

# The Stowaway

By LOUIS TRACY

## CHAPTER XVIII

WHERE THE PRESIDENT PRESIDES. BEFORE the exciting story so rudely interrupted is resumed it may be well to set down in their sequence the queer workings of fortune which led to Philip's timely reappearance at Las Flores.

His troop of scouts consisted of twenty-eight men. Five were sailors and five from the Andromeda; three were Germans from the Unzer Fritz. But the whole eight were ex-soldiers, and one man at arms trained on the European model is worth ten of the Brazilian product. The remaining twenty were hillmen, good riders, excellent shots and acquainted with every yard of the wild country within a radius of a hundred miles. They would fight anybody if well led, and here it may be observed that when Philip called on them to storm the ballroom he said "Come on!" between which curt command and his consent, "Go on!" these half-breed warriors drew a fine distinction. The language difficulty was surmounted partly by an interpreter in the person of one of the Germans, who spoke English and had lived in Bahia, partly by signs and largely by Philip's methods as a leader.

He never asked his men to do anything that he did not do himself, and they were never dubious as to his tactics, since he invariably closed with any Nationalist detachment met during the day's operations.

About midday, then, they came upon the advance guard of a column sent off a week earlier by the expert at Pesqueira with instructions to arrive at Las Flores before sunset that very day. Instantly the twenty-nine charged. With equal celerity the advance guard bolted. From the crest of a rocky pass Philip looked down on a column of fully a thousand men. The situation was critical. It called for prompt handling. Five men held the horses, twenty-three spread themselves among the rocks, Philip unslinging his carbine, and twenty-four rides indulged in long range practice on a narrow mountain path crowded with men and animals.

Nothing more was needed. It has been noted already that the Brazilians disliked long range shooting. There was a stampede. The scouts occupied the ridge until sundown and were returning leisurely to report the presence of the column when they fell in with the first batch of fugitives from the valley. Forthwith Philip became a general and each scout an officer. They reasoned and whacked the run-aways into obedience, picked up quite a number of men who were willing enough to fight if told what was expected of them, and the rest was a matter of simple strategy such as Macaulay's schoolboy would exhibit in the escalation of a snow fort. But it was a near thing. Five minutes later and Hozier might have seized the presidency himself.

And now as to the night and the next day.

Russo and his diminished staff took Philip's little army as a nucleus. Brazil had duly elected Dom Corria, as provided by the statute, and the news spread like wildfire. Before morning the Liberationists were 10,000 strong. Before night closed the roads again the Pesqueira genius wrote to Dom Corria under a flag of truce and pointed out that he served the president, not any crank who said he was president, but the honored individual in whom the people of Brazil placed their trust. Dom Corria replied in felicitous terms, and, as the newspapers say, the incident ended. The navy sulked for awhile, because it held that Russo's treatment of the Andorinha was not cricket or baseball or whatever game appeals most to the Brazilian sportsman. It was not even professional football, it said, but an acrimonious discussion was closed by a strong hint from the treasury that pay day might be postponed indefinitely if too much were made of a regrettable accident to the guns of the Maceo artillery.

Meanwhile Dom Corria, the man who did not forget, was puzzled by two circumstances not of national importance. San Benavides, never a demonstrative lover where Carmela was concerned, was a changed man. He was severely wounded during the fight, and Carmela nursed him assiduously, but there could be no doubt that he was under her thumb and would remain there. The indications were subtle, but unmistakable. Carmela even announced the date of their marriage.

Dom Corria remembered, of course, what San Benavides said his daughter had said when they all met in the ballroom. It seemed to him that Salvador was telling the truth and that Carmela was shying on that occasion. But he was well enough alone. It was good for Salvador that he should obey Carmela. He blessed them and remarked that a really "smart" wedding would be just the thing to inaugurate the new reign at Rio de Janeiro.

