

Stowaway

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."

Copyright, 1909, by Edward J. Clode

CHAPTER XV.

CARMELA.

AMONG the many words borrowed by the Brazilians from their Spanish speaking neighbors that for "tomorrow" is perhaps the most popular. The Spaniard's mañana is so elastic that it covers any period of time between the next twenty-four hours and the indefinite future. When, therefore, Dom Sylvia spoke of controlling Pernambuco before the month of September was barely half sped he was either too sanguine or too literal in his translation of easy going Portuguese into vigorous English.

His quinta, or country house, was situated on the upper watershed of the river Moxoto. There he raised his standard, thither flocked rebels galore, and in that direction, with due caution, President Barraca pushed columns of troops by road and rail from Bahia, from Pernambuco and from Macao itself, for Barraca held the sea, and the wealthy and enterprising south was strongly opposed to war, while Dom Corria trusted to the mountains and drew his partisans from the less energetic north.

In a word, De Sylva commanded public sympathy, but small resources; Barraca was unpopular, but controlled the navy and part of the army. Given such conditions, with the added absurdity that the troops on both sides were most unwilling to face long range rifle fire, but would cheerfully back each other to meet with knives, and a tedious, indeterminate campaign is the certain outcome.

A few indecisive but sanguinary engagements were fought in the neighborhood of Pesqueira, a town in the hills about a hundred miles from the seaboard. These proved that General Russo was a valiant fighter, but a poor tactician, and that was all. He was opposed by a commander of little courage, but singular skill in strategy. To restore the balance Dom Corria took the field in person, and Dom Miguel Barraca hastened from Rio de Janeiro to witness the crushing of his arch-enemy.

The position was complicated by the arrival at Pernambuco of a German squadron bearing a telegraphic cartel from the emperor. A German ship had been seized on the high seas. Why? And by whom? And how could anybody dare? Then Brazil quivered, for every South American knows in his heart that the great navy of Germany is being created not so much to destroy England as to dispute the proud doctrine of the United States that no European power shall ever again be allowed to seize territory on the American continent.

So there were strenuous days and anxious nights at Las Flores, where President De Sylva sought to equip and discipline his levies, and at Caruru, where President Barraca called on all the gods to witness that De Sylva was a double dyed traitor.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that a grand display of money and audacity, backed by sundry distant roars of the British lion, should enable two elderly Britons and a young Brazilian lady to pass through the lines of the Exército Nacional, as Barraca had christened his following in opposition to De Sylva's army of liberation. Lest too many people should become interested in the adventure was essayed on the night of Oct. 2. Early next day the travelers and their guides reached the rebel outposts. The young lady, who seemed to be at home in this wild country, at once urged her horse into a pace wholly beyond the equestrian powers of her



staid companions. They protested vainly. She waved a farewell hand, cantered over several miles of a rough road and dashed up to the Liberationist headquarters about 8 o'clock.

There was no hesitancy about her movements. She drew rein in approved gaucho style, bringing her mount to a dead stop from a gallop.

"Where is the president?" she asked breathlessly.

"There, senhora," said an orderly, pointing to a marquee open on every side, wherein De Sylva sat in conference with his staff. She entered the tent and uttered a little scream of delight when the president, who was writing at a big table, happened to glance at her. De Sylva rose hastily, with an amazed look on his usually unemotional face. Forthwith the girl flung herself into his arms.

"Father!"

"Carmela!"

San Benavides, whose back was turned, heard the joyous cries of the reunited father and daughter. They were locked in each other's embrace, and the eyes of every man present were drawn to a pathetic and unexpected meeting.

For that reason and because none gave a thought to him the pallor that changed the bronze of his forehead and cheeks into a particularly unhealthy looking tint of olive green passed unnoticed. He managed to recover some shred of self control ere Senhora de Sylva was able to answer her father's first eager questions; then, with a charming timidity, she found breath to say:

"And what of Salvador—is he not here?"

