

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,
Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Widow," "Miss Caprice," etc.

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"We must have another deal, that's all. Perhaps a better and more generous lover will appear the next time—one who will appreciate little favors at their true value. You can consider yourself dismissed," with a wave of the hand that should have struck dumb terror into the heart of the other, but which, on the contrary, only excited his secret mirth.

"Thanks, but I shall take my discharge only from the proper authority, and in this case that does not happen to be—ahem!—Capt. Brand."

"Very good. Remember, I am her father, and the rightful custodian of our family honor. Perhaps I may resort to other and more drastic measures should you continue to force your unwelcome attentions upon my daughter."

"You would find me ready and willing to give you back as good as you send, sir."

"Why, you young scamp, I could break every bone in your body, if I chose," almost frothing at the mouth with rage.

"Better not try it, captain. In New York state they electrocute for murder, and it's a worse fate than hanging, which you know has terrified enough never to be forgotten."

Charlie, acting upon the spur of the moment, could not help giving him this little thrust.

It was a keen one. The other's jaw dropped, his eyes momentarily rolled in a spasm of agony, and the sweat seemed to break out upon his brow.

Charlie saw and was satisfied. He had given the conscienceless wretch a body-blow in return for his vile threats.

Capt. Brand's spasm lasted but a brief space of time, and then he recovered his self-possession.

There was a peculiarity about the captain that seemed very marked—when in a rage his eyes became quite bloodshot, and glowed like the orbs of a hyena upon the deserts of which he loved to stalk.

And just now they were fiery, indeed.

The look he gave Stuart had murder in it, though Charlie showed no sign of alarm.

Here, in this public place, the man would never dare assault him.

Besides, Charlie possessed the idea that he could hold his own at any time against the fellow. True, he was smaller than the captain, but a life devoted to occasional dissipation must have sapped some of the astonishing powers which a generous nature had originally bestowed upon the worthy man of many faces.

But Capt. Brand restrained himself—reason had not quite deserted him. He smiled grimly, and there was a world of meaning in his sardonic look.

"Very good, my hearty! You have chosen to throw down the glove, and from this hour it's war to the knife between us. You may live to rue the day you made an enemy out of one who held out the olive branch. Depend upon it, Arline Brand is not for you. A fond parent must guard the interests of his sweet child. Go your way, young sir; and when next we meet it will be as foes to the death. I wash my hands of you."

CHAPTER XIII. The Fateful Hour.

Charlie looked after the retreating figure of Capt. Brand, and was in doubt whether to take him seriously or consider his threat a huge joke. He soon resolved to dismiss from his mind Capt. Brand and all he typified, and seek repose.

He gained the sanctity of his room, and, lighting the gas, sat down to have a last deliberation ere retiring. All seemed capable of running in a smooth groove, but "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley," Bobby Burns tells us, and who has not found it true in his own experience?

Charlie retired. Whether he slept soundly or not concerns us little, but under the circumstances it is hardly probable that his slumber was very refreshing.

There was too great a load on his mind. He felt very much as a man might who stands upon the brink of a precipice.

Success or failure—his whole future depended upon one little word—was balanced in the hollow of a girl's hand.

Charlie's previous bitter experience had caused him to feel more or less caution, with a shade of distrust toward the gentle sex, and against this he had to fight.

Could he have known what lay before him, under what fearful conditions he was fated to win his sweetheart, even his bold warrior spirit might have quailed a little.

It is just as well perhaps, that these things are mercifully hidden from our view—just as well that we need only grapple with each difficulty as it appears in view, instead of crossing bridges before we come to them.

The day dawned. There was more or less of a bustle in the air.

New York contains more sons of Erin than probably any Irish city outside of Dublin.

And these patriotic exiles never neglect to fittingly celebrate St. Pat-

rick's day, no matter what the weather may be.

Charlie felt he must have something to distract his attention. Artemus was not in sight, the daily paper had been exhausted, and as a last resort he sauntered out to watch the crowds. Never once did he wander far from the hotel, which fact, later on, he was inclined to believe was a special dispensation of Providence.

The magnet was there that held him.

He smoked and walked, and so the time dragged by until the hour of fate arrived.

Charlie, the better to see and be out of the anticipated jam, had mounted a convenient carriage-stone standing in front of a dwelling house half a block from the hotel.

Great as was the excitement around him, it seemed to be doubly intensified further along the line of march, especially in front of the hotel.

