Red Heart and Black Arrow

A Tale of the Rolling Wave

CHAPTER XIII.

When I came back to consciousness I was lying on my back on a dirty bed in a stone cell some twelve feet long by six across, and my returning senses took shape slowly in the process of counting the bars in an iron-grated window high up in the opposite wall. How long I had lain there I had no means of knowing. A stray sunbeam flickering through the dusty glass of the window told me that it was daytime, and that was all. As recollection grew upon me, I moved my limbs to see if I was bound, and I rejoiced in a dim and misty sort of way to find that, within the narrow compass of my prison at least, I was free.

But that was the extent of my self-gratulation. When I remembered the scene at the Consulate. and the manner of my forcible capture, I gnashed my teeth with impotent fury to think that Zavertal and Vizard, about whose co-operation there could no longer be any doubt, had bested me with such ease. Whatever their objects might be, they had evidently seen that I was hostile and suspicious, and they had got me deposed from the command by some ruse by which the Consul had been made the unconscious abetter of their villainy. By this time the Queen of Night had probably proceeded on her voyage in charge of another captain, and the thought maddened me that Aline was on board, ignorant or misinformed of what had befallen me, and with those two unscrupulous villains at hand free to carry out whatever devilry was in their minds.

These considerations quite outweighed the disgust I felt at the treatment to which I had been subjected ; but after a while I began to wonder what colorable pretext my enemies could have offered to the Consul to induce him to sanction their conduct. Of course I never doubted that he had been duped, but a terribly strong case must have been presented to him, I thought, for him to permit violence to be used against a British subject within the walls of the Consulate. With what crime was I charged ? Again, however heinous that crime might be, why that extraordinary method of arrest ? I had no previous experience of Italian justice, but I could not believe that it was usual to chloroform prisoners in order to make them "go quietly."

My mind having cleared sufficiently to reason thus, the impulse prompted me to try and ascertain whether I was really in prison or no. The place of my confinement certainly warranted no other supposition. The walls and floors were of stone, the door massive and nail-studded, and the window was placed so high that its lattice of iron bars could only have been intended to prevent escape—not accident. Having no means of filing the bars, flight by that route was out of the question, but I thought that by standing on the bed and making an upward spring, it was just possible that I might reach the inner sill of the window, and hang long enough to obtain a view of the outside surroundings.

At the second attempt I was successful. My fingers got a grip on the stone sill, and by dint of pulling up my own weight, I managed to raise my head sufficiently high to look out. I saw an old and tangled garden surrounded by stone walls, and with nothing more human-like in it than here and there a broken statue peeping through the matted undergrowth. The paths and terraces were moss-grown and uncared for. Beyond the far boundary wall the ground sloped upwards, and I could see that it was quite country, and only sparsely studded with large houses at considerable intervals.

Having noted that my window was about twenty feet from the ground, I dropped back into my cell, the wiser only by the negative theory that my place of confinement was not a prison. The neglected condition of the garden precluded the idea that the place was a Government establishment of any kind, and the situation tended to prove that it was not the jail. I judged from the country beyond the walls that I was somewhere on the rising foothills at the back of the city, whereas the jail was in the central and thickly built over district of the Via Garibaldi.

Further reflection was cut short by the sound of approaching footsteps, followed by the clanking of bolts and chains. A moment later the door opened, admitting three stalwart Italians whose appearance at once put an end to any lingering notion that I might be in a legal prison. If I had been held captive by brigands in a mountain fastness, I could not have had guardians who more thoroughly looked the part than the greasy, ragged, garlic-smelling rascals who crowded into the narrow cell. They all carried oak cudgels, which, judging from the ferocious glance they shot at me, they would use with very little provocation. Separately, I could have easily tackled any one of them, but the number put all ideas of attacking them out of my head at once—especially as I did not know how many of the same sample might be within beck and call.

One fellow carried a bowl of stew, and another a stone jar half-filled with country wine. These they deposited on the floor, one of them saying, with a gesture : "Deener—Signor eat deener."

This denoted a modified knowledge of English, and I at once broke into a torrent of protest and inquiry—where was I ? why had I been so treated ? was I free to go away ?

At the last question the spokesman laughed, and answered the first question as though it comprised a reply to the others.

"This is the Convent—the Convent of Santa Lucia," he said.

