JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST

BY ROBERT BARR. The Wizard In His Magic Attic.

When Jennie entered the carriage in which her friend was waiting, the other cried, "Well, have you seen him?" apparently meaning the director of police. 'No. I did not see him, but I talked with him over the telephone. I wish you could have heard our conversation; it was the funniest interview that I ever took part in. Two or three times I had to shut off the instrument, fearing the director would hear me laugh. I am afraid that before this business is ended you will be sorry I am a guest at your house. I know I shall end by getting myself into an Austrian prison. Just think of it! Here have I been 'holding up' the chief of police in this imperial city as if I were a wild western brigand. I have been terrorizing the man, browbeating him, threatening him, and be the person who has the liberty of all Vienna in his hands, who can have me dragged off to a dungeon cell any time he likes to give the order."

"Not from the Palace Steinheimer," said the princess, with decision.

"Well, he might hesitate about that; yet, nevertheless, it is too funny to think that a mere newspaper woman, coming into a city which contains only one or two of her friends, should dare to talk to the chief of police as I have done tonight and force him actually to beg that I shall remain in the city and continue to assist him."

"Tell me what you said?" asked the princess eagerly, and Jennie related all that had passed between them over the telephone.

"And do you mean to tell me that you are going to give that man the right to use all the information you have acquired, and allow him to accept complacently all the kudes that such a discovery entitles you to?"

"Why, certainly," replied Jennie. "What good is the kudos to me? All the credit I desire I get in the office of The Daily Bugle in London."

"But, you silly girl, holding such a secret as you held, you could have made your fortune," insisted the practical princess, for the principles which had been instilled into her during a youth spent in Chicago had not been eradicated by her residence in Vienna. "If you had gone to the government and said, How much will you give me if I restore to you the missing gold?' just imagine what their answer would be.'

"Yes, I suppose there was money in the scheme if it had been really a secret. But you forget that tomorrow morning the chief of police would have known as much as he knows tonight. Of course, if I had gone alone to the treasury vault and kept my discovery to myself, I might, perhaps, have 'held up' the government of Austria-Hungary watching everything I did, and going with me to the chemist, there was no possibility of keeping the matter a se-

"Well, Jennie, all I can say is that you are a very foolish girl. Here you are, working hard, as you said in one of your letters, merely to make a living. and now, with the greatest nonchalance, you allow a fortune to slip through your fingers. Now, I am simply not going to allow this. I shall tell my husband all that has bappened, and he shall make the government treat you honestly, if a door. Here she rapped several times not generously. I assure you, Jennie, that Lord Donal-no, I won't mention his name, since you protest so strenuously-but the future young man, whoever he is, will not think the less of you because you come to him with a handsome dowry. But here we are, at home, and I won't say another word on the

subject if it annoys you.' When Jennie reached her delightful spartments-which looked even more luxuriantly comfortable bathed in the soft light that now flooded them from quiet toned shaded lamps than they did in the more garish light of day—she walked up and down her sitting room in deep meditation. She was in a quandary. Whether or not to risk sending a coded telegram to her paper was the question that presented itself to her. If she were sure that no one else would learn the news, she would prefer to wait until she had further particulars of the treasury catastrophe. A good deal would depend on whether the director of police took any one into his confidence that night or not. If he did not, then he would be aware that only he and the girl possessed that important piece of news. If a full account of the discovery sppeared in the next morning's Daily Bugle, then, when that paper arrived in Vienna, or even before, if a synopsis were telegraphed to the government, as It was morally certain to be, the director would know at once that she was whom he was so anxious to frighten out

the correspondent of the newspaper of Vienna. On the other hand, her friendship with the Princess von Steinbeimer gave her such influence with the chief's superior that after the lesson she had taught him he might hesitate to make any move against her. Then, again, the news that tonight belonged to two persons might on the morrow come to the knowledge of all the correspondents in Vienna, and her efforts, as far as The Bugle was concerned, would have been in vain. This consideration decided the girl, and, casting off all sign of hesitation, she sat down at her writing table and began the first chapter of the solution of the Vienna mystery. Her opening sentence was exceedingly diplomatic, "The chief of police of Vienna has made a most startling discovery." Beginning thus, she went on to details of the discovery she had that day made. When her account was finished and codified, she went down to

her hostess and said:

"Princess, I want a trustworthy man, who will take a long telegram to the central telegraph office, pay for it, and come away quickly before any one can ask him inconvenient questions." "Would it not be better to call a

dienstmanner ?" "A dienstmanner? That is your commissionnaire or telegraph messenger? No. I think not. They are all numbered and can be traced."

