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 XV.—(Continued.)

The idea which he had conceived to the effect that the chances might be better in the rear of the hotel as compared with the sides facing upon the thoroughfares was at least reasonable.

He believed some unseen hand guided him, and there was a certain bold confidence in his intrepid heart that all would yet be well—all must be well, since Arline loved him. Heaven could not be so cruel as to give him this fleeting glimpse into paradise, just as Moses was allowed to look over into the Promised Land, and then snatch him away forever.

It was this positive belief in ultimate escape that bore him up so well, that kept his brain as clear as a bell, and prevented a confusion of ideas such as must have proven fatal to his chances.

The two fugitives ran the gauntlet in safety, although there was a time when Charlie began to fear their progress would be cut off, so fiercely did the savage flames roll along.

Luckily an opening occurred, through which he rushed, half bearing Arline.

To retreat meant destruction, as he well knew, and their only hope now was to push grimly on.

One thing favored them—close to the fire the smoke was not so suffocating—in some of the corridors it was so dense that many poor, bewildered, wandering souls must have been asphyxiated long before the fire reached them.

Charlie's first hope was to find some stairway designed for the help, if such existed, through which the fiery streamers had not been drawn.

He saw many roofs here and there, some towering buildings, and a thousand lands in places of vantage, where the whole dread spectacle could be observed.

He saw where a chance offered, if one could but reach the next lower floor, but it was not open to them here.

Quick as a flash he darted into an adjoining room; it had two beds in it, and from these he whipped the sheets.

The sheets, torn lengthwise and knotted together, would serve the purpose he had in view.

Even while he was ripping them in broad strips and knotting them together, Stuart kept watch and ward over the flames.

Again he looked down; everything appeared favorable—at least, there was as yet no sign of flames bursting out below him.

How furiously he worked!—how with clinched teeth he tested each knot! That rude rope was to bear a burden that was very precious to him, and he did not mean it should betray him.

It was all done in an incredibly short time, though doubtless under such a fearful strain it seemed hours to those whose lives and future happiness hung by a thread, as it were.

Charlie knotted one end around Arline, while her eyes looked into his with a bravery he would never, never forget.

She knew this desperate move of his was the only hope they had.

So she shut her teeth hard together and crushed down the wail that fluttered in her throat—the womanly fear of facing peril, such as men can hardly appreciate.

While he worked in this way Charlie was busy explaining to Arline, as simply as words could do, what her part was to be.

Never to his dying day would Charlie forget how she looked into his eyes as she crouched there on the broad sill of the window, and gave him even a piteous smile meant to be encouraging.

Then she was gone!

He thought his heart had broken, such was the wrench it received when she passed from his sight, and he realized that she hung there in midair with only a frail sheeted rope between herself and eternity.

Then elapsed a few seconds that seemed years.

Never had he experienced a more radical sensation of extreme joy than when there came three quick tugs at the rope, the signal she was to give when she had secured a lodgment on the window sill below, and desired more line in order to enter.

Quickly he allowed it to slip through his fingers so that she might release herself from the noose ere he made the attempt to descend.

The flames were now driving along the corridor, and it seemed as though they would reach the open window ere another minute had elapsed.

To a man of Stuart's build and athletic qualities it was a mere bagatelle to accomplish this feat; his only danger seemed to lie in a fracture of the rope.

Like magic he dropped down and arrived opposite the window.

A pair of arms shot out and seized him; Arline was on the watch and much distressed lest something should happen to him.

And Charlie was thankful enough to crawl in through that blessed window; his first act was to take her to his heart and exclaim:

"God bless you for a brave girl! Keep up your spirits and we will cheat the old monster yet!"

She answered him with a rare look of confidence and trust that made him stronger than ever in the resolution to dare all for her sake.

What advantage had been gained?

They were one flight nearer the earth, but the danger still menaced; this floor, like all others, was given over to the riotous flames, and to halt here meant the same inevitable end.

