

# The Stowaway

By LOUIS TRACY

"I see that, whether willing or not, we are to be made the tools of your ambition," interrupted Hozier curtly. "It is also fairly evident that I am the only man of the Andromeda's company whom you have not bribed to obey you. Well, be warned now by me. If circumstances fail to justify your change of route I shall make it my business to settle at least one revolution in Brazil by cracking your skull."



"Let me understand," said De Sylva. "You hold my life as forfeit if any mischance befalls Miss Yorke?"

"Yes."

"I accept that. Of course you no longer challenge my direction of affairs?"

"I am no match for you in argument, senator, but I do want you to believe that I shall keep my part of the compact."

"I'm going to have a nap," Coke announced. "Either you or Watts must take 'old. Which is it to be?"

"No need to ask Mr. Hozier any such question," said the suave Dom Corria. "You can trust him implicitly. He is with us now—to the death."

Soon after sunset Iris reappeared. She walked on the after deck with San Benavides and seemed to be listening with great attention to something he was telling her.

When Hozier was relieved and summoned to a meal in the saloon with Norris and some of the ship's own officers Iris was nowhere visible. He went straight to her cabin and knocked.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"I, Phillip. Will you be on deck in a quarter of an hour?"

"No."

"But this time I want to tell you something."

"Phillip, dear, I am weary. I must rest—and I dare not meet you."

"Dare not?"

"I am afraid of myself. Please leave me."

He caught the sob in her voice, and it unmaned him. He stalked off, raging. While off duty he kept strict watch and ward over the gangway in which Iris' cabin was situated. It was useless. She remained hidden.

As Coke had told Iris she might expect to be ashore about 2 o'clock, she waited until half past 1 ere coming on deck. Despite her unalterable decision to abide by the hideous compact entered into with her uncle and Huzner, her first thought now was to find Hozier.

"Iris was thoroughly wretched and not a little disturbed by the near prospect of landing in a foreign country which would probably be plunged into civil war by the mere advent of De Sylva. It need hardly be said that under these circumstances Hozier was the one man in whose company she would feel reasonably safe. But she could not see him anywhere."

At last she hailed one of the Andromeda's men whom she met in a gangway.

"Mr. Hozier, miss?" said he. "Oh, he's forward, right up in the bows, keepin' a lookout."

This information added to her distress. She ought not to go to him. Full well she knew that her presence might distract him from an all important task. So she sat forlornly on the fore hatch, waiting there until he might leave his post.

The steamer crept on lazily, and Iris fancied the hour must be nearer 5 o'clock than 2 when she heard Hozier's voice ring out clearly:

"Buoy on the port bow!"

There was a movement among the dim figures on the bridge. A minute later Hozier cried again:

"Buoy on the starboard bow!"

She understood then that they were in a marked channel. Already the road was narrowing. Soon they would be ashore. At last Hozier came. He saw her as he jumped down from the forecastle deck.

"Why are you here, Iris?" was all he said. She looked so bowed, so humbled, that he could not find it in his heart to reproach her for having avoided him earlier.

"I wanted to be near you," she whispered. "I—I am frightened, Phillip. I am terrified by the unknown. Somehow on the rock our dangers were measurable; here we shall soon be swallowed up among a whole lot of people."

"They heard Coke's gruff order to the watch to clear the falls of the jolly-bow. The Unser Fritz was going dead slow. On the starboard side were the lights of a large town, but the opposite shore was amber and vague."

"Are we going to land, or are we in a small boat?" said Iris timidly.

"I fancy there is a new story on foot. A suspect is reported half a mile down-stream. I—missed her be-

cause your back was turned. She has steamed up and could slip her cables in a minute. They saw her from the bridge, of course, but I did not report her, as there was a chance that my hull might be heard, and we came in so confidently that we are looked on as a local trader."

He took her by the arm with that unceremonious grasp that is so comforting to a woman when danger is nigh. They reached the bridge. Some sailors were lowering a boat as quietly as possible.

Dom Corria approached with outstretched hand.

"Goodby, Miss Yorke," he said. "I am leaving you for a few hours, not longer. When next we meet I ought to have a sure grip of the presidential ladder, and I shall climb quickly. Won't you wish me luck?"

"I wish you all good fortune, Dom Corria," said Iris. "May your plans succeed without bloodshed."

"Ah, this is South America, remember. Our conflicts are usually short and fierce. Au revoir, Mr. Hozier. By daybreak we shall be better friends."

