

SYNOPSIS.

The story is told by Nicholas Trist. His chief, Senator John Calhoun, offered the perifelio of secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet, is told by Dr. Ward that his time is short. Calhoun declares that he is not ready to die, and if he accepts Tyler's offer it means that Texas and Oregon must be added to the Union. He plans to learn the intentions of England with regard to Maxico through Baroness von Ritz, secret app and reputed mistress of the Englishe ambassador, Pakenham.

CHAPTER II.

By Special Dispatch. In all eras and all climes a woman of great genius or beauty has done what she

"Nicholas," said Calhoun, turning to me suddenly, but with his invariable kindliness of tone, "oblige me tonight. I have written a message here. You will see the address-

"I have unavoidably heard this lady's name," I hesitated.

"You will find the lady's name above the seal. Take her this message from me. Yes, your errand is to bring the least known and most talked of woman in Washington, alone, unattended tleman is myself! You must not take any answer in the negative."

As I sat dumbly, holding this sealed document in my hand, he turned to Dr.

Ward, with a nod toward myself. "I choose my young aide, Mr. Trist here, for good reasons. He is just back from six months in the wildermess, and may be shy; but once he had a way with women, so they tell me-and you know, in approaching the question ad feminam we operate per hominem.

Dr. Ward took snuff with violence

as he regarded me critically. "I do not doubt the young man's sincerity and faithfulness," said he. was only questioning one thing."

"Yes?" "His age."

Calhoun rubbed his chin. "Nicholas," he said, "you heard me. I have ino wish to encumber you with useless instructions. Your errand is before you. Very much depends upon it, as you have heard. All I can say is, keep your head, keep your feet, and keep your heart!"

The two older men both turned now, and smiled at me in a manner not wholly to my liking. Neither was this errand to my liking.

It was true, I was hardly arrived home after many months in the west but I had certain plans of my own for that very night, and although as yet I had made no definite engagement with my flancee, Miss Elizabeth Churchill of Elmburst farm, for meeting her at the great ball this night, such certainly was my desire and my intention. Why, I had scarce seen Elizabeth twice in the last year.

"He might be older," said Calhoun at length, speaking of me as though I were not present. "And 'tis a hard game to play, if once my lady Helen takes it into her merry head to make tt so for him. But if I sent one shorter of stature and uglier of visage and with less art in approaching a crinoline-why, perhaps he would get no farther than her door. No; he will serve-he must serve!

He arose now, and bowed to us both, even as I rose and turned for my cloak to shield me from the raw drizzle which then was falling in the atreets.

So this, then, was my errand. My mind still tingled at its unwelcome quality. Dr. Ward guessed something of my mental dissatisfaction.

"Never mind, Nicholas," said he, as we parted at the street corner, where he climbed into the rickety carriage which his colored driver held awaiting him. "Never mind. I don't myself quite know what Calhoun wants; but he would not ask of you anything personally improper. Do his errand, then. It is part of your work. In any case-" and I thought I saw him grin in the dim light- "you may have a might which you will remember."

There proved to be truth in what he

CHAPTER III.

In Argument. The egotism of women is always for

The thought of missing my meeting with Elizabeth still rankled in my randum: "Knock at the third door riage with a strange lady. Now in a soul. Had it been another man who in the second block beyond M street." sober and matter of fact way it apmaked me to carry this message, I must have refused. But this man was but I must confess the direction still reason for this singular situation. my master, my chief, in whose serv- seemed somewhat cryptic. Puzzled, I "Madam," I remarked to my comice I had engaged.

For myself, his agent, I had, as I face of the note under my cloak to service to you this evening?" may, left the old Trist homestead at keep off the rain, as I studied it. the foot of South mountain in Mary- The sound of wheels behind me on tleman," she said, in a low and soft years' semi-diplomatic training when came swinging up to the curb where faintest trace of some foreign accent, I first met Calhoun and entered his I stood. It was driven rapidly, and although her English was perfect. service as assistant. It was under as it approached the door swung open. him that I finished my studies in law. I heard a quick word, and the driver was dark; that was sure. It swept up Meantime, I was his messenger in pulled up his horses. I saw the light in a great roll about her oval brow. very many quests, his source of infor- shine through the door on a glimpse Her eyes, too, must be dark, I con-

had no time to go into details. Strange enough had been some of driver looked at me inquiringly.

# ILLUSTRATIONS by MAGNUS G. KETTNER

myself thrust through this relation the stars runs much the same in all enough, but not too full, and faintly For six months I had been in Missistoches, I felt that I had earned some little rest.

Vaguely in my conscience I feit fied, even though at some cost to my as though to make room for me! own wishes and my own pride. The farther I walked in the dark along Pennsylvania avenue, into which finally I swung after I had crossed Rock bridge, the more I realized that perhaps this big game was worth playing quest. in detail and without quibble as the master mind should dictate.

