The Stowaway

By LOUIS TRACY,

Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."

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"I suppose so," said Iris carelessly. "A servant brought the message. He came to me in the first instance, but I am just going to my room to pack my few belongings. We leave here at daybreak, you know."

So at last Carmela would learn the truth. Salvador was out there alone. She would soon judge him. If he were innocent she would know. If he had merely been made the sport of a designing woman she was ready to forgive. In a more amiable mood than she had displayed at any moment since her arrival at Las Flores, Carmela hastened along a dark corridor, crossed a bare hall, passed through a porch and searched the shadows of the pateo for the form of her one time lover.

A voice whispered in French:

"Come quickly, senhora, I pray you!"

It startled her to find San Benavides talking French until it occurred to her that Iris and he must converse in that language or hardly at all. The though. was disquieting. The volcano stirred again.

"Senhora, je vous prie!" again pleaded the man, who was on horseback under the trees.

She did not hesitate, but ran to him. Without a word of explanation he caught her in his arms, drew her up until she was seated on the holsters strapped to a gaucho saddle and wheeled his horse into a gallop. Filled with a grim determination, she uttered no protest. Not a syllable crossed her lips lest he should strive to amend his woeful blunder. She noticed that they were not going toward the camp, but circling round the inclosed land in the direction of the hills. Though the night was dark, the stars gave light enough for the horse to move freely. Carmela's head was bent.

But San Benavides wondered why the cold Ingleza had surrendered so silently. He expected at least a scream, a struggle, an impassioned demand to be released.

"One word, senhora," he muttered. "You must think me mad. I am not. All is lost. Our army is defeated. In an hour Las Flores will be in flames."

The girl quivered in his arms. A moaning cry came from her.

"It is true, I swear it!" he vowed. "I mean you no ill. I fought till the end, and my good horse alone carried me in advance of the routed troops. Dom Corria may reach the finca alive, but even so he and the rest will be killed. I refused to escape without you. Believe me or not, you are dearer than life itself."

Carmela, with a sudden movement, raised her face to his and threw aside her veil.

"Salvador!" she said.

His eyes glared into hers. His frenzied clutch at the reins pulled the horse on to its haunches.

"My God, Carmela!" he almost shrieked.

"Yes. So you are running away, Salvador—running away with the English miss, deserting my father in the hour of his need! But she will die with the others, you say. Well, then, join her!"

During that quick twist on the horse's withers she had plucked a revolver from a holster. She meant to shatter that false face of his utterly, to blast him as with lightning, but the lock snapped harmlessly, for San Benavides had indeed borne himself gallantly in the fray. He struck at her now in a whirl of fury. She winced, but with catamount activity drew back

"I HAVE KILLED HIM."

her arm and hit him on the temple with the heavy weapon. He collapsed limply, reeled from off the saddle, and they fell together. The frightened horse, finding himself at liberty, galloped to the camp, where already there was an unusual commotion.

Carmela flung herself on the man's body. She was capable of extremes either of grief or passion.

"Salvador, my love, my love!" she screamed. "What have I done? Speak to me, Salvador! It is I, Carmela! Oh, Mary Mother, come to my aid! I have killed him—killed my Salvador!"

He looked very white and peaceful as he lay there in the gloom. She could not see whether his lips moved. She was too distraught to note if his heart was beating. It seemed incredible that she, a weak woman, should have crushed the life out of that lithe and active frame with one blow. She rose and ran blindly.

Long before Carmela reached the finca San Benavides stirred, groaned, squirmed convulsively and raised himself on hands and knees. He turned and sat down, feeling his head.

"The spitfire!" he muttered. "The she devil! And that other! Would that I could wring her neck!"

A sputtering of rifles crackled in the valley. There was a blurred clamor of voices. He looked at the sky, at the black summits of the hills. He stood up, and his inseparable sword clanked on the stony ground.

"Ah, well," he growled, "I have done with women. They have had the best of my life. What is left I give to Brazil."

