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CHAPTER XV.

But there was little merriment when five minutes later, the household had taken account of stock and realized the extent of their losses. Middle had evidently been the last room visited. The dressing table and wardrobe of the opposite chamber—that occupied by Col. and Mrs. Brent—had been ransacked. The colonel's watch and chain—too bulky, he said, to be worn at dinner in white uniform—his loyal Legion and Army of the Potomac insignia and some prized though not expensive trinkets of his good wife were gone. Miss Porter's little purse with her modest savings and a brooch that had been her mother's were missing. And with these items the skilled practitioner had made good his escape. On the floor, just under the window in Middle's room, lay a keen double-edged knife. The stumps of two or three matches found in the colonel's apartment and others in Miss Porter's showed that the thief had not feared to make sufficient light for his purpose, and from the floor of Marion's room, close to the bureau, just where it had been dropped when the prowler was alarmed, Miss Porter picked up one of the old-fashioned "phosphors" that ignite noiselessly and burn with but a tiny flame. Marion's portmanteau was in the upper drawer, untouched, and such jewelry as she owned, save two precious rings she always wore, was stored in her father's safe deposit box in the bank at home. The colonel was really the greatest loser and dejected it seemed him right, both private marshal and chief of police, having warned him to leave nothing "lying around loose."

search of him, had dined without appetite and smoked without relish, striving to forget that odious woman's hints and aspersions, aimed evidently at his own room to write when a corporal appeared with a request from the captain in charge of the police guard of Ermita to step down to the office. It was much after nine then and the excitement caused by the alarm was about over, the troops going back to barracks and presumably to bed. The captain apologized for calling on him that late in the evening, but told him a man recognized as Murray, deserter from the cavalry, was secreted somewhere in the neighborhood, and it was reported that he (Stuyvesant) could give valuable information concerning him. Stuyvesant could and did, and in the midst of it came Miss Perkins, flushed, eager and demanding to know if that villain was yet caught—and if not, why not? Then she caught sight of Stuyvesant and precipitated herself upon him. That man Murray had hatefully deceived her and imposed upon her goodness, she declared. She had done everything to help him at the Presidio, and he had promised her a paper signed by all the boys asking that the P. D. A.'s be recognized as the organization the soldiers favored, and showed her a petition he had drawn up and was getting signatures to by the hundreds. That paper would have insured their being recognized by the government instead of those purse-proud Red Cross people, and then he had wickedly deserted, after—after—and Stuyvesant could scarcely keep a straight face—getting \$50 from her and a ring that he was going to wear always until he came back from Manila—an officer. Oh, he was a smart one, a smooth one! All that inside of three days after he got to the Presidio, and then was arrested, and then, next thing she knew, he had fled—petition, money, ring and all. Another soldier told her the signatures were bogus. And that very night she had recognized him, spite of his beard, and at sight of her he had cut and run ("Well he might," thought Stuyvesant). And then Miss Perkins yielded to the strain of overtaxed nerves and had to be conducted home. She lived but a block or two away, and it was Stuyvesant who had to play escort. The air, unluckily, revived her, and at the gateway she turned and had this to add to her previous statements: "You think the Ray people your friends, lieutenant, and I'm not the kind of woman to see a worthy young man trifled with. You've been going there every day and everybody knows it, and knows that you were sent away to Hilo in hopes of breaking your of it. That girl's promised in marriage to that young man who's got himself into such a scrape all on her account. He's here—followed her here to marry her, and if he's found her liable to be shot. Oh, you can believe or not, but as you please, but never say I didn't try to give you fair warning. Know? Why, I know much more about what's going on here than your generals do. I have friends everywhere among the boys; they haven't. Oh, very well, if you won't listen." (For Stuyvesant had turned away in wrath and exasperation.) "But you'd be wiser if you heard me out. I've seen Mr. Foster and had the whole story from his lips. He's been there every day, too, till he was taken sick."