Yes, Salvador was there—by her side—striving most desperately to look love-like. They clasped hands.

"You have come to bring me luck, Carmela meu," said De Sylva, stroking his daughter's hair affectionately. "Today we make our first real advance. Salvador and I are going to the front now, almost this instant. But there will be no fighting—an affair of outposts at the best—and when everything is in order we shall return here to sleep. Expect us, then, soon after sunset. Meanwhile at the quinta you will find the young English lady of whose presence you are aware. Give her your friendship. She is worthy of it."

"Adeos, senhora!" echoed San Benavides, bringing his heels together with a click and saluting. He gathered a number of papers from the table with nervous haste and at once began to issue instructions to several officers. De Sylva renewed the signing of documents. Russo and he conversed in low tones. A buzz of talk broke out in the tent. Carmela went out, unhitched her tired horse and walked to the house.

Filled with tumultuous memories, her heart all throbbing at the prospect of her father's fortunes being restored, the Senhora de Sylva was entering a gate that led to the left front of the house when a young man came out whom she had seen leaving the headquarters tent. Again he rode like one in a hurry, and she noted that he emerged from a side path which gave access to the lawn. He gave her a sharp glance as he passed. She received an impression of a strong face, with stern looking, bright, steel blue eyes, a mouth tensely set, an aspect at once confident yet self contained. She was sure now he was not a Brazilian, and he differed most materially from the mental picture of Captain James Coke created by the many conversations in which he had figured during her long voyage from Southampton in company with David Verity and Dickie Bulmer.

So Carmela wondered now who he could be, nor was her wonder lessened when she peered through the screen of trees and saw a girl, whom she recognized instantly as Iris, furtively dabbing her tear stained face with a handkerchief.

Unhappily the president's daughter was not attractive in appearance, and her surprise that such an uncommonly good looking girl should be the niece of David Verity was not unmingled with pique at finding her already installed in remote Las Flores.

On the way to the stables she heard a man singing. The words were in English. They were also quaint, for they dealt with life from a point of view which differed widely from that presented by Dom Corria's ditty:

Oh, it's fine to be a sailor (sang Watts) as I cross the ragin' main.

From Hugu bar to New Orleans to

foam. But I hope that my old woman will put me on the chain. Next time I want to quit my 'umble home.

"Are you one of the Andromeda's men?" asked Carmela, speaking in the clear and accurate English used by her father.

It was well for Watts that the tree prevented him from falling backward. He was quite sober, but cheerful withal, as he had nothing to do but sleep, smoke, eat and drink the light wine of the district, of which his only complaint was that "one might mop up a barrel of it an' get no forrarder."

"My godfather!" he howled, springing from the rail and recovering his wits instantly. "Beg pardon, mum, but you took me aback all standin', as the sayin' is."

"I am afraid it is my fault," said Carmela. "I have just arrived here, and everybody seems to be so full of troubles that I am glad to hear you singing."

"Oh, that's just hummin', mum! If you're fond of music you ought to 'ear Schmidt, Captain Schmidt of the Unser Fritz."

Carmela struck an attitude.

"Wot, d'y'know 'im?" asked Watts.

"No, it is something—rather important. I must go back to my father. Ah, I ought to explain! I am the Senhora de Sylva, Dom Corria's daughter."

"Are you really, mum—miss?" exclaimed Watts, highly interested. "Ow in the world did ye manage to come up from the coast? Accordin' to all accounts—"

"Yes, what were you going to say?" for the man hesitated.

"Well, some of our chaps will 'ave it that we're runnin' close hauled on a lee shore."

Carmela knit her brows. The Watts idiom was not those of her governess.

"We had no great difficulty in passing through Dom Barraca's lines, if that is what you mean," she said. "Mr. Verity and Mr. Bulmer had obtained special permits, but in my case—"

"Mr.—oo, did you say, miss?" demanded Watts, whose lower jaw actually dropped from sheer amazement.

"Mr. Verity, the owner of the Andromeda. You are one of the crew, I suppose?"