Charlie did not mean to stay.

Given time, he might have found or constructed a rope by means of which he would have lowered Arline to the ground.

That would have been glorious, but the seconds were too few; and, besides, on looking down he saw the old enemy bursting out from the windows near the basement.

Some other plan, then, was needed.

CHAPTER XVI.

At Last.

Charlie had conceived a plan which, while it offered certain chances of success, at the same time entailed continued risk.

There was a wing where the fire did not as yet appear to have secured a foothold.

If they could but reach that section, which would be the last to feed the flames, apparently, their escape was almost a certainty.

Accordingly Charlie's first action, after taking Arline in his arms, was to ascertain whether his surmise were correct, or if he had deceived himself.

There was great relief, when he found that a passage led off directly toward the quarter where relief seemed to hold out hope.

The smoke filled it almost to suffocation, and his heart misgave him as he caught a fleeting glimpse of a lurid glow through the haze, that warned him the fire demon was working even in this quarter, sparing nothing.

The smoke grew more dense—it seemed to almost paralyze his very brain; his eyes smarted and burned as though seared with red-hot irons; his senses reeled; yet, with the indomitable pluck of a true soldier, he pressed grimly on, sheltering Arline as well as he could with the cloak she wore, and which proved a blessing in more ways than had entered into his reasoning at the time he first clasped it about her.

Every yard which they covered brought them closer to their goal, where doubtless friendly hands waited to bear them down to safety.

This was the hope that sustained Charlie in the midst of all this desperate ordeal—that an oasis lay beyond, the pure air of heaven awaited them, once they passed the barrier.

He was weak and tottering himself, from the effect of his exertions and the pungent smoke, that many times overcomes daring fire laddies as they venture a trifle too far—and yet he thought only of Arline, thought she must be in a condition of collapse.

Nothing else could have possessed him to suddenly snatch her up in his arms and stagger on through the blinding, choking smoke.

At first she struggled, but when he pressed her more fiercely to his heart she lay passive.

Staggering along like a drunken man, Charlie endeavored to pass the Rubicon—that spot where the sullen glow was now continuous, and in which he was presently to be engulfed.

Just at the critical spot, where the flames were bearing down along another passage, he sank heavily to the floor.

Was this the end?

Had his brave fight come to naught?

In that dread moment, when defeat stared him in the face, his heart almost broke.

Arline had meanwhile struggled out of his arms, for she had gone down with him.

"Oh, Charlie, what shall I do?" she cried, in her wild alarm and distress, for the sea of flame appeared so very close that it seemed as though the dread crisis were upon them.

"Fly! fly! Yonder lies safety!" he cried, trying to get upon his knees, only to fall back. He had sheltered her at the expense of his own strength, and now must pay the penalty.

"But you—I can't leave you here!" she sobbed, bending down to put her arms about his neck.

"You must! There is no hope for me! If I can I will crawl on; but you—must—go! God forbid we should both perish here! Kiss me, Arline, and go!"

"No, no—I could not! Do not ask me!"

"It is my desire; make haste or——Oh, Heaven! it is even now too late!" as a tongue of flame shot across the passage beyond.

Arline gave a shriek.

She tightened her hold upon him; desperation gave her strength, for she dragged the almost senseless man along toward safety.

Guardian angels must have held back those cruel fangs until they had passed the fatal place, for hardly were they beyond than, with a rush and a roar, the abyss of fire swallowed up the spot where Charlie had been overcome.

Still she dragged him along. Love gave her a power she had never known before; under its magical influence weaklings become strong as lions and perform prodigies of valor.

Through the smoke, almost overpowered by its awful fumes, she went.

Ah! were those shouts just ahead? She shrieked aloud, and heard answering cries, cheery cries that gave her new hope, new ambition.

Then gigantic figures loomed up beyond, and Arline swooned at the feet of the firemen, who picked both of them up in kindly arms and bore them into the fresh air.

