

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

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CHAPTER X.-(Continued.) "Course ye might hang him up by the neck until he was dead an' he wouldn't tell. What would a man care for bein' killed himself? It's when you begin an attack on his flesh an' blood he trembles."

"Well, d'ye reckon that's certain?" asked Padgett, rubbing his bullet head to get the idea through.

"Know it."

"Why didn't we light on that afore?" "Because the youngster goes under a nickname. He's Crack-lash here an' Paul Miller in Fresno. That's the whole long and short o' it."

"Well, sail in on the capen an' see what ye kin do with him," growled Ned seating himself on a stone and twirling his stick in his hand. "I leave it all t' you; take it an' see how ye'll come out."

Then followed another long consultation among the other three.

It was not until late that night they proceeded to carry out their plan. The old hermit whom they called the captain was taken apart from his fellow prisoner and seated on a stone. Ben Allen then proceeded to interrogate him.

"You are Captain Joseph Miller of the schooner 'Eleanor,' ain't ye?" he asked.

"Those two rogues told you that. They know it, and it's no use to deny it."

"You left a wife at home-a wife and child?"

"Yes."

"Your wife was named Mollie and your boy baby's name Paul?" "I don't admit or deny."

"After you sailed away so many years your wife gave you up for dead, and with her child removed to Fresno, where she lives now. She never told her son the sad, uncertain fate of his father, fearing when he grew up he would start in search of him, and she always had a superstitious dread o' the forests o' Alaska."

The sea captain sat unmoved throughout the narrative. Ben went on:

ruled, and after some more deliberation it was decided to try the effect of the rope on the young prisoner. "I tell you he is the son of the old man; watch him closely when we go to hang him up and see if his eye

does not grow moist." They had a rope made of seal hide, and, cutting a pole with their hand axes, stretched it across the narrow end of the cavern and placed a rope about Paul's neck.

"Now old man, confess that you have lied, and swear that you will take us to the gold, or this young fellow will die." Paul, who had not heard the conversation between the hermit and his captors, was unable to explain their conduct to his own satisfaction. He believed his last hour had come and determined to meet his fate like a hero. When told to prepare for death, he rose, made no resistance, and his arms were tied behind his back. The noose was adjusted about his neck, and he took his position under the cross-bar, and, closing his eyes, murmured a short prayer.

All eyes were on the other captive, but he sat with face averted and said not a word. There was no change in his expression-no more indication of ing the precaution to secure not only grief than might have been expected | the rifles, but three pistols and all the at the death of a stranger. When the miserable farce was over Paul had been released, and the four rascals retired again to confer with each each other. Tom Ambrose said:

"Well, it's my opinion that we've lost our last chance of ever getting his buried millions."

At this Padgett again proposed his knotted stick and swore he would brain both with it, but he was prevented by Morris and Allen, who declared there should be no real violence. The two prisoners were given a meagre supper of dried beef and a little meal gruel, and driven to the far end of the cavern for the night. When they were apart from the guard Paul asked:

"What was meant by their extraordinary course to-day?"

"They labor under the mistaken idea that we are related and both have some knowledge of the buried treasure. As they are mistaken they will succeed in getting nothing from us."

'I have been mystified at their strange conduct all along," said Paul, 'and I would not be surprised at any time at their taking our lives." His companion shook his grizzled head and answered:

ong as we have the secret in our own tains. breasts. If we should tell them and they should find the treasure, then we would be killed in short order." Paul shuddered, was silent for a while and asked: "Then you don't believe we have

was closely followed by the hermit, TARIFF IS THE ISSUE who seemed to possess the wonderful

faculty of moving without noise. The sentry stirred in his sleep PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BEwhen Paul was within ten or fifteen paces of him. The determined youth seized a stone and leaped toward him. Ned Padgett suddenly started up with a yell and had half raised his rifle, when the stone, hurled with great precision and force, struck him on the shoulder. Down he went under the blow, dropping the rifle at Paul's feet. To seize the gun and turn at bay on the others was the work of an instant. They were starting up from their sleep and Ben Allen shouted: "The prisoners! They are making their escape!"

