

IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Scarcely a word was spoken except by the men who piled the oars, from the moment the boat left the landing until it glided noiselessly to the foot of the stairway leading to the deck of the Bald Eagle.

Gertrude grew more and more frightened as the distance between her and the shore increased.

She instinctively felt that something was very wrong, and she heartily wished, again and again, that she had never left the safety of her friends' home.

She began to realize that she had acted very foolishly in coming out this alone and trusting herself to the guidance of strangers.

Who were these three men in the boat with her? What kind of a creature was this tactless "stewardess," who had not only opened her lips since entering the boat?

She was thinking this just as they rounded a projection in the harbor and reached a point where the light upon the mast of the Bald Eagle could be discerned, when a low, fierce oath escaped the lips of the "stewardess," and so startled Gertrude that she with difficulty repressed a cry of terror.

A few moments later the boat reached the vessel, whereupon the "stewardess" instantly arose to leave the boat as if in great haste.

Gertrude was trembling with fear, but she laid her hand upon her companion's arm, remarking:

"I am afraid to go on board this vessel. I do not like the way I have been brought here, and I want to know what it means."

"It is all right," she said, the muffled reply, then the portly figure sprang out upon the steps and hastened up to the deck.

"It isn't all right, I am very sure, and I am not going aboard this vessel," Gertrude said, resolutely, and refusing to rise from her seat.

At this one of the men who had been rowing leaped forward and whispered in her ear:

"Young lady, I don't know how you happen to be here, but you have nothing to fear from us. We do no harm shall befall you, and you shall go back to the city whenever you like, if there has been any foul play."

"Then I insist upon going back immediately," Gertrude returned, authoritatively.

"I'm sorry I can't obey you," was the young man's reply, "but I promise you shall go within an hour if you wish."

Gertrude thought a moment. She was only half assured of the man's pledge, but she hesitated no longer.

"Is Mr. Heatherton on the vessel?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, he is."

Somewhat comforted by this assurance—for she felt confident that no personal harm could befall her where Ned was—she stepped out of the boat and followed the others up the stairway.

But she was seized with a sudden feeling of despair when, the moment they all reached the deck, the iron stairway, by some invisible means, was swung up from the water's edge, and all hope, as she supposed, of escape, was cut off.

"Capt. Bleiberg! Captain Bleiberg, why are you not in sailing trim, as I ordered? What, ho, there!—why are you all in darkness, and why doesn't someone answer me?"

"Halt!" came the quick, startling response, and before the single word was hardly uttered, a flood of light was thrown on deck from a couple of brilliant lanterns, by some means, for purpose, thus bringing into bold relief every figure of the strange group gathered there, while Gertrude gave vent to a stifled cry as she saw it.

Near the companionway stood the figure of the "stewardess," though a stewardess no longer, for the shawl had been stripped from her broad shoulders, the bonnet from her head, and a finely formed man, the lower portion of his body still enveloped in a dark skirt, stood revealed, while he gazed about him with an expression of amazement and dismay.

It was Gould, the cunning bank robber, who had assumed the disguise of a woman's dress partly to assist Bunting in his vile scheme to decoy Gertrude to the vessel, and partly because he had begun to fear that suspicion had been directed toward him.

Near him was another man, who appeared no less confounded, and the girl's heart gave a startled bound as she recognized Ned's old enemy and her would-be savior, Bill Bunting, while, surrounding these two, each with a cocked revolver in his hand, were four other men, and one of these, wearing an expression of lofty courage and resolution on his placid face, was Ned himself!

"What could the strange scene mean? The fair girl wondered, and felt faint and weak as she noticed the threatening aspect, the cocked weapons, and resolute faces of the men.

"Well, you! what is the meaning of this?" he demanded fiercely, when he could command his voice sufficiently to speak.

"That question is very easily answered," returned the chief of police, as he stepped to the man's side and laid a powerful hand upon his shoulder. "It simply means that your game is up, and you are my prisoner."

A volley of oaths came from the lips of the startled man, at this disheartening information.

"You can quit that," sternly commanded the officer, and you may as well yield quietly to the inevitable."