He saw the procession break at this point—melt away as it were.

Men ran toward the hotel in squads, waving their arms wildly.

Was it an opportunity to quench the thirst that frequently burns Irish throats on this glorious holiday?

Charlie knew of yore all about the battle of the Boyne, and how an orange flag arouses the hatred of a St. Patrick's day parader even as the red flag stirs the maddened bull to frenzy.

Had some bold and incautious soul dared to invite immolation by thus flaunting in their faces the color they despised?

He supposed this must be the case. To his surprise, however, the excitement spread—the crowd pressed madly forward, mounted officers came galloping back, shouting out something that at first he could not catch.

Never to his dying day would Charlie Stuart forget the intense anxiety of that moment when he seemed to feel as though the fate of empires was at stake—and then he heard distinctly above the roar the stentorian voice of a leathern-lunged officer:

"Turn out! The avenue is impassable! The Windsor hotel is on fire! Turn out!"

Doubtless that stentorian shout sent a shuddering chill to many a heart when those who heard it glanced up at the massive pile and comprehended the hundreds of precious lives that were endangered.

To none could it appeal with more irresistible force than to Charlie Stuart.

All his hopes and ambitions on earth were centered there—the girl he loved with heart and soul was far up in the doomed structure, perhaps asleep, under the influence of an opiate, after a wakeful night with an aching brow.

At first his blood seemed congealed into ice.

Then it leaped through his veins like boiling lava, fresh from the throat of Vesuvius.

Charlie did not waste time in reflection.

Time was worth more than money now, worth all the world to him.

He had leaped to the pavement like a deerhound, and dashed toward the hotel in great bounds.

Some men would have lost their wits, but it seemed that the greater the emergency the keener became his mind.

Even as he ran and elbowed his way through the excited crowd with irresistible force, he was mapping out a plan of campaign.

Really there seems no limit to the human mind—its capacity is astonishing—it rises to meet the emergency regardless of what is needed.

Now, even when thus fighting his way through the crowd, Charlie saw the hopelessness of attempting to reach the main entrance on the avenue.

The space for half a block was densely packed with a whooping mass of humanity, partly imbued with the eager curiosity that always distinguishes crowds the world over, and at the same time a chivalrous desire to be of use somehow.

If he desired to reach that door he must perforce walk over the heads of the packed crowd.

A better plan suggested itself. He remembered a side entrance which would admit him much more easily.

Now he was at the corner. He took one look up and around.

The picture was impressed upon the tablets of his memory forever.

No longer were handkerchiefs and green ribbons waving from the numerous windows of the hotel—instead, panic-stricken girls threw out their arms appealingly and shrieked in terror.

The wand of an evil magician had touched the scene, and transformed it in a twinkling.

Smoke already oozed from several openings, proving to Charlie that his hopes of the fire being trifling were groundless.

It was most serious. The holocaust of the Parisian Charite Bazar was about to be repeated in New York; and that St. Patrick's day would be marked as the most greswome Gotham had ever known.

Charlie now had a better chance to push ahead.

Already he feared he had delayed too long.

There were many people and much excitement in the side street, but it was of course not to be compared with the avenue where the crowds had gathered to witness the parade.

Straight to the door Charlie dashed.

A man stood there endeavoring to keep out those who had no business inside, for it is well known that daring thieves will take advantage of such occasions to ply their nefarious

trade, even if they do not at times even create the opportunity.

Ten men could not have kept our Charlie from pushing in.

He shouted that he was a guest, and then rushed inside; nor did the man, after one look at his haggard face, attempt to say him nay.

Charlie avoided the office, where men swarmed, and orders were shouted that could never be obeyed. His business was aloft.

She was there exposed to a frightful death, and he felt that he lived but to save her!

So up he bounded, three steps at a time.

One thing he must remember—the Windsor was famous as a cavalry-sary where a stranger might easily lose himself in the many passages.

To do so now would be indeed fatal to all his hopes.

He found smoke everywhere, and even fancied he could hear the crackling of flames, though the whole place was in such a turmoil that one could not be sure of this.

He also met numerous persons, flying this way and that, maddened with fear.

Some hardly knew whither they went, and appealed frantically to this cool-headed man beseeching him, for heaven's sake, to tell them where the stairs could be found.

Nor did he fail to direct them, every one, even while he pushed on to the next flight.

Up, up, he went, still finding smoke circling along the halls, through which women staggered, shrieking their appalling distress.