CHAPTER XI. The Dog Courier.

Paul Miller drew his rifle to his shoulder and let drive two or three shots in quick succession, sending their late captors flying helter skelter to the rear of the cavern. Whether any of them were wounded by his bullets or not he did not stop to learn. He then seized the rifles, blankets and caps and the two men hastened away from the cavern, takbelts of cartridges they could find. Both of them had filled their capacious pockets with dried moose meat until they stuck out like stuffed turkeys.

They broke two of the rifles because they could not carry them and strapped the others on their backs. Long they traveled in a western direction, guided by the stars. They had given up all hope of finding their Metlakahlan friends, who no doubt supposing them lost, had returned to their home on the island. After wandering three or four hours into the forest and being completely exhausted, the two fugitives rolled themselves in their blankets and slept. They dared not build a fire, for it might attract the attention of their pursuers.

When day dawned they made a breakfast on some of the dried moose they had brought with them and prepared to resume their journey. They discovered that they were gradually ascending a mountain side. On all sides of them were forests of scraggy spruce, the trees seldom being over five or six inches in diameter. and ferns and other forms of plant life were occasionally noted.

"No, no; they won't harm us so between gigantic snow-robed moun. Republican party. To a program of

LIEVED TO FAVOR REVISION.

"The Iowa Idea" Has Many Supporters in the Industrial Centers of the East -Subject Is One That Cannot Be Ignored.

According to interesting and inherently probable reports, President Roosevelt will sound the keynote of tariff revision in his western speeches. His sympathies, there can be no doubt, are with the reformers-with the authors of "the Iowa idea," and the courageous and progressive minority. Tariff revision is spoken of as a western issue, but there is considerable evidence that "the Iowa idea" is quite popular in the industrial centers of the East. Even Rhode Island and Connecticut have been infected or affected by it, and the proposition to lower the tariff on goods controlled by powerful combinations is meeting with favor among the wageworkers of the very citadel of high protection. The timid and time-serving politicians have been advising the president to taboo the tariff issue, but the comments of the press upon his trust program must have convinced him that the subject could not be ignored. How refreshing and inspiring a presidential utterance in favor of the Iowa idea, as honestly and intelligently interpreted by Gov. Cummins, would be, and what a marvelous impetus it would impart to the movement for freer trade and

a modern commercial policy! Mr. Roosevelt has been criticised in Democratic and independent papers for his silence on the tariff question, especially in its relation to the trust evils he had been so vigorously condemning. Of course, in so far as these strictures implied doubt as to Mr. Roosevelt's courage and sincerity, refutation of them would be a work of supererogation. The whole course of the administration belies and disposes of such insinuations. The president believes in determining what is right in a given case and then "going ahead" and defending the right against all opponents. The tariff question is a complex one, but the conclusions Mr. Roosevelt will finally reach may confidently be indicated in advance. He will eventually be found on the "Buffalo platform" and in full accord with At last they came to a great cleft | the best and soundest thought of the

combine becomes an evil that should be corrected or wiped out by the

power of the federal government. It is to prevent industrial com-

the Littlefield measure is proposed. Under this bill the man who sues a he has suffered damage from the operations of the combine is entitled: First-To receive three times the actual amount of damage suffered. Second-To have all his lawyers'

fees paid by the trust. Third-To have the trust pay all other expenses of the suit, including ticut and Louisiana will mount a batthe court costs.

If a middleman, retail dealer, manufacturer, or other person can show by themselves. Each carries four that he has suffered damage from the twelve-inch, eight eight-inch, twelve restraint of interstate trade brought about by a monopoly he may collect guns. The next most powerfully armthree times the actual damage suffer. ed vessel is probably the Edward VII. ed, and the trust will be required to pay all the expenses of the suit. instead of the eight eight-inch she is Moreover, under this bill, if enacted armed with four 9.2-inch guns. This, into law, the presidents, managers of course, is a much more powerful and directors of the alleged monopolies may be compelled to appear in court and tell every detail of their that there will be far more likelihood business and to produce all books, of getting in an effective blow. papers and accounts that may be necessary to throw light on the operations of these combines.

such a law will of course provoke ward VII., which carries only ten wide discussion among the lawyers. If it can be made to stick it gives of seven-inch. An increase of an inch promise of a measure that will check in caliber, when you get to the size monopolistic tendencies of the trusts.



competition and create monopoly the FINEST WARSHIPS EVER BUILT.