Gould was white to his lips, though his dark eyes burned like two fiery coals as his restless eyes roved from face to face.

He realized that his "game was indeed up," and he had no alternative but to look forward to yet a better himself with a haughty composure and bravado which excited both the wonder and admiration of every observer.

"Where is Captain Bleiberg?" he inquired, after a moment of utter silence.

"The captain and all his crew are confined below,"

"Was it mutiny?" the man asked,

with a quick withdrawn breath. "No, it was the grandest pluck I ever heard of," replied the chief, with a glance at Ned and Mr. Hunting, who were standing side by side a little back of the prisoner.

Gould's eyes followed him, and he gave a violent start.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and the single ejaculation speaks volumes.

It told that he comprehended all the ruin and disaster which must overtake him upon the release of those two men.

"How did you do it?" he faltered. "I guess we won't stop for any lengthy explanation to-night—it's getting late, and there's considerable to be done yet," the chief interposed. "I think, however, when you hear the story in the presence of a judge and jury, you will be forced to confess that it was the neatest job you ever knew of. Now, Mr. Gould—in a sharp, authoritative tone—"you and your friend, whoever he may be, will just march below, and we'll accommodate you with as comfortable quarters as circumstances will allow, though we happen to be pretty full just now."

Gould turned and looked at his companion.

"Well, Bunting, it is all up with us, I suppose," he said, with white lips. Bill Bunting did not reply, but he turned his glance upon Ned, who had been unexpectably astonished when the light had been turned on, and he recognized his old-time foe, for he had not expected to meet him there.

"A look of hate swept over the man's features," he said, with white lips. "Curse you, a thousand times!" he hissed; "you down me at every turn. I thought I should beat you, this time sure, and utterly losing his heart in the heat of his passion at finding himself conquered again by Ned, he sprang upon him, drawing a knife that had been concealed about his person, and aiming it straight at the young man's heart.

There was a faint shriek, then the sound of swift steps and rustling garments, and the next instant the ruffian's arm was upraised, and Gertrude stood between him and her lover, pale as a spirit, but with the courage of a dauntless love stamping upon her beautiful features, as she thus confronted the would-be murderer.

But strong hands came to the rescue. The man was quickly overpowered, his weapon wrested from him, and he was dragged down the companionway to the cabin, while Gould was also conducted thither, and both spinning across the deck, for the first time in his life, he was to escape.

When Bill Bunting had sprung upon his hated foe, Ned's revolver was knelt from his grasp and sent spinning across the deck; fortunate circumstance, as it proved, since it left his hand free to catch the half-fainting girl who had dared so much to resist his attack.

Ned, himself, almost reeled as his eyes fell upon her, for until that instant, he had not dreamed of her presence on the yacht.

"Gertrude!" he cried, appalled, as he bore the almost helpless girl to a chair, in which he tenderly seated her. "My darling, what does this mean? How came you to be here with those dreadful men? Where are your friends? What am I to do for you?"

Gertrude was too much overcome to give any satisfactory reply, just then to his hasty inquiries, and, leaving her there for a few moments, Ned dashed down to the saloon, where he procured a glass of brandy, and the steward, then bounded back again to Gertrude and commanded her to drink every drop of it.

She obeyed him readily enough, but as he studied his face anxiously and appealingly to the while.

The wine both strengthened and quieted her, and she smiled faintly, as she thanked him and returned the empty glass.

"Now, my dear girl," Ned said, as he brought another chair and seated himself before her, you must tell me the meaning of this startling appearance—I could not have been more astonished if one had appeared to me from the dead."

"And you didn't send for me to come to you?" murmured Gertrude, who began to comprehend something of the trap that had been set for her unwary feet, although there were some mysteries about it which would need further explanation.

"Send for you, darling!—to come here, alone, at this time of night? No, it is impossible. Assuredly, that you could imagine that I would subject you to anything so disagreeable and so imprudent."

"But did you not—no, of course you didn't," Gertrude began, somewhat incoherently, then suddenly stopped as she realized that the note she had received was only a part of the plot to lure her away from home.