It was a terrifying picture. There were comical elements injected into it, of course, but no one had the heart to laugh.

Charlie knew in his heart a dreadful calamity was impending—nothing short of a miracle could save the great structure now, and the days of miracles appear to be past.

Perhaps scores of human lives would be sacrificed to the demon of fire—mostly helpless women, employes or guests, who had been viewing the parade from the upper windows.

The mere fact that such a draught passed through the halls from these open windows would hasten the total demolition of the whole structure and make it more certain.

Had Charlie no sacred duty of his own to perform, he would have gladly devoted all of his time toward effecting the rescue of these terrified girls.

As it was, he could only think of Arline.

Her lovely face was before his eyes and seemed to plead with him to make haste.

The smoke was growing even more dense, and he had to push close to the doors to distinguish the numbers, in order to make sure that he was on the right floor.

At last this knowledge came to him.

The opportunity was in his grasp. Here the same conditions seemed to abound—there was smoke in plenty, frenzied maids and flying figures darting through it all like spectres.

Charlie was somewhat out of breath as a result of his steady climb, but otherwise in good physical condition.

He had the number of Arline's rooms well in his mind—the house had been crowded, and these were the best at her service, though the clerk had promised her a suite near the McKinleys after that day.

What if he could have made a mistake in any way? The wretched consequences almost paralyzed him to even think of it.

Eagerly he had scanned each flying or crouching female figure he met, in the hope that he might thus discover the one he sought.

But as yet he had not found her. Even in that smoke-laden atmosphere he knew he could not mistake her figure, while one note from her voice must have thrilled him through and through.

(To be continued.)

The Talk of Children.

It has been said that children speak the best English in the world in that their idea is expressed in the fewest words and to the point.

Mr. Andrew Simonds, of Charleston, is convinced that their powers of vernacular are superior to his talent for intelligible description.

He was one day trying to interest his little girl, nearly 3 years old, by telling her stories of the circus. She loved horses and was particularly impressed by the feats of the bare-back riders.

"Now," he said, taking a chair by way of illustration, "this is a horse. A man comes in on him and rides him all round the ring standing up with out any saddle or bridle. Then directly another horse comes in bare back (putting another chair by the first), and the man rides him, too, just in the same way, until at last there are four horses, and he rides them all round the ring at the same time. And a row of four chairs represent the four horses. Now, wasn't that fine?"

The little one looked up, very grave, her eyes full of the doubt and credulity that so often puzzle us—

"Yes—he had many legs—that man."

"And I had to go all over that story again," said Mr. Simonds.

True Greatness.

True greatness, first of all, is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age nor too far before it. It is up with its age, and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain.—Rowell D. Hitchcock.

SHOULD RECALL 1892

THE FOLLY OF ENCOURAGING TARIFF REVISION.

Republicans Warned Against Playing Into the Hands of Their Adversaries by Tinkering the Tariff Under the Pretext of "Hitting the Monopolies."

For forty years the free trade question has been the main hope of the democracy. The great campaign of 1892 was won on the tariff or free trade issue, under conditions much resembling those of the present time. It will be recalled that the country was in a condition of prosperity in 1892 that up to that time had not been equaled. The country is in a greater condition of prosperity at the present time. Some people are seemingly anxious to make some sort of tariff revolution. As in 1892 all are doing well, but there are jealousies arising between various interests, each seemingly willing to take its chances of self-destruction by attempting to destroy somebody else.

In Iowa, men are anchoring themselves on present prosperity to demand a change in the schedules that have brought this prosperity. The proposition is made in the interest of tariff reform, as it was made in 1892 for the purpose of "hitting the monopolies." In 1892 the blow was aimed at Carnegie. In 1902 it is aimed at Pierpont Morgan. It did not hit Carnegie in 1892, but hit nearly everybody else. It may not hit Morgan in 1902, but it may hit nearly every one else. Some of the men in Iowa who have made hundreds of thousands of dollars in increased values of real estate are the chief agitators for the present disturbance of the tariff. They think everything is so securely established that congress could go pell mell into the tariff question without hurting anything or anybody. There is danger to the country and to the Republican party in this agitation which, seemingly, has its home in Iowa. Republicans are every day heard raving against the tariff, just as they did in 1892, when people scarcely had time to add up their profits.