I was, indeed, young-Nicholas Trist, of Maryland; six feet tall, thin, lean, always hungry, perhaps a trifle freckled, a little sandy of hair, blue I supgood rider and good marcher, I know; weapons of my time and people; fond

with a man so intimately connected ages. I have said that I loved Elizafor a generation with our public life. beth, but also said I was not yet 30. sippi and Texas studying matters and here might be a lady in need of help. men, and now, just back from Natchi- I need not say that in a moment I was her to be about of medium height. A pant made no exclamation of surprise: that, after all, my errand was justi- other side of the seat in the darkness,

A dark framed face, whose outlines could only dimly see in the faint light of the street lamp, leaned toward me. The same small hand ner makes no bungles in her symmetry vously reached out, as though in re-

I now very naturally stepped closer A pair of wide and very dark eyes was looking into mine. I could now see her face. There was no smile upon her lips. I had never seen her before, that was sure-nor did I ever pose of eye, although I am not sure; think to see her like again; I could say that even then, even in the half something of an expert with the light. Just a trifle foreign, the face; somewhat dark, but not too dark; of a horse and a dog and a rifle-yes, the lips full, the eyes luminous, the and a glass and a girl, if truth be told. forehead beautifully arched, chin and save by yourself, to a gentleman's I was not yet 30, in spite of my west- cheek beautifully rounded, nose cleanapartments, to his house, at a time ern travels. At that age the rustle of cut and straight, thin but not pinched. past the hour of midnight! That gen. silk or dimity, the suspicion of ad- There was nothing niggard about her. venture, tempts the worst or the best | She was magnificent-a magnificent of us, I fear. Woman!-the very woman. I saw that she had splendid sound of the word made my blood jewels at her throat, in her ears-a leap then. I went forward rather necklace of diamonds, long hoops of blithely, as I now blush to confess. diamonds and emeralds used as ear-"If there are maps to be made to- rings! a sparkling clasp which caught night," said I, "the Baroness Helena at her white throat the wrap which shall do her share in writing on my she had thrown about her ball gown-



Knock at the Third Door in the Second Block Beyond M Street.

on her own dressing case." That was an idle boast, though made but to myself. I had not yet met the woman.

CHAPTER IV.

The Baroness Helena. Woman is seldom merciful to the man who is timid.-Edward Bulwer Lytton.

There was one of our dim street lights at a central corner on old Penna long walk, I paused for a glance at the inscription on my sealed document. I had not looked at it before in the confusion of my somewhat hurried mental processes. In addition to the name and street number, in Calhoun's writing, I read this memo-

I recalled the nearest cross street; peared to me my duty to find out the

mation in many matters, where he of white satin. I looked again. Yes, firmed. Yes—as a passed lamp gave it was a beckoning hand! The negro me aid—there were strong dark brows

chief's old mahogany desk, and not for now I saw she was in full evening dress. I guessed she had been an attendant at the great ball, that ball which I had missed with so keen a regret myself-the ball where I had hoped to dance with Elizabeth. Without doubt she had lost her way and was asking the first stranger for instructions to her driver.

My lady, whoever she was, seemed pleased with her rapid temporary scrutiny. With a faint murmur, whether of invitation or not I scarce sylvania avenue, and under it, after could tell, she drew back again to the farther side of the seat. Before I knew how or why, I was at her side. The driver pushed shut the door, and whipped up his team.

Personally I am gifted with but small imagination. In a very matter of fact way I had got into this car-

stood under the lamp, shielding the panion. "in what manner can I be of

"I am fortunate that you are a genland, to seek my fortune in our capi- the muddy pavement called my atten- voice, quite distinct, quite musical in tal city. I had had some three or four tion, and I looked about. A carriage quality, and marked with just the

I looked again at her. Yes, her hair above them. Her nose, too, was pathe circumstances in which I found Ah, well, I suppose diplomacy under trician; her chin curving just strongly ing \$5 a day for a fifty-cent room."



cleft, a sign of power, they say.

A third gracious lamp gave me a Moreover, I was a gentleman, and glimpse of her figure, huddled back among her draperies, and I guessed at the side of the carriage. Its occu- fourth lamp showed me her hands, small, firm, white; also I could catch in fact, she moved back upon the a glimpse of her arm, as it lay outstretched, her fingers clasping a fan. So I knew her arms were round and taper, hence all her limbs and figure finely molded, because nature does not do such things by halves, and of contour when she plans a noble specimen of humanity. Here was a noble specimen of what woman may be.

I was not in such a hurry to ask again how I might be of service. In fact, being somewhat surprised and somewhat pleased, I remained silent now for a time, and let matters adjust themselves; which is not a bad course for any one similarly engaged.