Louisiana and Connecticut to Ee Real Terrors of the Sea.

It is the opinion of competent bines from becoming monopolies that judges that in the newly designed ships the Louisiana and the Connecticut the United States will have two trust and has the facts to prove that of the greatest warships ever built. Together with the British ships-the Edward VII., the Commonwealth and the Dominion-they will comprise the five largest warships in the world. The Oregon and its sister ships had batteries of four thirteen-inch and eight eight-inch guns, but the Connectery which is so heavy as to place

these vessels practically in a class seven-inch and twenty three-inch She also carries four twelve-inch, but weapon than the eight eight-inch, that is to say, will be so much greater

It is the broadside battery of twelve seven-inch guns, however, that is believed to render the Connecticut The question of constitutionality of so much more powerful than the Edsix-inch against the greater number of a six-inch, means a great increase in power. Furthermore, the Connecticut will carry twenty of the threeinch guns as against ten or twelve of the same caliber carried by the latest British battleship.

ORIGIN OF A FAMOUS SONG.

How World-Famous Tune Came to Be Written.

Bizet, the composer of the worldfamous opera "Carmen," and Halevy, his librettist, once occupied apartments whose outer doors opened on the same landing. As soon as he had finished an air Bizet would hasten to submit it to his neighbor, who subjected it to the most severe criticism. From morning to night the piano resounded in the composer's apartments. One night Bizet finished a dramatic bit in which he flattered himself he had successfully sketched the pride of a triumphant toreador after a successful bull fight. But Halevy listened in silence and showed but a moderate enthusiasm. Bizet,

"But when Paul Miller grew to be a man he heard of the fabulous riches in Alaska and came to find it. He had amassed quite a fortune, when he was robbed, followed the robbers to the woods and was captured by them. Now, the young man yonder is Paul Miller, your son."

The stern old captain was unmoved save a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth, but he made no answer. Ben continued:

"Though you may have lost the walrus hide on which the map to the buried treasure is, yet you know the spot, and can take us there. You shall do it or I swear that your son shall die before your face."

Again Ben Allen was disappointed. The old man was wholly unmoved, as if he had been talking to stone. The captors waited about him with halfsuppressed breathing, hoping that something would occur to break his imperturbability, but they were disappointed.

The threat of Morris had only been to intimidate the prisoner. He was willing to make any sort of threats, but not being the hardened criminal Ned Padgett was he called a halt at the line of murder.

"Boys," continued Morris, "I haven't given up all hope yet. We may be able to do somethin' with him. Let's keep up the scare."

"Agreed."

"We can even get a rope and go through pretense o' hangin' the youngster."

"That's it; go through anything to make the old rascal tell us where it

With this resolution more firmly fixed in their minds they once more returned to where the old captain sat their eyes. For a long time he made as unmoved as when they left him. "Well, Captain Miller, have you decided to tell us where you cached the treasure?" asked Ben Allen.

"No," was the immediate answer. "Do you want to see your son hang

before your eyes?"

"I have no son."

"Don't you know that young man Is your son?"

The prisoner fixed his great blue orbs on the speaker and in a firm, unmoved tone answered:

"He is not my son. I may have a son living. I once did, but he is not my son. I like the young man, for he Is noble, brave and honest, but he is no relation to me."