Two hours later Charlie, sadly demoralized so far as looks went, with bloodshot eyes, singed mustache, sans a portion of his eyebrows, and with sundry burns upon face and hands, yet bearing a grim look of happiness upon his countenance, knocked at the door of a room in a neighboring hotel, and was admitted by Arline's companion, whose temporary absence from the Windsor hotel at the time of the fire had possibly saved her life.

Arline lay upon a lounge.

She, too, had suffered somewhat from the terrible experience, although not so severely as her lover, but to Charlie's ravished eyes she had never looked so charming as when she held out both hands to him, while blushes chased each other over face and neck.

"God was indeed good to us, Charlie," she said, after he had bent down and deliberately kissed her with the air of one who holds a proprietary right.

"I echo your words, my darling; and I venture to say I am the only man in New York to whom that fearful fire brought good luck."

"Ah! but you richly earned all that and more—you who fought so desperately to save me. Where would I be now only for you? Oh, Charlie!" bursting into a flood of tears, as she remembered how he had swept into her room and taken possession of her, leading her through devious ways at last to safety and life.

"And who was it dragged me away from the hungry maw of the flames when they seemed sure of their prey? Ah, my dear girl, the honors are pretty nearly even, it seems to me! We belong to each other, and Heaven give me the power to make your life happy!"

"Oh, Charlie! doubt can never enter into my soul. After what has occurred I could not live without your love! I am only contented with you."

They spent a happy half hour.

Then Charlie remembered that he bore a message.

"Aleck and your father are below. They met in the strangest way during the fire; it certainly looks as though the hand of fate was in it. At any rate, they are both anxious to see you," he said.

Capt. Brand claimed his daughter, and this time there could be no mistaking the genuine thrill that awoke in Arline's heart when she saw his genial face and heard his voice, which at once aroused memories of long ago.

While the great metropolis was aroused in mourning on that sad St. Patrick's evening, a happy group dined in the other hotel.

Capt. Brand related many of his adventures in a modest way, entirely different from the braggadocio of the impostor.

Again and again his eyes rested tenderly and proudly on his lovely daughter; she had been in his thoughts for years while he scoured the deserts with the wild Arab tribe with whom he had been associated; and he had hard work indeed to believe it was not a dream.

Aleck, too, seemed to grow more manly, and Charlie felt sure he had a grand future before him. The follies of the past would serve as guideposts, directing him to the straight and narrow road that leads to happiness.

As for Charlie, a peace had come upon him such as only the mariner knows when at last his storm-tossed barque slips into a safe harbor, where love and home await his coming.

He looked into her beautiful face, where the lovelight and glow of happiness dwelt forever more, and thanked Heaven for the bountiful mercies that had carried them through the perils of fire to such peace and hope.

No cloud dimmed their joy on this night of thanksgiving, save the pity they felt for those who had lost loved ones in the awful calamity.

The shock must for a long time haug upon them—it could hardly be otherwise; but young hearts recover from the blow sooner or later, and in length it would only be a sad memory, to arouse a sigh or a pitying tear.

Through Arline's ready hand a number of those who suffered in the fire found temporary relief; her purse was open to any reasonable demand; and when, some months later, she sailed for England with her husband, many a grateful heart breathed prayers for her safety upon the deep.

THE END.

METAPHORS FROM THE SEA.

Much Nautical Language Used in Ordinary Conversation.

"Let me put in my oar," said a gentleman as he joined three of his acquaintances in the Waldorf-Astoria cafe the other night and took a seat at a table with them.

"That is about the twentieth metaphor of that sort that I have heard to-night," answered one of the others, "and it seems very strange that we should borrow so many of our figures from the sea. I never thought of it before, but it is curious.

"I have never been closely associated with the water, and I don't believe that any of you have, and yet we are using sea terms all of the time. They are wonderfully expressive, too, and I don't know what we would do without them.