"I'm the chief officer. Watts is my name, miss. But d'you mean to tell me that ole David Verity 'as come 'ere—to Brazil—to this rotten— Sorry, miss, but you gev' me a turn, you did. An' Dickie Bulmer—is 'e 'ere too?"

"Yes, or he soon will be here. I rode on in advance of the others."

"Well—there—if that don't beat cock-fightin'!" cried Watts. "Wot'll Coke say? W'y, 'e'll 'ave a fit. An' Miss Iris! She's to marry ole Dickie. Fancy 'im turnin' up! There'll be the deuce an' all to pay now wot between 'im an' Hozier an' the dashin' colonel!"

"Who is Mr. Hozier?" asked the girl calmly.

"He is, or was, our second mate, but since the colonel an' 'e got to logger-heads 'e took an' raised a corps of scouts. Some of our fellows joined, but not me. Killin' other folks don't agree with me a little bit."

"And the colonel—what is his name?" broke in Carmela.

"San Benavides, miss. Captain 'e was on Fernando Noronha. 'E took a mighty quick jump after we ken ashore. But I ax your pardon for ramblin' on in this silly way. Won't you go inside?"

The Senhora de Sylva might have been seized with mortal illness if judged solely by the manner in which she staggered into her father's house, threw her arms around the neck of an elderly serving woman, whom she petrifed by her appearance, and almost



"WHAT, THEN? DOES THIS WOMAN COME HERE AND TAKE ALL?"

fainted—not quite, but on the verge, much nearer than such a strong minded young lady would have thought possible an hour earlier.

Maria screamed loudly. Tongue tied at first, she was badly scared when Carmela collapsed on her ample bosom. Restoratives and endearments followed. Carmela asked to be taken to a room where she might wash and shake the dust from her hair and clothes. Maria considered ways and means. Every room in the big house was crowded.

"Who is in my own apartment?" demanded Carmela.

Even before the answer was forthcoming she guessed the truth. The Senhora Inglesa, of course. Those fine eyes of hers flashed dangerously.

deed, if it were not for them and the assistance they gave me I would not be here now. No one recognized me, fortunately, and—I hope you will not be vexed—I passed as Mr. Verity's

niece. In fact, I took your place for the time."

"If Mr. Verity and Mr. Bulmer are in Brazil?" Iris began tremulously, but Carmela broke in, with a shrill laugh:

"There is no 'if'. Look below there, near my father's tent! They have arrived. They are asking for you. Come, let us meet them! I must see my father before he departs."

Iris' swimming eyes could not discern the figures to which Carmela was pointing. But this strange girl's triumphant tone rang like a knell in her heart. She was not thinking now of the complications that might arise between San Benavides and his discarded flame. She only knew that by some miracle her uncle had come to bring her home, and with him was the man to whom she was pledged, while Philip only half an hour ago had told her he would not see her again until the following evening.

So this was the end of her dream. Bittersweet it had been and long drawn out, but forthwith she must awake to the gray actualities of life.

She felt Carmela dragging her onward irresistibly, vindictively. She saw as through a mist David Verity's fiery hued face and heard his harsh accents. Yes, there was no mistake. Here was Bootle transported to Brazil, Linden House to Las Flores!

"By gum, lass," he was bellowing, with a touch of real sentiment in his voice, "you've given us a rare dance afore we caught up wif you. But 'ere you are, bright as a cherry, an' 'ere is Dickie an' 'imself come to fetch you. Dash my wig, there's life in the old dogs yet, or we'd never ha' bin able to ride forty mile through this God-forgotten country. An' damme if that isn't Coke, red as a lobster. Jimmie, me boy, put it there! Man, but you're a dashed long way from port!"

Happily Iris was too stunned to betray herself. She extended a hand to the sun browned, white haired old man standing by her uncle's side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Boston Brown Bread.