her head's as level as it is pretty—except on one point. She's her father's daughter and wrapped up in the army. She's always said she'd marry only a soldier. But Middle's getting wisdom with years, I fancy. Young Foster will be a rich man in spite of himself, for he'll have his mother's fortune, and he's heels over head in love with her. "But I understand," interposed the general, with a quick glance at Stuyvesant, who had risen as though to get another cigar, "that Ray didn't exactly approve of him." "Oh, Ray didn't seem to have any special objection to Foster unless it was that he neglected his business to lay siege to her. Foster's a gentleman, has no bad habits and is the very man nine women out of ten would rejoice in for a husband, and ninety-nine out of ten, if that were a mathematical possibility, would delight in an son-in-law. He isn't brilliant—buttons would have snapped the lack had he been in the cavalry. I dare say he'll be ass enough to go in for a commission now and sell out for his ranch for a song. Then she'd probably take him." And then, too, as he strolled thoughtfully up the street, still dimly lighted by the waning moon and dotted at long intervals by tiny electric fires, Stuyvesant went over in mind other little things that had come to his ears, for many men were of a mind with regard to Billy Ray's daughter, and the young officer found himself vaguely weighing the reasons why he should now cease to play the moth—why he should be winging his flight away from the flame and utterly ignoring the fact that his foot, as though from force of habit, were bearing him steadily towards it. The snap and ring of a bayoneted rifle coming to the charge, the stern voice of a sentry at the crossing of the Calle Faura, brought him to his senses. "Halt! Who is there?" "Staff officer, First division," was the prompt reply, as Stuyvesant looked up in surprise. "Advance, staff officer, and be recognized," came the response from a tall form in blue, and the even taller white figure stepped forward and stood face to face with that of the guardian of the night. "I am Lieut. Stuyvesant, aid-de-camp to Gen. Vinton," explained the challenged officer, noticing for the first time a little column of dusky men in heavy leathern helmets and bolos shuffling away towards the Jesuit college with an old-fashioned diminutive "gasconed" village engine trailing at their heels. "Been a fire, sentry?" he asked. "Where was it?" "Up at Col. Brent's, I believe. His house fronts the parade ground. One moment, please. Lieut. who, sir?" The officer of the guard orders us to account for every officer by name." And Stuyvesant, who in instant alarm had impulsively started, was again recalled to himself, and, hastily turning back, spoke aloud: "Stuyvesant, my name is. I'll give it at the guardhouse as I pass." Once more he whirled about, his heart throbbing with anxiety. Once more he would have hurried on his way to the Calle San Luis. A fire there! and she, Marion, still so weak!—exhausted, possibly, by the excitement—or distress—or whatever it was that resulted from Brent's sudden presentation of that carted-off visit. He would fly to her at once, and not a moment later. He was an American. He was wearing the rough garb of the private soldier in the ranks of the regulars, but, like scores of other eager young patriots that year, he held the diploma of a great, albeit a foreign, university. He had education, intelligence, and assured social position to back the training and discipline of the soldier. He knew his rights as well as his duties, and that every officer in the service, no matter how high, from commanding general down, with respect enjoined to show respect to sentries, and this tall, handsome young swell, with a name that sounded utterly unfamiliar to California ears, was in most unaccountable hurry, and spoke as though he, the sentry, were exceeding his powers in denouncing his name. It put Private Thinking Bayonets on his mettle. "Halt, sir!" said he. "My orders are imperative. You'll have to spell that name." In the nervous anxiety to which Stuyvesant was a prey, the sentry's manner irritated him. It smacked a first of undue, unnecessary authority, yet the soldier in him put the unworthy thought to shame, and, struggling against his impetuosity, yet most unwillingly, Stuyvesant obediently turned. He had shouldered a musket in a splendid regiment of citizen soldiery whose pride it was that no regular army inspector could pick flaws in their performance of guard and sentry duty. He had brought to the point of his bayonet, time and again, officers far higher in rank than that which he now held. He knew that, whether necessary or not, the sentry's demand was within his rights, and there was no course for him but compliance. He hastened back, and, controlling his voice as much as possible, began: "You're right, sentry! S-t-u-y-v-e-s-a-n-t when through a gateway across the street north of the Faura came swinging into sight a little squad of armed men. Again the sentry's challenge, sharp, clear, resonant, rang on the still night air. Three soldiers halted in their tracks, the fourth, with the white chevrons of a corporal on his sleeves, came bounding across the street without waiting for a demand to advance for recognition.