"You wanted to put in 'your oar,' a moment ago some one talked about being 'all adrift,' and I admitted that I was 'at sea.' We talk about our 'weather eye,' being 'spliced,' our 'mainstay' and all that sort of stuff. We know what it is to 'cast an anchor to windward,' to 'back and fill,' to 'go through,' to be 'taken aback' and to have 'the wind taken out of our sails.'

"We 'spin a yarn,' try 'the other tack,' 'launch' enterprises, get them 'under full sail' and often 'wreck' them. We cry for 'any port in a storm,' 'take in a reef,' get to our 'rope's end,' 'run before the wind,' and sometimes 'keel over.' So it goes on until I believe we can talk about almost everything in the language of the sea."—New York Herald.

RARE COLLECTION OF BIBLES.

Dean Hoffman's Costly Gift to the General Theological Seminary.

One of the many gifts of the late Rev. Eugene A. Hoffman to the General Theological Seminary, of which institution he was head, was the special collection of rare old Latin Bibles. This collection is said to be the rarest in the world, surpassing in number of editions even that of the British museum in London and the Bibliotheque Naticnale in Paris. The collection was started by Cornelius Vanderbilt about eight years ago, when he donated the splendid Copeger library. Since then Dean Hoffman has added from time to time many rare and valuable additions, spending many thousands of dollars in his efforts to make the library the most complete in existence. In all odds the most important book in the great library of the seminary is the Gutenberg Bible. It was sold in 1884 for $19,500 in London to Quaritch, who sold it in turn to the Rev. William Loring Baskerville. In 1898 it again fell into the possession of Quaritch, who paid for it at that time $14,750. Later he sold it to Dean Hoffman for $15,000, who presented it to the General Theological Seminary.

For Quarrelsome Women.

The mayor of Steubenville, Ohio, has hit upon a novel plan to settle petty "clotheseline" quarrels between women. He, it is said, has established a "fighting room," in which he locks the women who quarrel over back yard fences. After an hour's abase of each other they run down like clocks. Then they become reconciled.

If a man gets too fresh he deserves to find himself in a pickle.

HOME AND FASHIONS

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS THAT MAY BE OF VALUE.

Light Weight Midsummer Costume That Should be Popular—Dress of Two Linens a Novelty of the Season—Some Little Tips.

FOR the morning a well-cut, well-hung skirt of pique, duck or linen, with a pretty shirtwaist of the same color, is as smart an outfit as is at all necessary. There are many good designs for sample percales and ginghams, especially the silk ginghams, which are made with very little trimming, and that trimming of inexpensive embroidery. A good model is the pleated skirt, or skirt with attached flounce; the waist is pleated to match or has a box pleat just in the center with a small straight band of the new filet lace or embroidery, the collar being in one piece, with a straight band. The foulard and India silk gowns in plain colors are also smart for morning, and the black and white checked ginghams which look so much like silk are in great demand.—Harper's Bazar.

Window Plants.

"If I were to give a list of plants adapted to the several exposures," said a noted florist recently, "the list would be something like this: For eastern windows, fuchias, begonias, calla, Chinese primroses, Primula obconica, azaleas, plumbago, stevias, jobellias and all kinds of bulbous plants; for northern windows, geraniums, roses, cary-anthemums, carnations, lantanas, acacias, oleanders, abutilons, hibiscus, marguerites, and most of the plants having richly colored foliage; for western windows, bright-leaved plants and a few of the more accommodating plants, like the geranium, provided the effect of too strong sunshine is modified somewhat, for the northern windows, ferns, aracrias, English ivies, palms, aspidistra, ficuses and selaginellas, Roman hyacinths, Primula obconica and Chinese primroses will often bloom well in the sunless windows."

Light Weight Midsummer Costume.