CHAPTER XVII.

A COUP OF THE NAPOLEONIC ORDER.

CARMELA went back to a household that paid scant heed to her screaming. Dom Corria was there, bareheaded, his gorgeous uniform sword slashed and blood bespattered. General Russo, too, was beating his capacious chest and shouting:

"God's bones! Let us make a fight of it!"

A sprinkling of soldiers, all dismounted cavalry or gunners, a few disheveled officers, had accompanied De Sylva in his flight. With reckless bravery he and Russo had tried to rally the troops camped at headquarters. It was a hopeless effort. Half breeds can never produce a military caste. They may fight valiantly in the line of battle—they will not face the unknown, the terrible, the harpies that come at night, borne on the hurricane wings of panic. Unhappily De Sylva and his bodyguard were the messengers of their own disaster. The cowardly genius at Pesqueira had planned a surprise. He would not lead it, of course, but in Dom Miguel Barraca he found an eager substitute. It was a coup of the Napoleonic order. An infantry attack along the entire front of the Liberationist position cloaked the launching against the center of a formidable body of cavalry. The project was to thrust this lance into the rebel position, probe it thoroughly, as a surgeon explores a gunshot wound, and extract the offender in the guise of Dom Corria.

The scheme had proved eminently successful. The Liberationists were crumpled up, and here was Dom Corria making his last stand.

He deserved better luck, for he was magnificent in failure. Calm as ever, he tried to be shot or captured when the reserves in camp failed him. Russo and the rest dragged him onward by main force.

"They want me only," he urged. "My death will end a useless struggle. I shall die a little later, when many more of my friends are killed. Why not die now?"

They would not listen.

"It is night!" they cried. "The enemy's horses are spent. A determined stand may give us another chance."

But it was a forlorn hope. As San Benavides lurched into the pateo the horses of the first pursuing detachment strained up the slope between the house and encampment.

Carmela, all her fire gone, the pallid ghost of the vengeful woman who would have shattered her lover's skull were the revolver loaded, was the first to see him. She actually crouched in terror. Her tongue was parched. If she uttered some low cry none heard her.

Dom Corria, striving to dispose his meager garrison as best he could, met his trusted lieutenant. His face lit with joy.

"Ah, my poor Salvador!" he cried. "I thought we had lost you at the ford!"

"No," said San Benavides. "I ran away!"

Even in his dire extremity De Sylva smiled.

"Would that others had run like you, my Salvador!" he said. "Then we should have been in Pernambuco tomorrow."

The Brazilian looked around. His eye dwelt heedlessly on the cowering Carmela. He was searching for Iris, who had been compelled by Coke and Bulmer and her uncle to take shelter behind the score of sailors who still remained at Las Flores.

"It is true nevertheless," he said laconically. "I knew the game was lost, so I came here to try to save a lady."

"Ah—our Carmela? You thought of her?"

"No!"

Then the spell passed from Carmela. She literally threw herself on her lover.

"Yes, it is true!" she shrieked. "He came to save me, but I preferred to die here—with you, father, and with him."

Dom Corria did not understand these fireworks, but he had no time for thought. Bullets were crashing through the closed venetians. Light they must have or the defense would become an orgy of self destruction, yet light was their most dangerous foe when men were shooting from the somber depths of the trees.

The assailants were steadily closing around the house. Their rifles covered every door and window. Each minute brought up fresh bands in tens and twenties. At last Barraca himself arrived. Some members of his staff made a hasty survey of the situation. There were some 300 men available, and in all probability Dom Corria could not muster one-sixth of that number. It was a crisis that called for vigor. The cavalry lance was twenty miles from its base, and there was no knowing what accident might reunite the scattered Liberationists. One column at least of the Nationalists had failed to keep its rendezvous or this last desperate stand at Las Flores would have proved a sheer impossibility.