She turned toward me at last deliberately, her fan against her lips, studying me. And I did as much, taking advantage as I could of the passing street lamps. Then, all at once, without warning or apology, she smiled, showing very even and white teeth.

She smiled. There came to me from the purple-colored shadows some sort of deep perfume, strange to me. frown at the description of such things and such emotions, but I swear that as I sat there, a stranger, I felt swim up around me some sort of amber shadow, edged with purple-the shadow, as I figured it then, being this perfume, curious and alluring!

It was wet, there in the street. Why should I rebel at this stealing charm of color or fragrance-let those name it better who can. At least I sat, smiling to myself in my purple-amber shadow, now in no very special hurry. At last I could not, in politeness,

keep this up further. "How may I serve the baroness?" said I.

She started back on the seat as far as she could go.

"How did you know?" she asked

"And who are you?" I laughed. "I dld not know, and did not guess until almost as I began to speak; but if it comes to that, I might say I am simply an humble gentleman of Washington here. I might be privileged to peep in at ambassadors' balls-through the windows, at least."

"But you were not there-you did not see me? I never saw you in my life until this very moment-how, then, do you know me? Speak! At once!" Her satins rustled. I knew she was tapping a foot on the carriage floor. "Madam," I answered, laughing at

her; "by this amber purple shadow, with flecks of scarlet and pink; by this perfume which weaves webs for me here in this carriage, I know you. The light is poor, but it is good enough to show one who can be no one else but the Baroness von Ritz."

I was in the mood to spice an adventure which had gone thus far. Of course she thought me crazed, and drew back again in the shadow; but when I turned and smiled, she smiled in answer-herself somewhat puzzled. "The Baroness von Ritz cannot be

disgulsed," I said; "not even if she wore her domino." She looked down at the little mask

which hung from the silken cord, and flung it from her.

"Oh, then, very well!" she said. "If you know who I am, who are you, and why do you talk in this absurd way with me, a stranger?"

"And, why, madam, do you take me up, a stranger, in this absurd way, at midnight, on the streets of Washing- It means that "he looked into him," ton?-I, who am engaged on business for my chief?"

She tapped again with her foot on the carriage floor. "Tell me who you are!" she said.

"Once a young planter from Maryland yonder; sometime would be lawyer here in Washington. It is my mis- mond. He describes the effect in his fortune not to be so distinguished first Epistle (1:7). "That the trial of in fame or beauty that my name is known by all; so I need not tell you my name perhaps, only assuring you it be tried with fire, might be found unthat I am at your service if I may be useful."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Begging for Toothpicks. "Hold-up men of all kinds have stopped me on the highways and byways of the city, but the limit was reached the other night," says C. H. Peckham.

"I had just left the theater when a man touched my arm. "'My friend,' he said, 'will you please stake me to a wooden tooth-

pick?"

"So dazed was I that I was taken off my guard. "'Wait here,' I said, 'and I'll go in

the Gillsy and get you a handful." "I did, and he accepted them with profuse thanks.

'It's getting so now,' he said. 'that a gentleman can't even pick up a match in a hotel unless he is pay

# PETER'S DENIAL

Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 4, 1910 Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT-Matthew 26:31-35, 69-75. Memory verses, 74-75, GOLDEN TEXT-"Let him that thinks th he standeth take heed lest he fall."-

Cor. 10:12 TIME-The denials, were early Friday morning, April 7, A. D. 30.

PLACE—In the court of the Palace of the High Priest Calaphas, in the southwest part of Jerusalem.

The first thing Jesus did for Peter was to set before him in his first interview the goal and ideal of his life. He was to be changed from the Simon we have just been viewing into Peter the Rock. His incohesive qualities were to be unified into one beautiful whole; the separate and sometimest discordant notes of his character were to be formed into the exquisite harmonies of a Hallelujah chorus. He was like the soft stone in some quarries, easily cut and shaped when first taken from the quarry, but soon hardening into rock. Peter expresses the possibilities Jesus saw in the nature of Simon, an "ideal which God would make divinely real."

For three years Peter was an earnest pupil in Christ's school. He made many mistakes; he fought many battles on the battlefield of his heart; he had some severe repreofs, but he had a wise, encouraging, patient teacher. After a time he was advanced to the highest grade with James and John. "The first essential for success is a soul," an awakened soul. One of the most interesting studies for a teacher, is to go carefully through the Gospels, and study Christ's method of teaching and training such an unruly but carnest scholar as Peter was

"Thou shalt deny me thrice, disown; me as your Lord and Master." Peter! was sure that he would not fail in the hour of temptation. No one knows what he will do in unexpected circumstances. But Jesus did all he could to put Peter on his guard.

An interval of some hours. Gethsemane; Peter, wearied, sleeps on guard. The arrest; Peter and all the apostles desert Jesus. But Peter and John follow afar off. The trial before the Sandhedrin in some room of Caiaphas' palace, opening into a court.