Among the fabrics of the season is a soft of zebeline, iron grs, in color, with a surface showing white hairs, which is very similar to the material greatly liked for cold weather wear; but of course it is very light in weight. It is rather exclusive in effect when made up, as such matrials do not seem to appeal to persons of common tastes. The gored skirt is very simple in outline, close fitting in the upper portion, flaring below, and finished on the edge with rows of stitching done with Corticelli stitching silk, a coarse silk generally used by the best dressmakers for this purpose. Overlaid upon this were applique flowers, cut from white broadcloth, stitched in heavy black silk, which is also used for the outline stitch, and French knots which compose the center and stamens of the flower and are worked with Corticelli embroidery silk. The belted blouse with basque shows the same flower, below which the white silk vest is bordered by scallops outlined by bias straps of the white cloth.

Girl's Graduation Dress.

Fagotting, a general term for open work stitching of whatever kind, fairly runs riot on the gowns for summer wear, and a very dainty finish it is, when properly executed with Corticelli EE twisted embroidery silk. A charming frock worn at a recent girl school graduation showed this pretty stitching wherever an insertion was to be let into the crepe de chine of which the frock was composed. This design is not very ornate, but of an elegant simplicity. The skirt has the prevalent panel effect, the latter being entirely untrimmed. The fullness is lightly gathered at the belt and the edge bordered by three rows of Valenciennes inserting, mounted with briar stitching in pale blue Corticelli embroidery silk. The blouse shows a vast effect, the continuation of the skirt panel. The sailor collar was composed of Valenciennes inserting, and bias folds of pale blue taffeta, joined by fagotting in blue silk. The hat which completed this costume was of pale blue chiffon with ostrich tips of the same shade.

Novelty of the Season.

The dress of two linens, a plaided and a plain one, is a novelty of the season. A blue plaid or a sprigged flower pattern with plain cream flounce, a collar and turned up ruffs showing soft lawn on, beneath, or a coral scheme with paler pink embellishments are attractive models.

With these colored linens the embroidery on the white or creamy collars is in a contrasting shade of the color of the gown, or of the same tone as the collar. A white linen dress, with collar, cuffs and belt of cream color, embroidered in the same creamy tint, is exceedingly cool and pretty.

Lobster Salad.

Chop fine six small lobsters, two bunches of celery, two eggs, one teaspoon sugar, one of black pepper, very little red pepper, one teaspoon currie powder, one teaspoon mustard, three-fourths cup vinegar, half cup milk, one lemon grated and squeezed, butter size of an egg; boil all together, then pour over the lobsters and stir well; put on a platter and garnish with green tops of celery and legs and fins of lobster.

Some Little Tips.

Brick red is a smart color for linen dresses.

Tassels are, of course, an accompaniment.

Separate undersleeves are called "sleevelets."

Five-inch white silk fringe adorns one lovely cream dress.

Black-dotted white dresses are a fad. The smaller the dots the better.

Lace cuffs are a lovely finish. Lace stocks are even more effective, but not as new.

A new modification of the Marquise hat is very chic. The contrast of the black velvet on the white felt is very smart.

The wide lace collar edged with chiffon, and strings to match, is quite an old fashion revived.

Rosettes of narrow velvet with long streamers are smart on evening blouses, so are the bunches of violets with a cascade of stalks and single blossoms.

The baby's hat of white felt with soft pompons well deserves to be copied.

Fine chains with sweet gems are still worn, but Venetian beads have been relinquished by the Well-Dressed Woman.

OREGONIAN IN NEW YORK.

His Interesting Experiences in the Eastern Metropolis.

An old Portlander, who has been traveling in the east for several weeks, has returned. He has concluded that New York city is too rapid in every way for him.

He was returning from a suburban resort to the city one day and saw a bad tough knocked out by a lady. The contemptible hound had snuggled up to one lady so close that she left the train, and he then crowded up against another lady and acted very rudely. She pulled out one of her hatpins and jabbed it clean through his leg above the knee. He gave an agonized yell and got out of the car as quickly as possible, and just fell off the platform.