So the house must be rushed, no matter what the cost. This was a war of leaders. Let Dom Corria fall and his most enthusiastic supporters would pay Dom Miguel's taxes without further parley. A scheme of concerted action was hastily arranged. Simultaneously five detachments swarmed against the chosen points of assault. One crossed the pateo to the porch, another made for the stable entrance, a third attacked the garden door, a fourth assailed the servants' quarters, and the fifth, strongest of all and inspired by Dom Miguel's presence, battered in the shutters and tore away the piled up furniture of the ballroom.

The Nationalist leader's final order was terse:

"Spare the women; shoot every rebel; do not touch the foreigners unless they resist!"

With yells of "Abajo De Sylva!" "Morto por revoltados!" the assailants closed in. Neither side owned magazine rifles, so the fight was with machetes, swords and bayonets when the first furious hail of lead had spent itself. No man thought of quarter nor ceased to stab and thrust until he fell.

When 300 desperadoes meet fifty of like caliber in a hand to hand conflict, when the 300 mean to end the business and the fifty know that they must die, fighting for choice, but die in any event, the resultant encounter will surely be both fierce and brief.

By one of those queer chances which sometimes decide the hazard between life and death the window nearest that end of the room where the sailors strove to protect a few shrieking women had not been broken in. Here, then, was a tiny bay of refuge. From it the men of the Andromeda and the Unser Fritz, Bulmer, Verity, Iris and such of the Brazilian ladies as had not fled to the upper rooms at the initial volley looked out on an amazing butchery. De Sylva, no longer young and never a robust man, had been dragged from mortal peril many times by his devoted adherents. Carmela had snatched a machete from the fingers of a dying soldier and was fighting like one possessed of a fiend.

Once when a combined rush drove the defenders nearly on top of the noncombatants Iris would have striven to draw the half demented girl into the little haven with the other women.

But Coke thrust her back, shouting:

"Leave 'er alone! She'll set about you if you touch her!"

Dickey Bulmer, too, who was displaying a fortitude hardly to be expected in a man of his years and habits, thought that interference was useless.

"Let 'er do what she can," he said. "She doesn't know wot is 'appenin' now. If she was on'y watchin' she'd be a ravin' lunatic. God 'elp us all! We've got ourselves into a nice mess!"

But if Dickey Bulmer's simple words exalted him into the kingdom of the heroic David Verity occupied a lower plane. Prayers and curses alternated on his lips. He was stupefied with fear.

A tall, distinguished looking man wearing a brilliant uniform, his breast decorated with many orders, now appeared on the scene. He shouted something, and the attacking force redoubled its efforts. He raised a revolver and took deliberate aim at Dom Corria. Coke saw him, and his bulldog pluck combined with avarice to overcome his common sense. Without thought of the consequences he sprang into the swaying mob and pulled De Sylva aside. A bullet smashed into the wall behind them.

"Look out, mister!" he bellowed "'Ere's a blighter 'oo wants to finish you quick!"

De Sylva's glance sought his adversary. He produced a revolver which hitherto had remained hidden in a pocket. Perhaps its bullets were not meant for an enemy. He fired at the tall man. A violent swerve of the two irregular ranks of soldiers screened each from the other. An opening offered, and the man who had singled out Dom Corria for his special vengeance fired again. The bullet struck Coke in the breast. The valiant little skipper staggered and sank to the floor. His fiery eyes gazed up into Verity's.

HE PULLED DE SYLVA ASIDE.

"Damme if I ain't hulled!" he roared, his voice loud and harsh, as if he were giving some command from the bridge in a gale of wind.

David dropped to his knees.

"For Gawd's sake, Jimmie!" he moaned.

"Yes, I've got it. Sarve me dam well right too! No business to go ag'in me own pore old ship. Look 'ere, Verity, I'm done for! If you get away from this rotten muss see to my missus an' the girls. If you don't—blast you"—

"Fire!" shouted a strong English voice from without. A withering volley crashed through the open windows. Full twenty of the assailants fell, Dom Miguel de Barraca among them. There was an instant of terrible silence, as between the shocks of an earthquake.