"Did I not what?" Ned inquired, determined to get to the bottom of the strange affair.

"I received a note, this afternoon, purporting to come from you," Gertrude replied. "Here it is; read it, it will explain itself," she added, drawing it from her pocket and putting it in his hands.

"He turned it to the light, and as he read the note, his face clouded with sudden anger and alarm.

"It is a mischievous scheme to get you into trouble of some kind, and yet I cannot comprehend it," Ned said, in perplexity, when he had finished the perusal of it.

"I think I can," replied Gertrude, whose confidence in her lover was increasing every moment.

"Then she told him of the visit which Bill Bunting had paid her only the day following their drive to Auburn-dale, and of his audacious proposals to her, with her newly-aroused suspicions that he had done this to trap her into a marriage with him.

"It is a veritable case of abduction," Ned exclaimed, as she concluded.

"He and Gould were accomplices in that robbery, and in other crimes; they were about to escape from the country, and—yes, I believe that wretched juree you here with the intention of taking you with them and perhaps forcing you into a marriage, as you surmise."

"The young man felt as if he could scarcely contain himself, and it was well for his enemy, perhaps, that he had been put in confinement below, before this revelation.

"It would have been horrible," the

young girl cried, with a shudder. "Yes, indeed," Ned said; but since she was now safe, other thoughts began to assail her. "I'll be damned," she continued, as he bent forward to look into her eyes: "Gertrude, have you believed that I was guilty of the crime with which I have been charged?"

The sensitive girl colored at the grave question; but, meeting his glance unwaveringly, she replied: "Ned, I had the utmost faith in you until I received this note only a few hours ago; and you, yourself, can understand what it implies. But now, looking into your face, once more, I know that you are as true as truth itself."

"Bless you, my own darling, for this comforting assurance," Ned exclaimed, with less emotion. "It has lifted a great burden from my heart. Yes, I can understand that if you believed this note—and that you did believe it, your presence here proves you must have thought that I just the same as admitted my guilt. But, dear, although every circumstance has seemed to point to me, as the author of that crime, I am as innocent of it as you are. Let me tell you, too, that we have the real robber safe in hand, and I believe that the stolen treasure has all been recovered. The truth of his assertions regarding their loss, and clearing him from all suspicion of dishonesty."

The money, of course, had been used, but Mr. Lawson's generosity had replaced that, so the bank would lose nothing through him, and his grateful thanks were his reward.

These revelations were regarded as prima facie evidence against the owner of the Bald Eagle, and on Monday morning legal steps were instituted to bring the offender before Bill Bunting was, of course, regarded as an accomplice—to justice.

Of course, this took some little time, on account of the formalities required in transferring the criminal from the jurisdiction of one country to that of another, and Ned was permitted, meanwhile, to enjoy himself in his own way, which he did to the utmost to be spent as much time as possible in the company of Gertrude.

The meeting between him and Mr. Cranston had been almost as soon as they were able to walk and the wife is compelled to take in washing or do scrubbing to increase the income.

Further east along the river front are the cosmopolitan slums, where one or two fashionable hotels are now given over to the poor classes. In the old Spencer House, at Broadway and Frost street, 90 families, averaging four and five members, occupy rooms that cost from \$1 to \$3 a month.

Some of the rooms are with outh, and are unkept, while others are scrupulously clean. In all there is evidence of close figuring to keep expenses down.

A canvasser, his wife and two children occupy a single room on the top floor, and the thrifty wife manages to get along with an allowance of \$3 a week for the household expenses and \$2.50 a month for rent. This makes the family expenses 43 cents a day—a daily allowance of about 11 cents for each. The family was seated at the mid-day meal when a reporter called. On the table was a dish of stewed strong beans, four cups of steaming coffee, a half loaf of stale bread, and a small tin of butter, all except for salt and pepper, a quarter of a cupful of liquid oleomargarine and some skimmed milk.

"We get along all right, the four of us," the housewife said. "We don't need much. It only takes a quarter of a pound of tea, that's 5 cents, and a pound of coffee, that's 14 cents, to do us a week's peck of potatoes, last as a week, and a peck of corn costs 15 cents. We generally have string beans. Meat costs about 10 cents a day."