"Same old patrol, Billy," he called, as he neared them. "On the way back to the guard-house." Then, seeing the straps on the officer's shoulders, respectfully saluted. "Couldn't find any traces outside. Keep sharp lookout, No. 6," he added, and turning hurriedly back to his patrol, started with them up the street in the direction Stuyvesant was longing to go. "Sorry to detain you, sir, and beg pardon for letting him run up on us in that way. We've got extra orders to-night. There's a queer set, mostly natives, in that second house yonder (and he pointed to a substantial two-story building about 50 paces from the corner). They got in there while the fire excitement was on. Twice I've seen them peeping out from that door. That's why I dare not leave here and chase after you after the lieutenant. Now, may I have the name again, sir?" And at last, without interruption, Stuyvesant spelled and pronounced the revered old Dutch patronymic. At last he was able to go unhindered, and now, overcome by anxiety, eagerness and dread, he hardly knew what he broke into fleet-footed, rapid run, much to the surprise of the staid patrol which he overtook trudging along on the opposite side of the street, two blocks away, and never halted until again brought up standing by a sentry at the San Luis. Ten minutes later, while still listening to Brent's oft-repeated tale of the theft, and still quivering a little from excitement, Stuyvesant heard another sound, the rapid rhythmic beat of dancing footsteps. "Hullo!" interrupted one of the lingering officers. "Another fire company coming? It's about time more began to arrive, isn't it?" "It's a patrol—and on the jump, too! What's up, I wonder?" answered Brent, spinning about to face towards the Calle Real. There was an officer with this patrol—an officer who in his eagerness could barely abide the sentry's challenge. "Officer of the guard—with patrol," he cried, adding instantly, as he darted into view: "Sentry, which way did that officer go? Tall young officer—in white uniform?" In surprise the sentry nodded towards the speechless group standing in front of Brent's, and to them came the boy lieutenant, panting and in



MY ORDERS ARE TO ARREST YOU, MR. STUYVESANT.

manifest excitement. "I beg pardon, colonel," he began, "our sentry, No. 6, was found a minute ago—shot dead—down on the Padre Faura. My men said they saw an officer running from the spot, running this way, and this gentleman—Mr. Stuyvesant, isn't it?" There was an awkward silence, an awkward pause. "I certainly was there not long ago," spoke Stuyvesant. "And No. 6, your sentry, was then all right. I certainly came running—"