It is a cute piece of politics that the Democrats or mugwumps are playing in Iowa, rock-ribbed Republican state as she is. If a "tariff reform" plank can be put into the Republican platform of Iowa it will be a greater victory for mugwumpism. Iowa has the speaker of the house, the leader of the senate, and two members of the cabinet. A voice

from Iowa would sound like the voice of authority coming directly from the administration. The Republicans of Iowa might well stop and think and also analyze the source from which emanates the attempt to put a tariff reform plank into the Iowa Republican platform, a plank that might be measurably right in itself, but one that would be construed as a letting down of old time principles and be regarded away from home as giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

Remember the ideas of '92.—Des Moines Capital.

Who Would Benefit?

A few days ago a statement was made to the senate committee by a gentleman who had investigated conditions in Cuba that a large number of sugar plantations in the island are owned by Americans. It is highly probable that officials of the Sugar trust are among these owners, in fact constitute a majority of them. The president of the trust has admitted that he invested in Cuban sugar lands and it is altogether likely that others in the trust have done so. These men would get a share of the \$8,000,000 which Mr. McCall says the 20 per cent tariff reduction would give Cuba. That all of it would not go to the island is absolutely certain. We think there is no doubt that the sugar crop of Cuba is very largely controlled by the trust and that the corporation has put itself in position to practically control in the future the Cuban sugar industry. In regard to the island's other staple product, tobacco, there has just been incorporated in New Jersey a \$35,000,000 company to take over several important tobacco interests in Cuba. The new company is organized in the interest of the Consolidated Tobacco company, commonly known as the trust, which now controls most of the tobacco manufacturing business of the United States and is preparing to control a large part of the Cuban tobacco industry.

to face has a great deal to do with their accession of reasonableness.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Tariff and Trust Issue.

In respect to a revival of the tariff issue it may be assumed that the American people know a good thing when they have it in hand. They will not soon forget the paralysis of American industries caused by the tariff the Democrats formulated when they last had the opportunity. It required some years, even after the Cleveland-Wilson tariff was abolished, for the country's industries to rally from its blighting effects. But gradually, under the revivifying influence of a Republican tariff, normal conditions were restored, and as a consequence we to-day see the era of greatest prosperity ever enjoyed by the American people. It is equivalent to an intimation that the people have "gone daff" to assume that they would be willing to exchange present tariff conditions for the paralyzing system that wrought disaster before.

So far as the trust issue is concerned, it would be a lucky thought but for one fundamental drawback. That issue was promptly pre-empted by the Republican party at a time when the Democrats spurned it. The anti-trust measure, known as the Sherman act, was passed by a Republican congress, was totally ignored by a subsequent Democratic administration, and now it is being vigorously enforced by the Roosevelt administration.—Los Angeles Herald.

That Generous Trust.

The Sugar trust doesn't see how it can be justly accused of a selfish interest in the bill to lower the tariff on Cuban sugar, as it owns only a little over 99 per cent of the sugar.—Salt Lake City Tribune.

Men and roosters sometimes lose their heads by crowing too soon.

It is perfectly evident that Cuba is to be exploited by the Sugar and Tobacco trusts, and it is these which will chiefly profit from any tariff concession on Cuban products. The people of Cuba would be benefited very little, if at all, by the proposed 20 per cent reduction.—Omaha Bee.

Beet Sugar.

There was a period when the production of beet sugar in this country received the warmest attention of protectionists. Through the Dingley tariff beet sugar received an impetus that has rooted beet sugar factories in a number of states and enhanced the production to such an extent that in large stretches of territory the Sugar trust has cut the price of its sugar below cost, that thereby it may force the beet made sugar out of the market. It is claimed that in the last reduction made by the trust to three and a half cents a pound for granulated sugar at Missouri river points, the price named was below the cost of raw sugar on the Atlantic coast.

It is intimated if the plans of the trust succeed in forcing the beet sugar factories of Nebraska, Kansas and other western points and the Pacific coast out of joint, it will then turn its attention to the eastwards and give the people cheaper sugar for a period so that the beet sugar factories of Michigan and some other beet sections will be forced to lay down. But it is a singular thing that protectionists who originally contended for a good tariff rate upon sugar to protect American industries should now be found attacking the beet sugar interests. If one American industry is worthy of protection, so are every one of the others. Protection cannot be twisted around to convey the idea that beet sugar people are monopolists, for most surely if the growing industry of beet sugar is fostered monopoly, what are all the other industries built up in this country through the operations of protective tariffs?—Racine (Wis.) Journal.