He was far more perplexed by the untimely wrath of Philip Hozier. He thought of it for at least five minutes next morning. Then he sought Dickey Bulmer, who had just quitted Cooke's

bedroom and was examining the rare shrubs that bordered the lawn.

"What news of that brave man?" asked Dom Corria, and his deep voice vibrated with real feeling.

"First rate, sir," said Dickey. "The bullet is extracted, and the doctor says he'll soon be all right. Leastways, the doctor Iris tells me. I can't talk Portuguese myself, and poor old Jimmie's languid ain't fit to be repeated."

The president laughed. "He is what you call a bundle of contradictions, eh—a rough fellow with the heart of a bull? But he saved my life, and that naturally counts for a good deal with me. And how is your niece after last night's terrible experience?"

"My niece? D'ye mean Iris?" demanded Bulmer, obviously somewhat annoyed.

"Yes."

"She's not my niece. She's—"

"Your granddaughter, then?"

"No, sir. That young lady 'as done me the honor of promisin' to be my wife."

"Oh!" said Dom Corria, fixing his brilliant eyes on Bulmer's waxed face. "There's no 'oh' about it," growled Dickey. "It was all cut and dried weeks ago, and she 'as't rused of 'er bargain yet, as far as I can make out."

"You mean that the marriage was arranged before the Andromeda sailed?" said Dom Corria gently.

"Why, of course. It couldn't very well be fixed after, could it?"

"No—not as between you and her. I can vouch for that. Forgive me, Mr. Bulmer, I have a daughter of marriageable age, you know, and I speak as a parent. Do you think that it is a wise thing for a man of your years to marry a girl of twenty?"

"If I didn't I wouldn't do it."

"But may it not be selfish?"

Then downright Lancashire took hold of the argument.

"Look 'ere! 'ot are you drivin' at?" demanded Dickey, now in a white heat of anger. He had yet to learn that the president preferred a straightforward way of talking.

"I want you to forego this marriage," he said.

"Why?"

"Because that charming girl loves another man, but feels that she is bound to you. I understand the position at last. Mr. Bulmer, you cannot wish to break her heart and drive that fine young fellow, Philip Hozier, to despair. Come, now! Let you and me reason this thing together. Possibly when she agreed to marry you she did not know what love was. She is high minded, an idealist, the soul of honor. What other woman would have consented to be separated from her friends on Fernando Noronha merely because it increased their meagre chances of safety? How few women, loving a man like Philip Hozier, who is assured of a splendid reward for his services to this state, would resolutely deny the claims of her own heart in order to keep her word?"

Bulmer had never heard any one speak with the crystal directness of Dom Corria. Each word chipped away some part of the fence which he had deliberately erected around his own intelligence. Certain facts had found crevices in the barrier already. Dom Corria broke down whole sections. But he was a hard and stubborn, and his heart was set on Iris.

"You are mighty sure she is wrapped up in this young spark?" he growled.

"Were I not I would not have interfered. Take my advice. First ask yourself an honest question, then ask the girl. She will answer. I promise you that."

"I'm a rich man," persisted Dickey.

"Yes."

"Nobody forced 'er one way or the other."

"Possibly. One wonders, though, why she hid herself on the Andromeda."

"It's true, I tell you. David said—"

"Who is David?"

"Her uncle."

"In England, I take it, if a man wishes to marry a girl he does not woo her uncle. Of course these customs vary. Here in Brazil—"

Then Bulmer said something about Brazil that was not to be expected from one of his staid demeanor. In fact, he regarded Brazil as the cause of the whole trouble, and his opinion concerning that marvelous land coincided with Hozier's. He turned and walked away, looking a trifle older, a trifle more bent perhaps, than when he came out of the house.

An hour later Dom Corria and Carmela met in a corridor. They were discussing arrangements for a speedy move to the capital when Iris ran into them. Her face was flushed, and she had been crying. Much to Carmela's amazement, the English girl clasped her round the neck and kissed her.

"Tell your father, my dear, that he has been very good to me," she whispered. Then her face grew scarlet again, and she hurried away.