They were wholly unprepared for this answer. The sincerity with which

treasure I would not do it."

most and best portrayed. in curbing the operations of the had spoken volumes. Paul was to look "For two reasons. F' st, I will not one year ago. That means 7,000 less about Greek-not a bit." trusts. compromise with crime Second, even after the guard and the captain to The book is replete with dramatic animals per day. The Q. road alone George-Perhaps not, but she can It is now generally acknowledged seize the rifles. The young man during the entire month brought from if I did decide to do so and turn over situations, the action is rapid and learn. stirring, and the denoument is orig- that the cheapening of the cost of the southwest, where the corn crop the treasure to you it would be the nodded assent to the request ex-Mother-After marriage is rather production and distribution through pressed by the captain's eyes, and be inal and startling. Altogether it is signal for our own destruction. You was a failure last year, 1,000 less fat the formation of industrial combines steers per day this year than last."late for that, George. would never dare let us go after what | gan to act. They rolled up the blankone of the books of the day and a may, if properly managed, redound to Secretary Shaw, at Morrisville, Vt., George-But you said yourself that ets and left them on the straw, with distinct contribution to the novelyou have done." you did not know a thing about housethe benefit of the public. Whether | Aug. 19, 1902. their caps stuck over them, giving literature of Biblical days. Bob Allen and Morris and the sailkeeping until after you were married. the consumer gets a share of the ors were abashed. They fell back them, in the uncertain light, the ap-Mother-Very true, George-and before the piercing glance of the offi- pearance of two sleeping men. Paul benefits accruing from the combine or Keenness of Elephant's Scent. Oldest Legislative Bodies. your poor father died of dyspepsia cer against whom they had mutined. | went first on hands and knees, creepnot depends upon the managers of With the exception of the British An elephant's sense of smell is so twenty years ago .- Stray Stories. delicate that the animal can scent the combine. If they appropriate all The baffied rascals swore like troop- ing around the little mound of stone Parliament, the Swedish Riksdag is ers, and Ned Padgett made an appeal and earth and over the loose stones a human being at a distance of 1.000 the benefits for themselves and use the oldest of existing legislative The Seg catcher's labors should be their power to raise prices, destroy bodies. for his knotted stick, but was over- with all the caution possible. He yards. curtailed.

any hope of mercy at their hands?" The sea captain answered: "No."

"Captain, let's make our escape." "Sh! Speak lower; you may be heard."

"I will, but I am in earnest."

'So am I, but we must be cunning as the fox to escape from those rascals."

"I am willing to trust you implicitly."

"Then say nothing."

Though night and day were the same in that dungeon, the captors had their sleeping and waking hours. Paul and his companion threw themselves on their miserable pallet of straw, but not to sleep. They lay so they could watch their captors.

At last, one after another, they began to grow drowsy. One rose and went toward the pile of straw, and stretching himself upon it, was soon snoring. A short quarrel followed on the subject of guarding the prisoners. Padgett was the man selected and he swore he had done more than his share at that business and he wouldn't do any more of it, but Morris, who seemed the person in command, de-

clared he must take his turn of two hours, and left him on duty while the others went to bed.

The whole matter could not have been better planned for Paul, for Padgett was careless and yawned sleepily before his companions had closed a fight against the wiles of Morpheus, but at last his head dropped forward on his chest.

Paul raised his own head and shoulders from his pallet of straw and surveyed the entire cavern 'at a sweeping glance. There was a fire burning in the center which threw out a dull, ruddy glow, dimly lighting the scene. Where the fire had been built the cavern was wide, and from the lofty ceiling ages ago great fragments of stone had been torn loose and lay in a heap on the floor, a little to one side of the fire, leaving a dark path in the shadow. Paul could also see that their captors had placed their rifles in a corner farthest from them. The three men sleeping on the straw were between the prisoners and the

tariff revision there will be no such The first night after they began

their ascent they camped on the mountain side near a spring and spread their blankets under the lee of a large bowlder.

Hope had been revived in the breast of Paul Miller, but his companion, who had been deceived and cheated so often by outrageous fortune, evinced little or none of his spirits.