San Benavides also bade them farewell with an easy grace not wholly devoid of melodramatic pathos. The dandy and the man of rags climbed down a rope ladder, the boat fell away from the ship's side, and the night took them.

"Mr. Hozier" cried Coke.

"Yes, sir."

"Is all clear forward to let go anchor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give her thirty. You go and see to it, will you?"

Hozier made off at a run.

Iris recalled the last time she heard similar words. She shuddered. Would that placid foreshore breeze out into a roar of artillery and the wornout Unser Fritz, like the wornout Andromeda, stagger and lurch into a watery grave?

But the only noise that jarred the peaceful night was the rattle of the cable and winch. The ship fell away a few feet and was held. There was no moving light on the river. Not even a police boat or customs launch had put off. Macello was asleep. It was quite unprepared for the honor of a presidential visit.

CHAPTER XIV.  
THE NEW ERA.

SWAGGERING officer and a man habited like a beggar landed unobserved at a coal wharf, moored a ship's boat to a bolt and passed swiftly through a silent town till they reached the closed gates of an infantry barrack perched on a hill that rose steeply above the clustering roofs of Macello. The officer knocked loudly on a small door inset in the big gates. After some delay it was opened. A sentry challenged.

"Capitao San Benavides," announced the officer, and the man stood to attention.

"Enter, my friend," said San Benavides to his ragged companion. The latter stepped within. In darkness, the colonel's house was in darkness, yet San Benavides rapped imperatively. An upper window was raised. A voice was heard, using profane language. A head appeared. Its owner cried, "Who is it?" with additions.

"Christ! And the other?"

"One whom you expect."

The head popped in. Soon there was a light on the ground floor. The door opened. A very stout man, bare-footed, who had struggled into a pair of abnormally tight riding breeches, faced them.

"Can it be possible?" he exclaimed, striking an attitude.

Dom Corria spoke not a word. The three passed into a lighted apartment. De Sylva placed himself under a chandelier and took off a frayed straw hat which he had borrowed from some one on board the Unser Fritz. The colonel, a grotesque figure in his present deshabille, bowed low before him.

"My president, I salute you," he murmured.

"Thank you, general," said Dom Corria, smiling graciously. "I knew I

could depend on you. How soon can you muster the regiment?"

"In half an hour, excellency."

"See that there is plenty of ammunition for the machine guns. What of the artillery?"

"The three batteries stationed here are with us," he said.

"Colonel San Benavides, an chief of the staff, is acquainted with every detail. You, general, will assume command of the army of liberation. Some trunks were sent to you from Paris, I believe."

"They are in the room prepared for your excellency."

"Let me go there at once and change my clothing. I must appear before the troops as their president, not as a jail bird. For the moment I leave everything to you and San Benavides. Let Senator Pondillo be summoned. He will attend to the civil side of affairs. You have my unqualified approval of the military scheme drawn up by you and my other friends. There is one thing—a gunboat lies in the harbor. Is she the Andorinha?"

The newly promoted general smote his huge stomach with both hands, and the rat-tat signified instant readiness for action.

"The guns will soon scare that bird," he exclaimed. As the dawn was about to peep up over the sea twelve guns lumbered through the narrow streets, waking many startled citizens. A few daring souls who guessed what had happened rushed off on horseback or bicycle to remote telegraph offices. These adventurers were too late. Every railway station and postoffice within twenty miles was already held by troops.

General Russo drew up his three batteries on the wharf opposite the unsuspecting Andorinha and endeavored to plant twelve shells in the locality of her engine room without the least hesitation. There was no thought of demanding her surrender or any quixotic nonsense of that sort.

As it was a gun scored, though the elevation was rather high. The shells made a sad mess of the superstructure, but left the engines intact. Though winged, she still could fly.

The second salvo of projectiles was less damaging. Again the gunners failed to reach the warship's vital. Her commander got his own arms into action and managed to demolish a warehouse and a grain elevator. Then he made off down the coast toward Rio de Janeiro.

The sudden uproar stirred Macello from roof to basement. Its inhabitants poured into the plaza. Every man vied with his neighbor in yelling: "The revolution is here! Viva Dom Corria!"

The one incident of a political nature in which the victors of the tussle on Fernando Noronha were publicly concerned was the outcome of a message cabled by Dom Corria while the smoke of Russo's cannon still clung about the quay.

It was written in German, addressed to a Hamburg shipping firm and ran as follows: "Have sold Unser Fritz to Senator Pondillo at the port of from Sept. 1 for 175,000 marks. If approved cable confirmation and draw on Paris branch Deutsche bank at sight. Franz Schmidt, care German consul, Macello."