"Excellent!" said the president.

"That old man is a gentleman. His friend is not. Yet they are very much alike in other respects. Odd thing! Carmela, can you spare a few minutes from your invalid?"

"Yes, father."

"Go, then, and find that young Englishman, Philip Hozier. Tell him that the engagement between Miss Yorke and Mr. Bulmer is broken off."

Carmela's black eyes sparkled. That wayward blood of hers surged in her veins, but Dom Corria's calm glance dwelt on her, and the spasm passed.

"Yes, father," she said dutifully.

He stroked his chin as he went out to pronounce a funeral oration on those who had fallen during the fight.

"I think," said he reflectively—"I

think that Carmela dislikes that girl. I wonder why."

Philip had never, to his knowledge, seen the Senhora de Silva. It was therefore something more than a surprise when the tall, willowy girl, black haired, black eyed and most demure of manner, whom he remembered to have met in the gateway of Las Flores early on the previous day, came to his tent and asked for him.

She introduced herself, and Philip was most polite.

"My father sent me"—she began.

"I ought to have waited on the president," he said, seeing that she hesitated, "but several of my men are wounded, and we have so few doctors."

"Dom Corria is a good doctor himself," she said.

"His skill will be much appreciated in Brazil at the present moment," said he, rather bewildered.

"He mends broken hearts," she persisted.

"Ah, a healer, indeed!" but he frowned a little.

"He is in demand today. He asked me to tell you of one most successful operation. The—er—the engagement between Miss Iris Yorke—is that the name—and Mr.—Mr.—dear me?"

"Bulmer," scowled Philip, a block of ice in the warm air of Brazil.

"Yes, that is it. Well, it is ended. She is free—for a little while."

There was a curious bleaching of Philip's weather tanned face. It touched a cord in Carmela's impulsive nature.

"It is all right," she nodded. "You can go to her."

She left him there, more shaken than he had ever been by thunderous sea or screaming bullet.

Visiting the sick is one of the Christian virtues, so Philip visited Cooke. Iris had just finished writing a letter, partly dictated and much altered in style, to Mrs. James Coke, Sea View, Ocean road, Birkenhead, when a gentle tap brought her to the door. She opened it. Her wrist was seized, and she was drawn into the corridor. The tall young man who held her wrist proceeded to squeeze the breath out of her, but she was growing so accustomed to deeds of violence that she did not even scream.

"There is a British chaplain at Pernambuco," was Philip's incoherent remark.

"I must ask my uncle," she gasped.

"No. Leave that to me. No man living shall say 'Yes' or 'No' to me where you are concerned, Iris."

"Do not be hard with him, Philip, dear. He was always good to me, and—and—I have grown a wee bit afraid of you."

"You are so much older, so much sterner, than when you and I looked at the Southern Cross together from the bridge of the Andromeda."

"I was a boy then, Iris. I am a man now. I have fought and loved and suffered. And what of you, dear heart? We were throwing the furnace every sort of claim for the sinking of the Andromeda. Judged by the compensation given to the vessel's survivors, there could be no doubt that the dependents of the men who lost their lives would be well provided for."

At odd moments David and Dickey Bulmer discussed the partnership. The young people would be home in two months, and then Philip was to come into the business.

"We're growing old, David," said Dickey. "I've got plenty of money, and you'll 'ave a tidy bit now, but there's one thing neither of us can buy, an' that's youth."

"I don't want to be young again," said David, "but I'd like to go back just a year or so—no more."

"Why?"

"Well, there's bin times w'en—w'en I'd 'ave acted different. 'ot do you say, Jimmie?"

Coke, thus appealed to, glowered at his employer.

"Say!" he growled. "I say nothin' I know you, David."

Philip and Iris attended Carmela's wedding during their honeymoon. The cathedral at Rio de Janeiro was packed, and Iris was quite inconspicuous among the many richly attired ladies who graced the ceremony by their presence. Nevertheless Colonel Salvador San Benavides favored her with a peculiar smile as he led his bride down the central aisle.