"We are a long way from civilization yet," he said to one of 'Paul's remarks about their being safe. "So often, my friend, have I had my hopes raised only to be blighted that I allow myself to believe nothing good can come to me. A terrible fate seems to have taken possession of my being-I seem doomed." The old gray head was bent on his hands, and he was silent, while darkness came over the scene.

The next day's travel over this unknown region was but a repetition of the experiences of the day before. Higher they climbed, up, up and up. approaching on the mountain side the line of eternal snow. A few hundred yards more of climbing brought them to the summit of the divide, where there was a pile of stones which seemed to have been placed there by human hands. No life of any kind was visible, unless that white speck on the distant ledge be a dog or a goat.

(To be continued.)

BIBLICAL TALE OF POWER.

"Jezebel," by Miss Lafayette Mc Laws, Has Won Favor.

Miss Lafayette McLaw's "When the Land Was Young" instantly sprang into popular favor, and for a first book was a pronounced success. The promise in her first book has been more than realized in "Jezebel," a work of singular power and insight. It is a Biblical tale of the days when Omri and Ahab were kings of Israel and Elijah was a prophet of Jehovah. Ahab, the Israelite, takes to wife Jezebel, the is not to protect, but to mulct the worshiper of Baal. When Ahab comes to the throne and Jezebel sets up the worship of Baal, the prophets and believers of Israel are incensed against the queen, and Jezebel begins a fierce persecution of her enemies. This contest is the chief motive of the story.

Miss McLaws has endeavored to throw new light upon the character of Jezebel, and, while she does not

opposition as his trust proposals have provoked .- Chicago Tribune.

Plea for Tariff Reductions.

There are mossback Republicans as well as mossback Democrats, and Congressmen Hopkins and Mann showed that they belonged to that category in their recent speeches. In contrast to those purely conventional partisan harangues is the address which was made at Jamaica Plain by Eugene N. Foss, Republican candidate for Congress from the Eleventh Massachusetts district, and it is vastly more interesting and significant.

While Mr. Foss is a Republican not only by profession but by the faith that is revealed in much of his reasoning, he realizes that the idea of the inviolability of the Dingley bill or any other tariff law is absurd, and he is practical enough not only to recognize current facts but to understand their true bearing upon government

policies. His general plea is that New England needs free raw material. That may be a sectional plea, but there is no doubt that he makes it strong of its kind, and just now there will be a pretty widespread sympathy for the New England demand for untaxed coal from Nova Scotia. Though there is no tariff on anthracite and this fuel is bituminous, it is of a quality to relieve the market when the importation of anthracite is out of the question. A tariff on it is unquestionably a tax on New England's industries and a direct encouragement to American coal trusts, which do not need protection.

And Mr. Foss urges with good reason that the question of necessity is the prime question to be considered when section is pitted against section in the game of protection. "Does anyone mean to say," he asks, "that the steel trust needs the same degree of protection as when the iron and steel now, when this concern is underbidding foreign competitors everywhere, people.

Such glaring facts cannot be ignored and the wise Republicans are those who, like Mr. Foss and Gov. Cummins, keep their heads above the sand and the rest of their anatomy in a proper relation thereto.

which will be introduced in congress

The Next Congress. When congress adjourned the sen-

ate stood: Republicans, 55; Demo crats and other opposition, 33. Maryland and Kentucky have already increased the opposition to 35. Mr Newlands (Democrat) seems likely to succeed Mr. Jones (Republican) from Nevada. The Democrats also hope to gain the North Carolina seat now held by Mr. Pritchard, though their success is by no means con ceded.

On the other hand, the Republicans consider well nigh certain their chances of gaining the seats of Harris (Democrat-Populist) of Kansas and of Turner (Fusionist) of Wash ington. In the remaining states no change sufficient to alter their representation in the senate is really expected by either party.

Balancing these hopes of gains on either side, and passing over the Delaware vacancies as an insoluble puzzle, it may safely be predicted that the senate in the fifty-eighth congress will stand about 34 opposition to about 54 Republican.