This conveyed nothing, and when I pressed him further he refused to say why I had been brought there, and in whose keeping I was. The only piece of information he vouchsafed increased my anxiety and dismay. On my demanding to be taken instantly to the British Consul the man replied insolently,—

"Consul come here see Signor in one week. No use making fuss before."

"Is there any one named Zavertal, or Vizard, in this cursed place ?" I asked.

But he only shook his head vacantly, and again pointing to the wretched food withdrew with his companions, barring the door behind them. I was too excited to be hungry, but recognizing the necessity of preserving my strength, I ate some of the mess and drank all the wine, after which I sat on the bed—not to despair, but to think out some way of escape. That my capture was in some degree sanctioned by authority I concluded from the man's statement that the Consul would visit me in a week. That was so far reassuring, as showing that I was not in the hands of professed criminals, but it also spurred me to endeavor to free myself, seeing that the only person who could help me would not be accessible for seven long weary days. To remain shut up for that time, in doubt as to what those two scheming villains were up to, and with that ever-haunting fear about Aline hanging over me, was not what I meant to endure.

I had sat there brooding for an hour or more, when again I heard the tramp of approaching footsteps. On the door being opened, two people—both strangers to me—came in, , while outside were clustered the three men whom I had seen before. The two who entered were quite of a different stamp, and my heart bounded when I saw that the hindermost was dressed in the garb of an English clergyman. The first-comer was a big lank-haired Italian, elderly, and of pompous manners ; but he had the air of being a person of education, and in authority. He seemed to search my face with a keen scrutiny, and then, falling back a pace or two, he said a few words in Italian as he motioned his companion forward.

The clergyman was spare and ascetic-looking, and he proceeded to address me in an irritating, unctuous voice. "I am the new English chaplain here," he said. "Need I say with what heartiness I shall place my ministrations and advice at your disposal. I have called to see you in the exercise of my duty at the special request of the Consul."

"You are very kind," I replied—in, I fear, a thank-you-for-nothing tone, "but I should prefer to see the Consul himself. The only service any one can render me at present is to tell me why I am detained in this hole, and to get me out of it as quickly as possible."

The clergyman sighed a professional sigh. "Those are matters quite beyond my province, I am afraid," he whined, in the nauseous hypocritical twang that was fast making me hate him. "Any spiritual consolation now ? or the loan of a nice book to read ? In either of those ways I shall be so privileged to administer to your wants."

In the doorway the pompous authorative person, evidently ignorant of English, was having our conversation mutilated to him by the greasy tatter-demalion who had a smattering. The man's whispering, therefore, overlapped the last sentence by twenty seconds, and under cover of this the parson, catching my eye, added quickly, whispering himself with great earnestness,—

"I am here to help you. Appear angry and drive me away, but take the book I shall offer you."

With difficulty controlling my delight sufficiently to seize the cue, I cursed him so vigorously for an unsympathetic humbug, unwilling to aid a fellow-countryman in distress, that the translator threw up his hands in despair. The effect upon the clergyman was even more marked. Uttering feeble protests, he retreated to the door, where he nearly fell into the arms of the Italians, who rallied to his assistance. But checking the onslaught they seemed about to make upon me, he ventured back a little way into the cell and laid upon the bed a book which he had been carrying under his arm. This being safely accomplished, he beat a second retreat, pulling the door after him, and then I heard the bolts shot and the footsteps of my visitors departing.

The moment the sounds died away I sprang up and clutched the book, which was rather a bulky volume, bound in cloth with red edges. Directly my fingers closed upon it I knew that it was no book, but a dummy forming a box of which one of the covers was the lid. Wrenching it open I could hardly repress a cry of exultation, for neatly coiled in the interior was a silken cord, slight but strong enough to bear the weight of a man's body, a file, a small chisel, and a half sheet of notepaper, on which were scrawled the following welcome lines :—

"Zavertal has been too clever for us, but I shall beat him yet. In case you do not know, you are in the Convent of Santa Lucia, which is used as a private madhouse. I bring you means of escape. Make the attempt to-night an hour after sunset. I shall wait for you at the right-hand angle of the far garden wall, outside. The ship has sailed, with McIntyre in command, but if you get away to-night we can pick her up at Naples. No time to write more, as I have to devise means of getting to you somehow. Explanations when we meet.

"KENNARD."

(To Be Continued.)