She laughed, flushed and looked at her husband.

"Yes, I saw him," he whispered. "But I never feared him. It was you that made me sit up. By the way, old girl, let us cut out the reception. I want to call at the bank and at a shop in the Rua Grand. You will be interested."

Well, being a good and loving wife, she was interested deeply. Ten thousand pounds was Dom Corria's financial estimate of the services rendered by Philip, and Iris was absolutely dumfounded by the total in millions. But her voice came back when Philip took her to a jeweler's and the man produced a gold cross on which blazed four glorious diamonds. Dom Corria had given her a necklace many times more valuable, but this—

"For remembrance?" said Philip.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she murmured, and her eyes grew moist.

THE END.

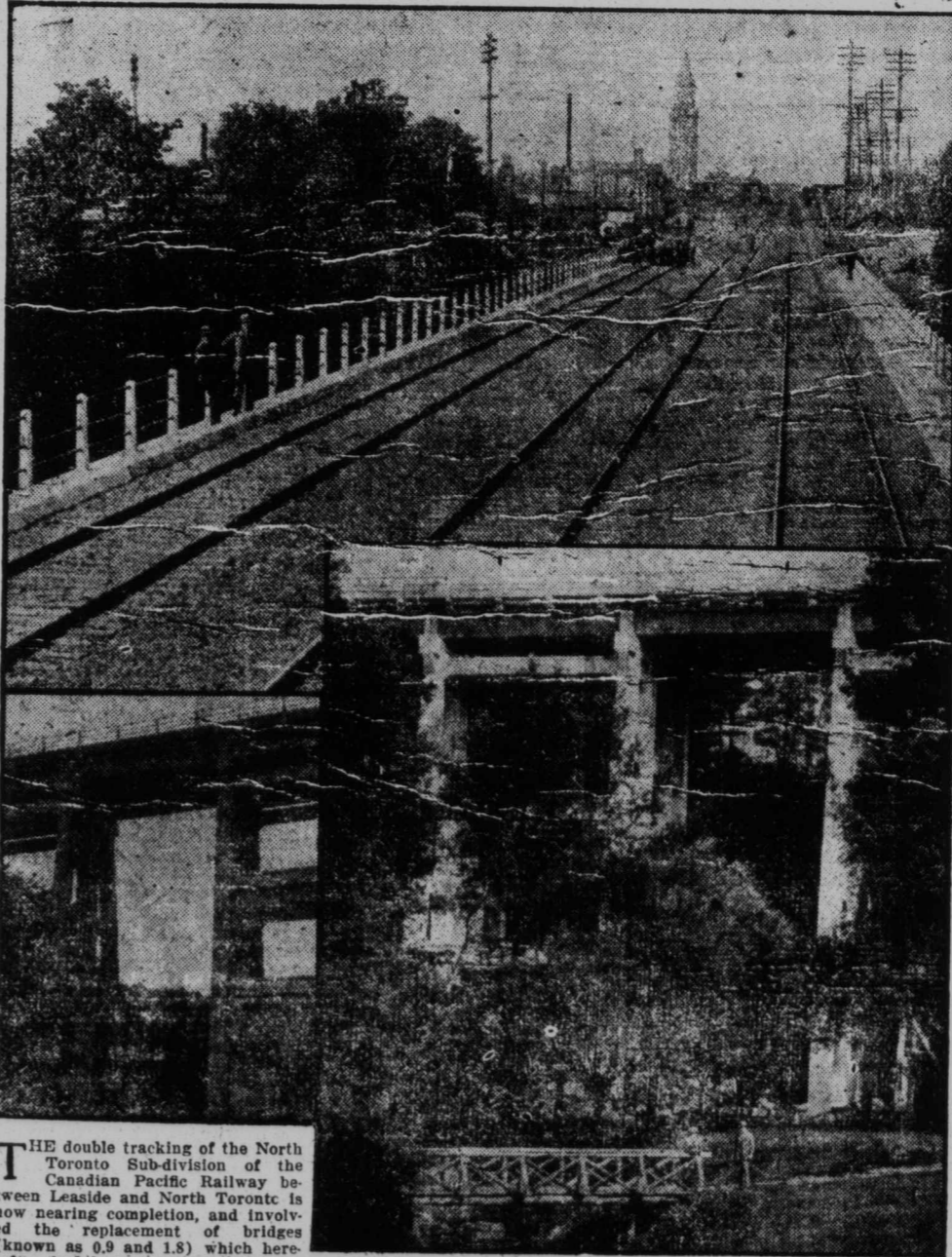
# The Wolves Were Hungry



Angus McGregor and his collie dog left the Canadian Pacific Railway main line at Kamloops and went north and west for six days to get into good trapping and hunting territory for a winter's work. They made several trips before the snow came and shut them in. When winter shut down there was much cold weather and not an excessive amount of snow. The rabbits drifted north to the thicker brush, and McGregor and his dog extended their lines twenty miles further. Big snow came and the wolves found hard work to get a living through the rabbits and partridges were fat and contented. McGregor took a lot of fur, mink, lynx, marten and fox.

One day while on the trail of a moose he saw a big black wolf looking down. The collie saw it too and dashed to the conflict. The wolf turned and fled, and when the man topped the rise he saw his dog nearly a half mile away still fiercely pursuing the wolf which had just entered the mouth of a steeply sloped draw. Half way up the draw the wolf stopped, and down from either flank swept two more wolves. The first brute had acted as decoy for the dog. The collie, realizing his danger, wheeled and ran toward his master, pursued by all three of the pack. He led them by a few yards, and threw himself finally against the feet of McGregor, while the wolves, gaunt, hungry and unusually fierce came right on, and only swerved aside to circle when the man yelled. One he shot before the others fled, and a few days later, having placed out "baits" with the satisfaction of picking up the other two big, black bodies.—L. V. K.