The probable division of the next house is much more difficult to estimate. The reapportionments made necessary by its increase of membership from 357 to 386 have disturbed old political affiliations in many states and compelled reconstruction of local machinery. These changes are likely to alter the representation of a number of districts, but, as they affect both parties, do not seem likely to have much effect on the general result.

When congress adjourned the house stood: Republicans, 199; Democrats and other opposition, 152; yacancies 6. Experience has shown that in "off years" the opposition has a slightly better chance to gain control of the house. The Democrats will doubtless gain districts there. So business of the country was an infant | will the Republicans. The question industry?" Manifestly the purpose is which will make the larger gains, and whether the Democratic gains will be enough to give a majority in the house.

> There is really no reason why the Democrats should control the next house. That party has been able to find no issue and no leader that seems likely to change the opinions of any great numbers of voters or to remove public distrust of the Democracy.

The Real Reason.

It was given took everyone aback and | rifles, which were on the right of the "I have taken occasion to look this depart from the Biblical account, she by Representative Littlefield, and sleeping sentry. All the advantages for several moments they stood matter up since reading of these reso-Ought to Take Warning. surely presents this strong-willed, which it is said will be put forward aghast and silent. The ex-sea captain. and disadvantages of the position lutions, and I think I can find reason Fond mother-Now, look here, beautiful queen in a somewhat novel as an administrative measure, emwere taken into consideration at a after a brief silence, continued: for the recent price of meat other George! I want you to break off with and striking manner. We get bodies provisions which will strengthglance. Paul's companion arose and than the protective tariff. I find that "Even if I had the walrus hide that girl. She is very pretty and all glimpses of Jezebel the woman as en the popular belief in the sincere gave their surroundings a quick surthere were received at the stock would not give it to you. Even if I that, but I know her too well to want could now go and unearth that buried vey, and then they exchanged glances. well as Jezebel the queen, and it is purpose of the president and his adyards in Chicago in the one month of you to risk your life and happiness by as a woman with warm passions and visers to secure legislation that will The look was sufficient. They under-July, 1902, 65,000 less beeves and 170.be effective in checking monopoly and 000 less hogs than in the same month marrying her. Why, she knows no stood each other as well as if they jealous instincts that Jezebel is "Why?" more about housekeeping than I dd

somewhat piqued, asked the cause of this coldness.

"It's good, I admit," said Halevy, 'In fact, it's too good. It lacks movement-it lacks snap-in short, it's not popular enough."

"Not popular!" shouted the piqued composer. "Do you want me to write for the slums?" He went out in a huff, but soon relented, and in an hour returned with another air. "Listen to this," said he; "here is my toreador idea written down to your popular level." It was, indeed, the song of the toreador, and the only one which on the first night received an encore and seemed to move the first-night audience from its torpor.

In the Dining Car.

With a complacent smile she dragged her small son into a seat in the dining car and made a ferocious grab for the engraved bill of fare. Her clothes and her manner suggested rural districts, but the arrogant gaze that she leveled at the inoffensive bill of fare was intended to denote high breeding. Then the black waiter bent obsequiously over her shoulder: "Bring us two helpings of chicken," she ordered.

The black man took up the bill of fare, and, with furrowed brow, read over each word.

"Sorry, ma'am," he replied at last, 'but we ain't got chicken that way. We has 'em fried and roasted, and I guess the cook might broil 'em, and-"

"No, no. No!" cried the woman. "I mean plates of chicken-prepared any way you have it."

"Oh!" bowed the waiter, "you mean pohtions."-New York Press.

A David Harum Trade.

There is a citizen in New York who decided to treat himself to a horse and runabout. In every case he inf sisted upon knowing the attitude of the prospective purchase in relation to automobiles. "I don't want my neck broken daily," he would say.

There was a horse that suited him. 'I can warrant him on the automobile question," said the Jersey farmer who owned him. "I will guarantee that he will pass a dozen an hour all day long and never look at one of them." "Will you give me a written statement to that effect?"

"I will."

"The sale was made. For once a Jersey man had told the truth in a horse trade. The horse was blind.

For Curbing the Trusts. The bill for the control of trusts