After reaching the city the Portlander took the street car to go to his hotel. An old man who sat near him signaled to the conductor and got off the car on the wrong side. A vast trench had been blasted out in the center of the street, in which a subway is to be constructed. This trench is thirty feet in depth, and the old man stepped from the car down into it. He was picked up and thrown into a "bucket" in which rock is hoisted out. The engine went "chu, chu, chu," and he was brought to the surface on a run; an ambulance drove up, he was thrown in and taken away to a hospital, and the car proceeded.

The Oregonian was perfectly satisfied with his experience of life in New York and does not hanker for any more of it.—Portland Oregonian.

A Foolish Lift.

Stratford, Wis., July 28th.—William Junemann was working with a farmer near this place last summer and one day they got stuck with a load of grain. Mr. Junemann says: "We had to lift like fools and my back cracked and started to hurt me so that I couldn't stand it any longer. The man I was working with took me home and I went to bed. I saw an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the paper and I sent and got one fifty cent box. Before I had this box used up I began to feel better and I kept on and very soon my back was well again."

"I can't say enough for Dodd's Kidney Pills and I cannot understand why anyone should continue to suffer with backache when Dodd's Kidney pills will cure it so quickly."

Where Cats Are Valuable.

Owing to a plague of rats and mice, cats sell at $25 a piece in North Yukon Territory.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Poverty is not dishonorable in itself, but only when it is the effect of idleness intemperance, prodigality and folly.—Pulpit.

To Cure a Cold in One day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It is said that 1,000 pounds of poultry will cost less to raise than 1,000 pounds of beef, and will sell for almost twice as much.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

He who forgives his own friends meanly to follow after those of a higher degree is a snob.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Lansdale, Ind. Pa., Feb. 14, 1900.

Every good man's life is a living prayer that God's kingdom may come.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSKEEPERS

Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

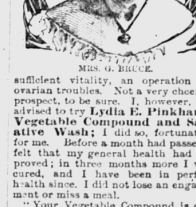
Do what good thou canst unknown, and be not vain of what ought rather to be felt than seen.—William Penn.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS

How Mrs. Bruce, a Noted Opera Singer, Escaped an Operation. Proof That Many Operations for Ovarian Troubles are Unnecessary.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Travelling for years on the road, with irregular meals and sleep and damp beds, broke down my health so completely two years ago that the physician advised a complete rest, and when I had gained sufficient vitality, an operation for ovarian troubles. Not a very cheerful prospect, to be sure, however, was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash; I did so, fortunately for me. Before a month had passed I felt that my general health had improved; in three months more I was cured, and I have been in perfect health since. I did not lose an engagement or miss a meal.

"Your Vegetable Compound is certainly wonderful, and well worthy the praise your admirers bestow upon it. I have been cured are ready to give you. I always speak highly of it, and you will admit I have good reason to do so."—Mrs. G. Bruce, Lansing, Mich. *$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.*



MRS. G. BRUCE.

The fullest counsel on this subject can be secured without cost by writing to Mrs Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be entirely confidential.

Clears the Complexion

132 Willard Street, Burlington, Vt. March 21, 1902. "I thought I would try Baxter's Mandrake Bitters to clear my complexion and purify my blood. I find it has helped me very much."

Mrs. Mary T. Brunette.

Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are sold every where in liquid or tablets at 25 cts. *Henry, Johnson & Lord, Prop's, Burlington, Vt.*

Knights Pythias Biennial Meeting.

For this gathering in San Francisco in August next excursion tickets will be sold via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. from Chicago to San Francisco or Los Angeles for $50 for the round trip with final return limit September 30.

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Possibilities become probabilities to the hopeful, fulfilments to the determined.—W. H. Spear.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE

Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

It isn't always the girl who wears the highest hat that has the most violets in the gallop who knows the most about football.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A discouraged Christian is always one who does not praise God half enough.

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