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Dr. Chambers Scores Dockery. (Speech delivered in Kansas City convention by Dr. J. T. Chambers.) Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens—While our nation is bowed with grief for its chief magistrate, struck down by the hand of anarchy, here we have gathered together the various forces that have stood out as guideboards on the highway of American politics, each pointing to the thing which he deemed essential to engraft upon our laws or form of government for the betterment of mankind. To the middle-of-the-road populists, that sturdy little band who stood for principle and opposed fusion, willing and anxious to enter the fray and carry the banner of political independence against such an overwhelming army when they knew it meant certain defeat, I will say that while your forces have been defeated your principles have triumphed in the bringing together at this time all of these forces to found a new party. (Applause.) And on this principle of right even in defeat, rather than wrong in victory, I stand with the middle-of-the-road populists. (Applause.) To the fusion populists who have tried fusion and found it a failure, who tell us that that old, toothless and decrepit individual—the democratic party—(laughter) can never be made young and energetic again by merely putting on a new suit of clothes. And when we find them here today ready, willing and anxious to unite with us in founding a new party that will have youth, vigor and strength, a party that will carry in its hands a banner on which is inscribed the Cause of the Common People; a party that will stand firmly implanted on the declaration of independence and the constitution of the United States, then, gentlemen, let me say that I, too, am a fusion populist. (Applause.) To the social democrats and silver republicans who see that the trend of our government is away from its foundation as established by Washington and Jefferson, and are using their influence to bring us back to first principles, I will say that I am heartily in accord with you. To the single taxers who have observed that tax inequality is a growing evil in this country, and to the public ownership party who have observed that private ownership of public utilities is a menace to our welfare, I will say that I am in hearty accord with both principles. (Applause.) But it is to the Bryan democrats of this assembly and the nation that I here prefer to address the majority of my remarks. I shall try to point out the plain duty of every Bryan democrat in this political emergency when the wolves and vultures of reorganization are fighting over the carcass of the decomposing democratic party. (Applause.) As the Bryan democratic member of the executive committee of the allied third party it not only becomes my duty but my high privilege to state our position in this matter and the reasons why we believe that the Bryan democrats of this nation should be identified with this third party movement. (Applause.) My reference to Bryan democrats pertain to a large percentage of his following in 1896, and in 1900, whose confidence in him was deeper than a commercial ratio of sixteen to one (applause), or anything pertaining to commercialism or finance. I do not class all who voted for Bryan as Bryan democrats. Many voted for him for commercial, mercenary and selfish motives, but the great majority of the six millions of men who voted for Bryan did it because they believed that he was the embodiment of principles that are higher, nobler and truer to the cause of humanity than any contained in either

platform for which he stood. (Applause.) They voted for him because he placed the rights of man above the rights of money, and because he believed that the strength of the nation lies in the intelligence and patriotism of our people instead of our bank accounts (applause); because to him the home of the toiler is as sacred as the home of the millionaire or billionaire; because he knew and dared to express that the honor, the love, the virtues and the truth of our great producing class compares favorably with our money class; because he sprang from and fully understood this sturdy class of our people that has converted our deserts and wild woods into fertile farms and thriving cities; because he touched the fundamental truths of life and awakened in the minds of men a responsive chord. Ah! my friends, it was these principles of human rights that Bryan stood for that were not written in the Chicago platform that gave him more than one-half of his votes. (Applause.) Our movement stands for these self-same principles, and we shall and we will get more than four millions of votes from the Bryan democrats. (Prolonged applause.) These are the true Bryan democrats. There was another class of men who also voted for Mr. Bryan who either voted for him because they had no other place to go or who were Bryan democrats for revenue only. (Laughter.) Those who were in it for revenue only are now with the reorganizers, for they scent more revenue there. (Laughter.) And there was yet another class who voted for Mr. Bryan and proclaimed their devotion to him from the house tops. They could not speak his name too loud nor too often. They were so fascinated with the magic of his name that they could not be satisfied until they saw it associated with their own—on the same ticket. (Laughter.) These political camp followers are as despicable as are the camp followers of the democratic party is now the governor of the great state of Missouri. And what has been the history of his official acts in the few short months of his power? I will let others say what he has done for other parts of the state while I review some of his acts for St. Louis. He appointed the president of the St. Louis police board over the official protest of the Workingmen's Bryan club, which numbers more than 30,000 voters and whose votes alone made his election possible. He created a police board and a board of election commissioners that made it possible, with the aid of the Nesbit law, to set the fundamental principles of self government aside in St. Louis. Out of this action grew, as was intended, the registration of over 17,000 fraudulent names on our poll books to be voted for Wells who bolted Bryan and is now a reorganizer. Judges of election who would act as tools of the election commissioners were given the ballot boxes days in advance with sufficient time to stuff the ballot boxes with these fraudulent votes before the polls opened. Those same judges ignored the affidavits of public ownership people, who pointed out every fraudulent name on the list. Hundreds of repeaters in riotous drunkenness drove in carriages from polling place to polling place, discharging firearms and yelling like maniacs, carrying Jefferson club banners and wearing Jefferson badges, and who would go in forcibly, take charge of the poll books and vote the names of any and all citizens who lived in the precinct. And this was done under the protection of our police, which is under Dockery's control. Our police force ordinarily can be said to be made up of fairly representative men, but in this

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