One old house a family of nine lives on \$7.31 a week, exclusive of rent and wearing apparel. None of the children are old enough to work. The father has his expenses for one week as follows:

Coffee, 3 lbs. \$.60
Bacon " 1.00
Fresh meat " 2.00
Tomatoes, 2 bushels 50
Corn " 40
Potatoes, 1 bushel 30
Cabbage, half-barrel 20
Butter " 1.50
Milk " 35
Salt, pepper and incidentals 09
Rent, four rooms 4.00
Total for week \$10.34
And there is always plenty on the table.

A secretary Hubbard, of the Associated Charities, in discussing the question, said: "There is no doubt that a considerable proportion of the poorer classes manage on as little, or less, than the average of the rest of each person. They must do so, for poor people can secure no credit from merchants. The way they do is by

paring perfected by the doctor in his immense practice and has proven the greatest liver regulator ever discovered. It acts directly and promptly on the liver, making it active and vigorous as a filtering organ. At the same time it regulates and tones up the kidneys and bowels and sets the whole filtering and excretory system in healthy working order.

Notwithstanding the fame of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills throughout this continent, you will never fully realize and appreciate their value until you have actually used them, and only then can you fully understand why they have such an enormous sale.

In these days of experimenting with perfect distinctness from medicines, appliances and treatments, it is a comfort and pleasure to know that you can turn to this prescription of Dr. A. W. Chase and find in a safe and reliable treatment many dangerous and costly orders of medicine.

The prescription from which Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are prepared

Gertrude soon explained her adventure to her satisfaction, although she chided her for being so imprudent as to assert herself, after a while, upon his own trials and experiences, arose and departed, but promising to make another call, if possible, before he left for Boston.

He returned to the Bald Eagle feeling very light hearted, for he believed that the outlook for the future was now very bright and promising for him.

On the evening of the next day a Boston detective, accompanied by Mr. Cranston, who had returned from his vacation immediately upon learning of the bank robbery, arrived in Halifax, empowered with all authority necessary to conduct the formalities for the arrest and extradition of the criminal, and the recovery of the property of which they had robbed the bank, should it be found in their possession.

The Bald Eagle was thoroughly searched, and the stolen treasure was finally discovered in a cunningly contrived safe, which had been built into the vessel behind the berth in the stateroom occupied by Gould, the owner.

To Ned's exceeding joy the bonds, which had been stolen from him during his trip from Halifax, were also found in the safe, thus proving the truth of his assertions regarding their loss, and clearing him from all suspicion of dishonesty.

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HOW THE POOR LIVE.

Fifteen Cents a Day Suffices for Thousands.

SLIM LARDERS FOR MANY.

In the large cities of this country, thousands of people are living on 15 cents a day, says a U. S. exchange. To ferret among the tenements, where one small room generally constitutes a family dwelling, and there to stumble on the family at dinner, to peep behind the battered door of the dingy cubby-hole with its well-nigh barren interior, to investigate the scant contents of pots and boxes thrust behind the rickety door for lack of room elsewhere, and to overhear the threadbare comments on a row of nails that make up the family wardrobe, such an experience might astound some who find it difficult to get along on \$2,000 or so a year.

A tour of investigation among the tenements along the Chinatown River front by a representative of the United States census bureau, a few practical solutions to problems of domestic economy. Among the Italians and Syrians on West Second street, a narrow street, families were found huddled into close rooms, pervaded by an odor of garlic. Here it was difficult to learn exactly the cost of living, owing to the ignorance of the housewives. They live from hand to mouth; and so long as the hand can hold a bowl of macaroni and a little hard rye bread, the mouth does not complain.

Among the labeling classes there are hundreds of men who earn 50 cents to \$1 a day, and when it comes to supporting families of six and eight the individual is likely to fall below rather than exceed the 15-cents-a-day proposition. In the majority of cases the children are forced into the streets to sell papers, and the individual is likely to fall below rather than exceed the 15-cents-a-day proposition. In the majority of cases the children are forced into the streets to sell papers, and the individual is likely to fall below rather than exceed the 15-cents-a-day proposition.