Coming to Their Senses.

The Republican majority in Congress is beginning to come to its senses, and shows a disposition to listen to those who advocate the letting of well enough alone. For a while past men posing as protectionists have been doing all in their power to contribute to the gratification of those anxious to strike down the Dingley act, but as the closing days of the session approach they are growing more considerate of the platform upon which they were elected. The prospect of meeting their constituents face

THE WRONG MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.



Made a Serious Mistake.

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed was a victim of mistaken identity the other morning, according to a yarn told at the Lawyers' Club. The portly statesman was walking down Broadway, when he was accosted by a Wall street operator who is fond of other games of chance besides those played on the Stock Exchange, and who is wont to confound faces.

"Hello, Pat!" was the operator's greeting.

"Sir!" exclaimed the ex-Speaker. "You look as fresh as a daisy, old boy."

"Sir," repeated Mr. Reed, with rising inflection. "You must have won a pile last night."

"Sir!" thundered the man from Maine. "Oh, come off, Pat! Don't you recognize your friends when you are down here?"

"You have made a mistake, sir."

"Well, if you are not Pat Sheedy I'll eat my hat."

"Do so, then," said the ex-Speaker, curtly. "I am Thomas B. Reed."—New York Times.

In the Time to Come.

Prof. Jacques Loeb's theory that electricity is "the staff of life" has been perfected and methods have been arranged in accordance with the idea that the body is nothing but a human battery.

Nevertheless, science has not yet reached the point of eliminating all the ills to which flesh is heir, and with regret a mother notes that one of the children is ailing.

"What seems to be the matter?" asks the father.

"I can't quite make out," replies the anxious mother, "but I am inclined to think that his voltage is low."

"Possibly," suggests the father, "he needs to be jarred to the extent of a few amperes."

"It may be," the mother admits, "and yet I am not at all certain that the trouble is not due to the fact that his voltage is too high."

"Have you tried the ohm-ammeter?" asks the father.

When Men Hibernate.

To accustom themselves to hunger and to the absence of food, the Russian peasant practices a sort of hibernation, says a curious note in L'Anthropologie. "As soon as the head of the house discovers that the quantity of rye on hand is not sufficient to last out the winter, he arranges to limit its consumption. * * * The whole family goes to bed and sleeps for the greater part of the next four or five months. In order to economize the animal heat and to limit as much as possible the necessity for food, all movement is restricted to what is absolutely necessary. The custom is called 'hojka' and is practiced by whole districts. Only the most imperative want is permitted to disturb the slumber, and immediately all is quiet again."

FOUND AN ANCIENT SEPULCHRE.

Expedition Organizing to Explore Supposed Relic of the Stone Age.

A remarkable discovery has been made on the shores of Prince William Sound. While a prospector named Leeds was out with a party of natives looking for mineral he came to the entrance of a large cave almost concealed from view.

Leeds entered the cavern and was astonished to find there fourteen wooden canoes, each containing a mummified corpse. Stone implements were found beside the bodies and stone slabs covered the canoes, everything indicating that the bodies had been placed there during the stone age.

The find was as big a mystery to the natives as to the white man. Their tribe has been on the shores of Prince William Sound from a period so remote that their traditions do not run back to the time of its advent there, yet they have had no knowledge of the cave or of the character of people who are interred there. Nor do the present natives use stone implements.

Leeds did not disturb the bodies, but carefully marked the site of the cave and after prospecting returned to Valdez. An expedition is being organized, headed by Capt. Story of the Alaska Packers' Association, to make a thorough exploration of the cavern and the remains that repose therein.

PAYS THE FARMERS WELL.

Importance of Fruit and Vegetable Raising is Increasing Rapidly.

Gardeners and fruit growers, especially those residing near the larger cities of the country, have been enjoying a profitable business of late years and the demand for their products is still on the increase. The handling of these articles, too, has developed and is a great business enterprise, commanding millions of dollars of capital. Already North America is the greatest fruit-growing country in the world, practicing the most scientific and progressive methods. The flower-growing interest is itself an important source of national wealth. Where once we grew tomatoes in an amateurish way as a garden product, we now grow them in blocks of hundreds of acres. So great have become the horticultural interests in this country that departments of horticulture have been established even in many small as well as the large schools. The generation to come will see the different branches of horticulture, each in itself a department of the institution. The extent to which these special industries are singled out and emphasized measures the increasing importance of agriculture as a whole.

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