Peter was sitting with the servants and others around a fire and he denied Christ before them all, who were gathered around the fire.

The main charge was prominently made by one, a kinsman of Malchus, who had seen Peter in the garden and was known to St. John from his ac, quaintance with the high priest's household. For thy speech betrayeth thee, "betrayeth," shows that thou are a Galilean, and therefore one of his disciples, or why else art thou here?

Then began he to curse, call down curses on himself if he did not speak the truth. And to swear, to call God to witness that it was true. It is more than probable that Peter, in his earlier life as a fisherman, before his conversion, had been in the habit of using profane language, and now, in the sudden surprise of temptation, the old habit broke forth anew, as the language of youth, long unused, is almost certain to be employed in times of great excitement. It is a long and street bride," said Mr. Davis, smiling. hard discipline that entirely conquers the sins or youth.

"I know not the man." And this in the very presence of Jesus. "The ways down which the bad ship Wickedness slides to a shoreless ocean must be greased with lies." "A lie is you were yelling your college yell." put out to interest, and the interest is compound.'

It was now that Peter was "sifted as wheat." Part of what he thought was wheat was really chaff, and this, terrible sifting under temptation blew away in the roughest manner most of the chaff,-his inconstancy, his, flery temper, his self-confidence, but preserved all the good in his character, purified and perfected.

We can be good in spite of falls. God can bring good out of evil. That in his glory, and our hope. But he can parent, "when I was your age I had do far more with our victories than by our failures.

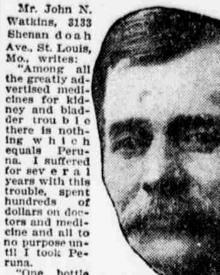
Then Jesus looked upon Peter. The Greek word for "looked" occurs but in one other place in the Gospels. into his very heart, "with eyes that went like lightning to the quick of his constience." Peter remembered the warning, and went out and wept the bitterest tears of repentance.

From this time on Peter was a new man. The charcoal had become diayour faith, being much more precious than of gold that persisteth, though to praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ:" Peter rejoiced when he could express his love to Jesus by suffering in his cause. He wrote a letter which has been a comfort and a power all down the ages. His victory-not his fall-in the great crisis gave him power over men to the

"In the pain and the repentance, and in the acquaintance with the aspects of folly and sin," says Ruskin, "you have /learned something; how much less than you would have learn, ed in right paths can never be told, but that it is less is certain. Your liberty of choice has simply destroyed you so much of life and strength never regainable. It is true you know the habits of swine, now, and the taste for husks. Do you think that your Heavenly Father would not have taught you to know better habits and pleasanter tastes if you had stayed in his house.

### **DOCTORS FAILED**

Suffered Several Years With Kidney Trouble, "Peruna Cured Me."



did me more good than all Mr. John N. Watkins. the others put together, as they only the others put together, as they only poisoned my system: Peruna cured me. I used it for four months before a complete cure was accomplished, but am truly grateful to you. The least I can do in return is to acknowledge the merits of Peruna, which I take pleasure in now doing."

runa.

Bladder Trouble.

Mr. C. B. Newhof, 10 Delaware street, Albany, N. Y., writes:

"Since my advanced age I find that I have been frequently troubled with urinary ailments. The bladder seemed irritated, and my physician said that I was catarrh caused by a protracted told which would be difficult to overome on account of my advanced years, took Peruna, hardly daring to believe that I would be helped, but found to my relief that I soon began to mend the irritation gradually subsided, and is urinary difficulties passed away. ave enjoyed excellent health now for te past seven months. I enjoy my meals, sleep soundly, and am as well as I was twenty years ago. I give all praise to Peruna."

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BABY'S GIFT FROM HIS PAPA

Inheritance for Which Mother Did Not Seem to Be in Any Great Degree Thankful.

Richard Harding Davis, at a foot ball game in Philadelphia, praised the voices of the young undergradsates shouting their weird college

"It makes me think of a Locust "She turned to her husband one night

at dinner and remarked: "'My dear, the first time I saw you was at Franklin Field. Your head was thrown back, your mouth wide open and your face was very red-

"'Yes, I remember, said the young man. "'And I noticed,' she continued, what a remarkable voice you had.

"'Yes, you spoke of it at the time.' said he. 'But what makes you think of it now?" "'Oh, nothing,' said the bride. 'Only I wish the baby hadn't inherited

it. That's all." Trying to Console.

"My son," remarked the stern very little time for frivolous diversions.

"Well," replied the young man, "you didn't miss much. Believe me, this gay life isn't what it looks to be."

Sweetest Success. "What's the sweetest kind of success?

"That which you achieve by acting contrary to the advice of your friends.

> "Don't Argufy"

A single dish of

## **Post Toasties**

with sugar and cream tells the whole story-

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.