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THE CALL OF DOOM.

China's Gods Invoked Against the "Foreign Devils."

In a British Parliamentary paper has been issued a translation is given of a startling placard which was posted in the West City, Peking. It reads as follows:

In a certain street in Peking some worshippers of the I-ho Ch'uan (Doxer) at midnight suddenly saw a spirit descend in their midst. The spirit was silent for a long time and all the congregation fell upon their knees and prayed. Then a terrible voice was heard saying:

"I am none other than the great Yu Ti (God of the underworld) come down in person. Well knowing that ye are all of devout mind, I have just now descended to make known to you that these are times of trouble in the world, and that it is impossible to set aside the decrees of fate. Disturbances are to be dreaded from the foreign devils; everywhere they are starting missions, erecting telegraphs and building railways; they do not believe in the sacred doctrine and they speak evil of gods. Their sins are numberless as the stars of the head. Therefore am I wrath, and my thunders have pealed forth. By night and by day have I thought of these things. Should I command my generals to come down to earth, even they would not have strength to change course of fate. For this reason I have given forth my decree that I shall descend to earth at the head of all the saints and spirits, and that wherever the I-ho Ch'uan are gathered together there shall the gods be in the midst of heaven may be ascertained."

"So soon as the practice of the I-ho Ch'uan has been brought to perfection—wait for three times three or nine times nine, nine times nine, and three times three, then shall the devils meet their doom. The will of heaven is that the telegraph wires be first cut, then the railways torn up, and then shall the wrath of the spirits be manifested. In that day shall the hour of their calamities come. The time for rain to fall is yet afar off, and all on account of the devils who are doing wrong."

"I hereby make known these commands to all you righteous folk, that ye may strive with one accord to exterminate all foreign devils, and so ward off the wrath of heaven. This shall be accounted unto you for well doing; and on that day when it is done the wind and rain shall be according to your desires."

"Therefore I expressly command you to make this known in every place."

"I did it raw with my own eyes, and therefore I make bold to take my pen and write what happened. They who believe it shall have merit; they who do not believe it shall have guilt. The wrath of the spirits was because of the destruction of the Temple of Yu Ti. He sees that the men of the I-ho Ch'uan are devout worshippers and pray to him."

"If my tidings are false, may I be destroyed by the five thunderbolts."

"Fourth moon, first day (April 29th, 1900)."

Silk Stockings.

The girl who never before wore silk stockings wears them this season. It is in the girls' statements less interesting than it sounds. Women have suddenly developed a mania for fancy and beautiful hosiery, and the stocking counter of a good shop would need a railing in front with elaborate work stockings have reached a point of fineness that is more marvelous than beautiful, and the most modest women prefer fine silk in solid color, hand embroidered with lace or applique over the ankle. One woman at Newport has started a fad for plain silk stockings in one solid color and the owner's monogram exquisitely embroidered on the ankle, and stocking embroidery is becoming a favorite fancy work of the summer girl. It is supposed, too, that next to the mania for lace, the mania for broilered suspenders and dress shirt protectors, men will receive daily orders of silk hose, each pair embroidered at the top in front with elaborate monograms. Of course, the men would rather, far rather, have bright purple hose zigzagged with scarlet lightning, but they will have to endure the affliction as best they can.

Japan has established commercial schools for the training of women, and one of the largest Japanese railroads announces that after a certain date it will employ only women as clerks.

FALL TO BE'S.

Interesting indications in Fashion's New Volumens.

First exhibit of fall hats on view. Summer buying mostly over. Great expectations for fall.

Art ticking the latest pillow and mattress covering. White, cream or gray grounds with floral designs, or various wide stripes in green and white are the fashion for the season.

The picturesque, especially for house gowns, the promised mode. Waistcoats of all sorts of fancy are to be the fashion for the season.

Capotes to be an egrie throughout the autumn for general wear and all winter for evening.

Hoops of black or white velvet adorned astonishingly elaborate black lace capotes but awfully smart and expensive, too.

Many eccentricities of trimming already observable and probably increasing as the season advances.