This harmless commercial item was read by many officials hostile to De Sylva, yet it evoked no comment. Its first real effect was observable in the counting house of the Hamburg owners. There it was believed that Captain Schmidt had either become a lunatic himself or was in touch with a rich one. Schmidt was so well known to them that they acted on the latter hypothesis. They cabled him their hearty commendation, "draw" on the Paris bank by the next post and awaited developments. To their profound amazement the money was paid. As they had obtained \$3,700 for a vessel worth about one-quarter of the sum they had good reason to be satisfied. It mattered not a jot to them that the sale was made "as from Sept. 1" or any other date. They signed the desired quitance, cabled Schmidt again to ask if Senator Pondillo was in need of other ships of the Unser Fritz class, and the moment of the firm indulged that evening in the best dinner that the tiptop restaurant of Hamburg could supply.

A Music Hall Singer.

The funeral took place recently at Singford, Eng., of Harry Anderson, aged 42, a well-known music hall comedian. He was 185 singer of "Beer, Beer, Glorious Beer."

"MY PRESIDENT, I SALUTE YOU," HE MURMURED.

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## HUSBAND SAVES WIFE

### From Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"For many months I was not able to do my work owing to a weakness which caused backache and headaches. A friend called my attention to one of your newspaper advertisements and immediately my husband bought three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. After taking two bottles I felt fine and my troubles caused by that weakness are a thing of the past. All women who suffer as I did should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Mrs. JAS. ROHRBERG, 620 Knapp St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues," should accept Mrs. Rohrborg's suggestion and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial.

For over thirty years it has been correcting such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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## PUT ON A CHOKER

Two ladies were talking the other day and in some way the telephone subject came under discussion. They both had "party-line" telephones. One of the ladies was telling about how mean somebody in her neighborhood is. To use her own language, that somebody will "talk to some other fool for half an hour, and never say anything at 'er, and here I will be 'resly wild wanting to order things for dinner or tell Tom what I want him to fetch home. Are you bothered that way?" The other replied: "I used to be, but am not any more. A friend of mine who is connected with the service told me how to put on a choker, and I will tell you. You may have noticed those two metal knobs at the top of the instrument. Well, they are there whether you have noticed them or not. Now, when somebody has used the line about twice as long as she ought to, I just lay a key or a short piece of wire across those two knobs. Then, in a minute or two, I take off my short circuit and can get central all right. I used to feel as if I wanted to say bad words, but now I let gossip feel that way. The hnt was thankfully received by the one to whom it was given, and perhaps others will be thankful too."

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Grade V.—Marion MacKenzie, 1; Evelyn Coughlan, 2.

Grade IV.—Raymond Bateman, 1; John Coughlan, 2.

Grade III (a).—Bertha Creamer, 1; Susan Sherrard, 2; (b) Walter Bateman, 1; Archie Sherrard, 2.

Grade II.—Herbert Vye, 1; Hubert Creamer, 2.

Grade I.—Raymond O'Toole, 1; Fred Pinkington, 2.

Perfect attendance for term—Raymond Bateman, Walter Bateman. Pupils making over 70% on examinations—Lola Sherrard, 99; Ethel Brown, 98; Greta McLaughlan, 96; Margaret Brown, 94; Kathryn Brown, 94; John Coughlan, 94; Marion MacKenzie, 91; Robinson MacKenzie, 88; Raymond Bateman, 86; Mary Sherrard, 83.

See "Womanhood" the glory of an nation.

SUFFERING CATS! GIVE THIS MAN THE GOLD MEDAL.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter; wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for cats will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called frezone, applied directly upon the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue.

This drug is a sticky ether compound, but dries at once and simply shrivels up the corn without inflicting or even irritating the surrounding tissue.

It is claimed that a quarter of an ounce of frezone obtained at any drug store will cost very little but is sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet. Out this out, especially if you are a woman reader who wears high heels.

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Extract from a letter of a Canadian soldier in France.

To Mrs. R. D. BAMBURGH:—  
The Rectory, Yarmouth, N.S.

Dear Mother:—

I am keeping well, have good food and well protected from the weather, but have some difficulty keeping uninvited guests from visiting me.

Have you any patriotic druggists that would give something for a gift overseas—if so do you know something that is good for everything? I do—Old MINARD'S Liniment.

Your affectionate son,  
Rob.

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Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd.  
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Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

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