"Mix and sift one cupful each of rye meal, granulated corn-meal and graham flour," says Fannie Merritt Farmer in Woman's Home Companion for February. "Add one teaspoonful of salt, three fourths of a teaspoonful of soda, three fourths of a cupful of molasses and one and three fourths cupfuls of sweet milk. Stir until well mixed, turn into a buttered mold cover and steam three and one half hours. Do not fill the mold more than two thirds full. The cover should be tied down firmly with a string; otherwise the bread in rising might force off the cover. If a steamer is not at hand, place mold on a trivet in kettle containing boiling water, allowing water to come half-way up around mold. Cover closely and steam, adding as needed more boiling water."

A KING WHO LEFT HOME

set the world to talking, but Paul Mithulka, of Buffalo, N. Y., says he always KEEPS AT HOME the King of all Laxatives—Dr. King's New Life Pills—and that they're a blessing to all his family. Cure constipation, headache, indigestion, dyspepsia. Only 25c at all druggists.

The Sealy

Tuftless Mattress

On a Sealy Tuftless Mattress You will dream you drift on air, Like you were upon an airship— Pleasant dreams to be your share. On a Sealy Tuftless Mattress You'll have rest and sweet repose: It is made for peace and comfort And it does invite the doze. Pluffy, stuffy, always puffy, Mattresses that you can't keep down, Like the truth it always rises— That's what makes its wide renown. Lumps? Indeed there's no lumps in it. It's the very even thing. It is made of plant cotton And it's springy on the spring. It's the mattress of the palace And the mattress of the cot; Safe and sane and sanitary It's the best of all the lot. It will hold its shape forever Keeping smooth the upper spreads; It's so easy to lie on it— And so easy to make beds, It is everywhere the hobby And it's everywhere the rage, For the Sealy Tuftless Mattress Is the mattress of the age.

Fred S. Ashley

THE HOME FURNISHER

CLEARANCE SALE

33 1/3 per cent Off

"The unkindest cut of all"

(For our competitors)

We are busy listing our goods preparatory to taking stock on February 1, 1911, on which date we close our books for the year. Up to but not including said date we will give a discount of 33 1/3 per cent for cash on the following articles:

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits

Men's, Boys' and Children's Overcoats

Men's, Boys and Children's Sweaters

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Sweaters

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear

Ladies' Skirts, Underskirts and Waists

Ladies', Misses and Children's Leather Shoes

And on all Wool Dress Goods

Read the list carefully as the items therein named include every article of its kind to be found in our store. It will therefore be seen that we are not selecting shelf-worn or unsalable stock, but are allowing you to make your own choice of the best we have.

We are going to get our share of the cash if we have to force Sears & Roebuck into bankruptcy.

Yours for business,

R. S. and Z. CO.

To the Citizens of Wallowa County

It is our purpose to handle any business entrusted to us in such a fair and liberal manner as to make the customer's relation with this bank satisfactory and profitable. Aside from our excellent facilities, this bank has the advantage of a large capital and substantial list of stockholders. It is also a State Depository. If you are not a customer we invite you to become one.

Stockgrowers and Farmers National Bank

Wallowa, Oregon

When you buy a farm, or a town lot, what is the first thing you demand?

An Abstract of Title

Is that all? Not by a long ways. You insist on a

Reliable Abstract

Careful work enables us to fill that demand

WALLOWA LAW, LAND & ABSTRACT CO.

ENTERPRISE, OREGON

Beatman & Blyden, Managers

Long Distance Service

over the telephone makes neighbors of your friends miles away. Bad roads are now in order. Use the service of the

Home Independent Telephone Co.

Long Distance service to all points in Union and Wallowa Counties.

MICRO

FOR ITCHING SCALP, DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

Micro kills the Dandruff parasite, soothes the itching scalp, gives lustre to the hair and stimulates its growth. A single application gives relief and proves its worth. Do not be bald. Save your hair before too late. Micro is a delightful dressing for the hair, free from grease and sticky oils. Booklet free.

HOYT, CHEMICAL COMPANY
PORTLAND, OREGON