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanantly cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Pains in the Back For Twenty Years

Could Not Turn Over in Bed—Kidneys and Bladder Affected—Experienced Great Sufferings—Cured by

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The old people especially appreciate the effectiveness of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, because the kidneys are usually the first of the bodily organs to give out, and the result is backache, lumbago, pains in the side and limbs, urinary disorders, and constipation.

Old people learn to trust in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, for when all other treatments fail this great medicine seems to go directly to the diseased part, and promptly affords relief and cure.

Mr. David Misener, Farmer, an old and respected resident of Port Robinson, Welland County, Ont., writes: "I wish to state to you that I had pain in my back and left side for over twenty years. At times I could not turn over in bed, I was so badly used up. I had cramps in my feet and legs, and my hands were so entirely useless that I could scarcely lift anything."

"Kidney disease, was, no doubt, the cause of all my suffering, and sometimes the urinary trouble would be so bad that I would have to get up five or six times during the night. Fortunately, I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and they cured me completely. I am now 79 years old and quite well now, but still occasionally use these pills to keep my system in good order. Several persons to whom I have recommended Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have been equally benefited."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the comfort of old age, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HEROES OF HUMBLE LIFE

THE TALE OF GREAT SINGLE-HANDED RESCUES.

One Briton Against a Zulu Army —Saved 600 Souls From a Burning Ship.

It was one morning in September last that a fire broke out with terrible suddenness in the engine house of the Bodringallt Colliery near Rhondda, Wales. At the moment a cage with eleven men in it was slowly descending the shaft. The flames spread rapidly, and the heat became almost unbearable. But Evan Lloyd, the engine man, never dreamt of quitting his post. Catching up a sheet of metal, he propped it in front of his face and grimly held on to his winding lever until the indicator showed that the cage was safe at the bottom of the shaft. Then, and not till then, scorched and blackened, he staggered out into the open air. A few moments later the wire rods attached to the cage snapped with the heat, but by that time ten of the men were in safety. Only one was injured by the falling metal, and he not mortally.

An English railway man the other day saved an express train full of passengers bound from Liverpool to London with true British pluck. A Glasgow goods train was shunting on the L. & N. W. Railway near Tamworth, to make way for the express to pass. The signal fell for the express to pass, but the driver of the goods, under some misapprehension, imagined that it was for him to leave the siding. The points being against him, his train was derailed.

Eight trucks left the rails and lay about utterly blocking the main line. Both driver and fireman were badly hurt; but the latter, a Swansea man, by name Frederick Davis, realizing the danger to the oncoming express, picked himself up, and though

IN TERRIBLE PAIN

crawled slowly towards the nearest signal box. As he went he laid danger signals on the line. When he reached the box he had just strength left to tell what had happened. Then he fell unconscious, and was carried to hospital.

In the two desperate battles of Rorke's Drift and Isandlwhana the gallant Twenty-Fourth lost twenty-one officers and five hundred and eighty-seven men, and the survivors received no fewer than eight Victoria Crosses. Of these the most magnificently won is that which Sergeant Hook, now employed at the British Museum, still wears. For four long hours Hook and two other men held the hospital at Rorke's Drift against a host of huge Zulus. At last his two companions fell, and the survivor ran short of ammunition. Undismayed, he fixed his bayonet and still held off the rushes of his foes. As one after another of them fell, he piled their bodies up until a barricade was formed five feet high. Then the Zulus gave up the attempt to rush and set the place on fire. The sole defender seized a pick and broke through three successive walls of sun-dried clay to get at the hospital behind. There lay eight men, too badly hurt to move. And already the flames were bursting in upon them. Hook picked up the nearest and staggered away with him to the other building behind. Then Lance-Corporal Williams came to the rescue, and with his help all the sufferers were carried into safety. Before rescue came Hook had been fighting eighteen hours on end.

There was a moment of furious excitement on Ludgate Hill on August Bank Holiday last. Two horses drawing an omnibus with twenty excursionists bolted down the hill. The driver lost the reins. Traffic was thick in the Circus, and

DISASTER IMMINENT.

Police Constable Chidley sprang forward and grasped the trailing reins. He threw his weight upon them. They broke, and he was thrown to the ground. Picking himself up, he made another dash, and catching the broken ends, succeeded in pulling the horses up. Unhappily, just as the horses were stopping Chidley fell again, and the wheels passed over his legs, inflicting dreadful injuries. For months he was a patient at St. Bartholomew's and other hospitals, and now he is still a cripple. But he can show with pride the Order of St. John of Jerusalem which the Prince of Wales gave him with his own hand, and he is to enjoy a well merited pension for the rest of his life.