(To Be Continued.)

Do you know that of all the minor ailments colds are by far the most dangerous? It is not the cold itself that you need fear, but the serious diseases that it often leads to. Most of these are known as germ diseases. Pneumonia and consumption are among them. Why not take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and cure your cold while you can? For sale by all dealers.

OLD TESTAMENT TIMES BROOKLYN TABERNACLE BIBLE STUDIES

DEFEAT THROUGH DRUNKENNESS.

1 Kings 20:12-21—March 19

"It is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink."—Proverbs 31:4.

TODAY'S lesson recounts an invasion of the land of Israel by King Benhadad, over-lord of Syria, who had under him thirty-two kings of Syria and a large army. Warfare in those days, of course, was very different from what it is today. The numbers in conflict were fewer and their weapons inferior. Their motive was plunder.

Our day witnesses a considerable advance along the lines of diplomacy. Wars and invasions now are always based upon some philanthropic motive—to free people from bad government, or to compel them to pay their debts, or to open up their country to civilization, or to give them more responsible and representative government, or greater freedom of religion. Robbery and pillage, by an invading army, are reprobated. Whatever is taken from the conquered people must be obtained by the levying of an indemnity fund. All this speaks to us of a higher moral sense, even though much relating to it be hypocrisy. The very need for the hypocrisy implies that, with a considerable number, there are qualms of conscience on the subject.

Benhadad, king of Syria.

The Battle Was the Lord's, and of Course He Won

Benhadad sent his demands to King Ahab saying, "Thy silver and thy gold are mine; thy wives and thy children, even the goodliest of thine." King Ahab, recognizing the greatness of the army and his own unpreparedness for resisting them, answered, "My Lord, O King, according to thy saying, I am thine, I and all that I have." But when the invader broadened his demand and included with it the wealth of all the nobles of Israel, their wives and their children, etc., resistance was aroused. Thereupon the invaders set the battle army against the walls of Israel's Capital, Samaria.

At this juncture God sent a Prophet to Israel's King, informing him that he would deliver the invaders into his hand and give him a great victory. The astonished Ahab asked by whom would the battle be waged against the host. The answer was that at the command the princes of the provinces should fight under Ahab's direction, supported by the militia. By this signal victory God would demonstrate his power by protecting the nation with whom he had made the Law Covenant.

The Divine order was followed. Two hundred and thirty-two princes, or chiefs, of the people at noon passed out of the gates of the city, followed by seven thousand militia—a small number wherewith to meet a host. Apparently this was poor generalship; but the Lord was the General and overruled the results. King Benhadad and his associates had been drinking. The Syrians were ordered to capture the men alive. But this they did not do. Soon the Syrian forces were in disorder and completely routed. Humanly speaking, the battle was lost by Benhadad's over-confidence, and particularly by his indulgence in intoxicating liquors.

Lessons Which We May Draw

The honest, the holy, the reverential of mankind, who seek peace and righteousness may be likened to Israel, to God's people. Benhadad and his thirty-two kings and their armies would correspond to Satan and his various hosts of unrighteousness. We may name these hosts as we please. To some, one portion, and to others, other portions of these hosts are the more reprehensible. Many of these kings may represent various Trusts which, by manipulation of life's necessities, are attacking the welfare of the people. Others of these kings may represent political grafters. Others may represent various vices which prey upon the public, including intemperance. The forces thus set in battle array against the public are appalling, especially when the wealth at their command is considered.

The demands of these various "interests" come first upon the honorable and well-meaning public servants. But when the demands broaden, and it is evident that general pillage is the intention, the voice of the Lord should be heard and heeded, and a stout resistance should be made.

The mighty princes.

As with Ahab, the resistance should not be defensive merely. The call is for the princes, the chiefs of the people, who love righteousness, to go out first to do battle with all iniquitous invaders of the rights, happiness and interests of the people. And these princes or leaders who stand for righteousness should be ably seconded by all the courageous and efficient of the people.