# Record In Concrete Bridge-Building



THE double tracking of the North Toronto Sub-division of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Leaside and North Toronto is now nearing completion, and involves the replacement of bridges (known as 0.9 and 1.8) which heretofore had been trestles constructed of steel. Owing to the high price of steel and the difficulty of procuring it since the war began it was found that reinforced concrete competed successfully against steel.

The bridges were therefore constructed of this material and are a triumph of railway construction work. No. 0.9 being 386 feet long and 80 feet high carrying two tracks and No. 1.8 of similar dimensions but a three track structure. The length of the individual spans and the details of their construction are unprecedented in the engineering world. Previous to this no reinforced concrete beam with a length of more than about 25 feet had been attempted; the spans of these two C. P. R. structures are each from 35 to 37 feet long. These spans have been made possible by the employment of unit construction by which each span was designed as two beams which, after being manufactured near the work, were laid side by side on the previously built reinforced concrete towers. The towers themselves are really reinforced concrete buildings constructed in the usual manner by means of wooden forms built around a steel reinforce-

ment which was previously assembled and securely wired together. When all was in readiness the concrete was poured by means of long spouts which led in several directions from the main mixing tower. The pouring of the concrete was maintained as continuously as possible until a whole tower was completed. This work was done during the winter at a time when the temperature was below freezing point; it was performed inside of what was virtually a building erected to maintain a suitable temperature around the newly deposited concrete until it was out of danger of being damaged by frost.

These two structures are provided with narrow sidewalks and handrails, which enable trainmen to move conveniently along side-standing trains. The hand rails add considerably to the aesthetic appearance of the structures, which are extremely artistic in appearance and at the same time satisfactory from a general and utilitarian point of view, besides being absolutely permanent. Both passenger and freight traffic on the C. P. R. main lines was continued without interruption during the progress of these interesting works.