One of the heroes of the world is a Chinaman. His story was recently told by Mr. Granville Sharp of Hong Kong. Mr. Sharp was on a French steamer on its way from Hong Kong to Touron on the Chinese coast. The steamer ran on a rock, and was beached to save her. Her captain hired two Chinese junks to take the crew and passengers back to Hong Kong, and Mr. Sharp went with the captain in the smaller one. A typhoon swept down upon them. Masts, bulwarks, and rudder were swept away in an instant. The Chinese captain, believing all was over, went below and drugged himself with opium. Three Chinese fishermen, who had been firemen on the steamer, were aboard, and these knew the coast. They managed to repair the rudder, but only one could steer well enough to save it from

BEING AGAIN BROKEN.

He had to watch every wave and be ready to ease off for each sea. With no one to relieve him, this man stood at his post in torrents of rain, in wind and darkness, and endured the awful strain for thirty-six hours on end. He never once let go his hold. A boy stood by him and put food between his lips at intervals to give him strength for his all but hopeless task. He saved the junk and all aboard her.

What threatened to be one of the worst disasters in the history of shipping was the burning of the Ocean Monarch. Fire was discovered in her fore-hold an hour or two only after she had left the Mersey. There was a strong breeze and she was headed for the Welsh coast. By some unlucky accident an anchor was dropped, and the big ship was brought up all standing, head to wind. The flames came roaring aft, where 600 passengers and crew were crowded in panic.

A Brazilian frigate, a yacht, and a pilot boat were near, but they only attempted to pick up those who jumped and swam. Suddenly up came the American clipper New World, and rounded into the wind barely two hundred yards away. In her first boat was Frederick Jerome, only an able seaman, but one of the bravest men that ever lived. In a flash his boat was alongside the burning ship and he had climbed on deck amid the scorch and smother. There he stayed until the last soul of all the six hundred was saved. His clothes were afire seven separate times, and he was scorched almost beyond recognition. His only reward was the medal of an American Humane Society. — Pearson's Weekly.

A COMMON MISTAKE.

Many People Weaken Their System by Taking Purgative Medicines.

People who use a purgative medicine in the spring make a serious mistake. Most people do need a medicine at this season, but it is a tonic that is required to give health, vigor and vim. Purgatives irritate and weaken — a tonic medicine invigorates and strengthens. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely the best tonic medicine in the world. These pills do not gallop through the bowels — they are gently absorbed into the system, filling the veins with the pure, red blood that carried health and strength to every part of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure skin eruptions, indigestion, headaches, nervousness, neuralgia, backache, rheumatism, continued weariness and all other blood troubles. They are just the tonic you need for this spring. Mr. A. Campeau, Alexandria, Ont., says: "I received great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and take great pleasure in recommending them to all who suffer from troubles arising out of a poor condition of the blood. I think there is no better tonic medicine."

If you need a medicine this spring give these pills a trial — they will not disappoint you. Do not be persuaded to take a substitute or any of the "just as good" medicines which some dealers, who care only for profit, offer their customers. See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50c per box or six boxes for $2.50.

Opdyke — "What's the use of arguing with a woman? You can never convince her." Depeyster — "True. But think of the pleasure it gives the woman."

"I am going to visit the gaol. There is a man I want to see there." "Is one all? I know about forty whom I should like to see there."

Benham — "Well, if you want to know it, I married you for your money." Mrs. Benham — "I wish I could tell as easily what I married you for."

"I have discovered a way to tell a person's age," said Gladys. "Indeed! Can you tell anyone's age?" asked George. "Yes." "Then tell me yours."

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the "soothing" medicines contain opiates and narcotics dangerous to the health of infants and children. Every mother should shun these so-called medicines as she would deadly poison. Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine specially prepared for children sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Every dose helps little ones and cannot possibly do harm.

No other medicine has been so warmly praised by mothers everywhere. Mrs. J. R. Standen, Weyburn, N. W. T., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are valuable in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives, or when teething. I have never used a medicine that gives such good satisfaction."

These Tablets will promptly relieve and cure all minor ailments of children, and may be safely given to a new born baby. Try them for your children and we know you will use no other medicine. Sold by druggists at 25 cents a box or sent by mail on receipt of price by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.