Send us your job work.

POLICEMAN AND AUTO.

W. H. Edwins Collides With Automobile—Has Arm Broken and Throat Cut by Wind Shield.

Orangeburg, March 6.—W. Hampton Edwins, policeman, narrowly escaped instant death this morning at about 8:30 o'clock in a collision with an automobile driven by George Salley.

Officer Edwins was coursing his way toward the Southern depot on a bicycle, returning from his breakfast, and Mr. Salley was driving his machine down Russell street. Evidently Mr. Edwins did not see the automobile and ran his bicycle straight into the machine. Mr. Salley, realizing that the officer was going to strike his car, applied his emergency brake and the machine was brought to a standstill just as the collision occurred.

Edwins was hurled upon the shield of the car, his arm breaking and passing through the wind shield. His throat came in contact with the glass, and he sustained a severe and deep cut. The wound extends almost completely across the throat and upward, missing the jugular vein. Some arteries were punctured and severed.

Edwins was then taken to his home, where he is resting well. His condition is precarious, but there are hopes of his recovery.

JUDGE POPE DYING.

Former Chief Justice Has But a Few Days to Live.

Columbia, March 8.—Seventy years old, Hon. Young John Pope, who was Captain B. R. Tillman's Lieutenant in the reform movement of the early '90's and who retired two years ago from the chief justiceship of the supreme court, lies critically ill at his home in Newberry. A letter received here today says: "We have heretofore been keeping out of the papers all reference to Judge Pope's condition for the reason that he insisted on reading them or having them in a way read to him. He has passed beyond that stage now, however, and we no longer see any use in it. In fact, it is now but right that his friends should be informed. Poor fellow, he is now permanently in bed and it is too apparent that the end is not far ahead. I scarcely see how he can live for more than a short while. I say five to ten days. The last stages of the disease have been reached and the doctors say that it could be a month, but it may be at any moment, or in a day or so. There is no longer any reason for speaking quietly."

BAILEY CALLED FOUR-FLUSHER.

Texas Enemies Say Resignation Was Fraud Upon People.

Galveston, Texas, March 5.—The action of Senator Joseph Bailey in tendering his resignation as the Texas Junior Senator and then recalling it within a couple of hours has revived Baileyism in his home State.

At a conference of the State association, organized several months ago to fight Bailey's re-election, and including in its membership over 100 prominent Democrats, this last action of the junior Senator was denounced as a Bailey four-flush and never intended sincerely—a collusion between Senator Bailey and Governor Colquitt to bring out a big boom for Bailey.

The conference declares the resignation plot "is a fraud upon the confidence of a trusting people," and that Bailey "was merely duping those who followed him so as to cover up his defense of a man who is said to have bought his seat in the United States Senate.

Attention was directed to the fact that the only protest against his resignation from Washington came from Republicans who had voted with Bailey for Lorimer and that not a message from any of the Texas delegation was sent. It was also observed that the message requesting him to withdraw his resignation did not come from the Legislature, but that a group of Bailey's friends assembled in the legislative halls and summoned Governor Colquitt, who read his reply to Bailey's resignation.—Baltimore Sun.

A Special Medicine for Kidney Ailments.

Many elderly people have found in Foley's Kidney Remedy a quick relief and permanent benefit from kidney and bladder ailments and from annoying urinary irregularities due to advancing years. Isaac N. Regan, Farmer, Mo., says: "Foley's Kidney Remedy effected a complete cure in my case and I want others to know of it." W. W. Sibert.

Four aces may be a safety raiser, but a straight phlush is the best handmade filler.—Pittsburg Sun.

Has Millions of Friends.

How would you like to number your friends by millions as Bucklen's Arnica Salve does? Its astounding cures in the past forty years made them. It's the best salve in the world for sores, ulcers, eczema, burns, boils, scalds, cuts, corns, sore eyes, sprains, swellings, bruises, old sores. Unequaled for piles. 25c at Sibert's Drug Store.

