unwise to listen to nobody except the New York importers and the newspapers which these importers control.

"The usual New York clamor has already begun. It invariably in the past has controlled the action of one of the great political parties of the country. Now is the time to stop that, once for all. The nation is too big to be starved for four years and then overfed for eight, age without end. Let us have a little more common-sense and a little less epigram and fine writing and oral eloquence in this matter of the tariff."

We would remind the Journal that the clamor for tariff tinkering is by no means confined to New York newspapers that are under the influence of importers. It is best to look the situation squarely in the face and to acknowledge that the passion for "taking liberties with prosperity" inflames the brains of many men and many newspapers located far in the interior. The country is full of theorists who cannot control their desire to tackle the tariff. They are to be found in Congress and out of it, and they are not all Democrats and free traders either. Far from it. But it is time that level heads and "horse sense" should come to the front and sit down hard on the policy of alternation between fat periods and lean periods. The country has, to be sure, grown very rich since the last fat period was installed with McKinley and protection; but has it grown so rich that it is tired of prosperity? If it has, we shall see the tariff rippers in the saddle once more, and that very soon; if it has not, we shall keep our hands off the tariff for some time to come and take no liberties with prosperity."

RESULT OF THE ENTERING WEDGE

It Will Interrupt Home Production and Cripple Industry.

The Intelligencer some days ago claimed that the worst feature of the "Cuban relief policy" was that it would act as an entering wedge to be driven still harder into the protective tariff policy as maintained by the Republican party. We do not know what the fate of the Payne-Sibley compromise measure will be in the senate, but we are assured that it will be op-

POLYGAMY DYING OUT

TURKISH WOMEN COPYING THEIR EUROPEAN SISTERS.

Each Wife Now Demands a Home of Her Own, and the Cost Is Too Great for the Followers of Mahomet—Innovations in Costume.

"Polygamy is fast dying out among the Turks, and not on account of any change in moral standards but because of the attitude of the women themselves. Formerly a man's four or five wives dwelt amicably under one roof, but now every wife demands a home of her own, and the impossibility of supporting so many homes is compelling the average Turk to limit his harem to one wife."

This new proof of the civilizing influence of woman was given by Miss Florence A. Fensham, dean of the American College for Girls at Constantinople, in a talk before the League for Political Education in New York on "The Outlook for the Woman of the Orient."

Another statement that seemed novel to many in the audience was: "The Turks as a race are of fair complexion, with blue eyes, and are delightful people to know. They are truthful, honest, and hospitable in a high degree. In those respects the mass of the Turks—those of the upper-middle class—differs greatly from the government; but a nation must be judged, not by its highest nor its lowest but by the great class between."

"There is a general impression abroad that Turkish women are shut up behind the lattice windows of the harem, and have little freedom to go about. This is far from correct. The Bosphorus steamers are crowded with them; they jostle you on every hand in the narrow streets of Constantinople. Veiled they must be, but veiled they go about with a freedom greater than that assured any European woman, for to molest a Moslem woman means death to a Turk and serious consequences to a foreigner."

"It is an acknowledged fact that the women of Turkey control most of the government appointments. To quote from a work recently published by one long resident of the country, 'The women hold ultimate sway over the conduct of the men. The tangled intrigues for place and power which center in the harem form the key to many vicissitudes of Turkish history.'"

Even the dress of the women of the harem, said Miss Fensham, shows their growing independence. A few years ago every woman wrapped herself before going out in an upper garment that completely enshrouded her head and was not to be removed until she was again in the house. Now all the younger women have adopted a looser head covering, that they drop at will when on the Bosphorus steamers for a pleasure trip or resting elsewhere. Several edicts were issued by the sultan against the innovation, but after a few months of obedience the women would quietly resume their new headdress until another edict banished it for a time. At last he became wearied of the struggle and the modern fashion has become a settled thing.

DEMAND NOW FOR YOUNG BLOOD
Old Men Being Crowded Out by Youthful Competitors.

Two very remarkable movements are discernible in the business and the education of the times; and yet, when we come to examining them, we find that the tendencies have been clearly in view for more than a decade. Six years ago the present writer went to the president of one of the largest corporations of this country and asked him to give employment to a man who had turned his forty-eighth year, says the Saturday Evening Post. There was personal reasons why he should grant such a request and the persons for whom the place was sought was entirely acceptable in character, ability and health. The president replied: "I want to do this, but it is impossible. The age of the young man is crowding upon modern business so fast that he will soon monopolize it. We take no one who has passed forty-five—we cannot afford to do it. But if this man has a son anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five years old I'll find a position for him at once." So far has this tendency gone that the problem of getting rid of employes above a certain age is now under discussion and so great has been the uneasiness that several of the large concerns have issued statements that the old men will not be discharged.

Juryman's Clever Ruse.
A story is told of a juryman who outwitted a judge, and that without lying. He ran into an assize court in a desperate hurry, quite out of breath, and exclaimed:

"Oh, judge, if you can, pray excuse me. I don't know which will die first—my wife or my daughter!"

"Dear me, that's sad," said the innocent judge. "Certainly you are excused."

The ladies mentioned are still in excellent health, and the juryman hopes that the solution of the problem may be long deferred.

The Origin of Pearls.
Recently Dr. H. Lyster Jameson made an interesting communication to the Zoological society of England on the origin of pearls. He had found that the real nucleus around which the pearl substance accumulated was the dead larva of a distoma or fluke. The young flukes pass a certain period of their early life as guests in the bodies of fresh water shellfish.