TEACHERS MUST ATTEND SCHOOL

They Must Attend the Regular Monthly Meetings of the Association.—Course of Study.

St. Matthews, March 7.—The superintendent of education, D. S. Murph, has introduced an innovation into the requisites for being teachers in the Calhoun schools in the future. At the last meeting of the county teachers' meeting, Mr. Murph introduced a resolution making it mandatory upon all teachers within the county to attend the regular monthly meetings of the association. The resolution was heartily indorsed by the association and unanimously adopted.

Hereafter teachers will teach 20 days and will go to school to each other one day in the month. A course of study will be outlined and every effort will be put forth to make the association a source of information. There is perhaps no better organized set of teachers in the State than those of this county, and the greatest harmony prevails. Every effort of Mr. Murph to advance the efficiency of the force is approved by the teachers who take it upon themselves to enforce them.

BOOZER LODGED IN PEN.

Murderer of J. S. Gilliam Brought to Columbia to Avoid Trouble.

Columbia, March 8.—Sam Boozer, the negro who killed Mr. J. S. Gilliam in Newberry county, is in the State penitentiary today, where he was brought last night to prevent trouble in Newberry county. Boozer was brought to Columbia from Greenwood and came by way of Augusta to avoid passing through Newberry county. Mr. John C. Hipp, on whose farm the tragedy occurred, has been served with a warrant as an accomplice before the fact. Mr. Hipp having bought a gun before the killing.

HOPEFULS READY FOR BATTLE.

Manager Cavender Signs up All of Last Years' Players.

Columbia, March 8.—With nineteen or twenty of his men in the city, Manager Cavender of the Columbia baseball team, was ready today for the first game of the season in the Capital city. The professionals are due to stack up against the University team this afternoon, and if the weather permits an opportunity will be given several of the youngsters to make good. Fullenwider has now signed his contract, and there are no longer any hold-outs among last year's players. When the season opens, April 3, with Augusta, the players, all of whom are now being drilled, will be ready for a hard contest.

CAPT. S. E. WHITE DEAD.

Prominent South Carolinian Passes Away at Lancaster, S. C.

Lancaster, March 4.—Captain Samuel E. White, banker and pioneer textile manufacturer, died here tonight at the home of his son-in-law, Colonel Leroy A. Springs. At the close of the Civil war, through which he served with distinction ,he founded at Fort Mill, S. C., the first gingham mill established in the South. He was the president of the mill at his death and also of the bank at Fort Mill. He was 75 years old.

THE STATE GEOLOGIST.

Gov. Blease Will Not Reappoint Earle Sloan, He Says.

Columbia, March 8.—Gov. Blease is looking for a man to serve as State geologist in name only. He is looking for a man who will draw his salary and then return it to the State.

He said yesterday that he would not reappoint Earle Sloan as State geologist, but would try to secure a man to accept the place who would agree to work for nothing, or, in other words, return his salary to the State. There is an appropriation of $1,500 for the State geologist for salary.

A Fierce Night Alarm

Is the hoarse, startling cough of a child, suddenly attacked by croup. Often it aroused Lewis Chamblin of Manchester, O., R. R. No. 2, for their four children were greatly subject to croup. "Sometimes in severe attacks," he wrote, "we were afraid they would die, but since we proved what a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is, we have no fear. We rely on it for croup and for coughs, colds or any throat or lung trouble." So do thousands of others. So, may you. Asthma, hay fever, la grippe, whooping cough, hemorrhages fly before it. 50c and $1. Trial bottle free. Sold by Sibert's Drug Store.

Once again "Doc" Cook says he thinks he got there. That's a lonesome thought.—Nashville Tennessean.

If you have trouble in getting rid of your cold you may know that you are not treating it properly. There is no reason why a cold should hang on for weeks and it will not if you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by all dealers.