"Oh, I know!" cried the princess. "I will send our coachman. He will be out of his livery now, and he is a most reliable man; he will not answer inconvenient questions or any others, even if they are asked."

To her telegram for publication Jennie had added a private dispatch to the editor that it would be rather inconvenient for her if he published the account



He glared at her through his glasses. next morning, but she left the decision entirely with him. Here was the news, and if he thought it worth the risk he might hold it over; if not, he was to print it regardless of consequences.

As a matter of fact, the editor, with fear and trembling, held the news for a day, so that he might not embarrass his fair representative, but so anxious was he that he sat up all night until the other papers were out, and he heaved a sigh of relief when, on glancing over them, he found that not one of them contained an inkling of the information locked up in his desk. And so he dropped off to sleep when the day was breaking. Next night be had nearly as much anxiety, for, although The Bugle would contain the news, other papers might have it as well, and so for the second time he waited in his office until the other sheets, wet from the press, were brought to him. Again fortune favored him, and the triumph belonged to The

The morning after her interview with the director of police Jennie, taking a small hand satchel, in which she placed the various bottles containing the difas successfully as I 'held up' the chief | ferent dusts which the chemist had sepof police tonight. But with the director arated, went abroad alone and, hailing a fiacre, gave the driver the address of Professor Carl Seigfried. The carriage of the princess was always at the disposal of the girl, but on this occasion she did not wish to be embarrassed with so pretentious an equipage.

The cab took her into a street lined with tall edifices and left her at the number she had given the driver. The building seemed to be one let out in flats and tenements. She mounted stair after stair, and only at the very top did she see the professor's name painted on without any attention being paid to her summons, but at last the door was opened partially by a man whom she took, quite accurately, to be the professor himself. His head was white and his face deeply wrinkled. He glared at her through his glasses and said to her:

"Young lady, you have made a mistake. These are the rooms of Professor Carl Seigfried." "It is Professor Carl Seigfried that I

wish to see," said the girl hurriedly as the old man was preparing to shut the

"What do you want from him?" "I want some information from him about explosives. I have been told that he knows more about explosives than any other man living."

'Quite right -he does. What, then ?" "An explosion has taken place, producing the most remarkable results. They say that neither dynamite nor any other known force could have had such an effect on metals and minerals as this power has had."

"Ah, dynamite is a toy for children!" cried the old man, opening the door a little farther, exhibiting an interest which had up to that mement been absent from his manner. "Well, where did this explosion take place? Do you wish me to go and see it?"

"Perhaps, later on. At present I wish to show you some of its effects, but I don't propose to do so here in the passageway.

"Quite right, quite right," hastily ejaculated the old scientist, throwing the door wide open. "Of course I am not accustomed to visits from fashionable young ladies, and I thought at first there had been a mistake, but if you have any real scientific problem I shall be delighted to give my attention to it. What may appear very extraordinary to the lay mind will doubtless prove fully explainable by scientists. Come in, come in!"

The old man shut the door behind her and led her along a dark passage into a large apartment, whose ceiling was the roof of the building. At first sight it seemed in amazing disorder. Huge as it was, it was cluttered with curious shaped machines and instruments. A twisted conglomeration of glass tubing, bent into fantastic tangles. stood on a central table and had evi- to have such a remarkable effect on own accord, and I shall endeavor to dently been occupying the professor's attention at the time he was interrupt-

where the walls were not occupied with subject to such attacks and I ward cupboards, and every shelf was burdened with bottles and apparatus of different kinds. Whatever care Professor Seigfried took of his apparatus, he seemed to have little for his furniture. place, except one deep armchair, covered with a tiger's skip, in which the meditating or watching the progress of an experiment. This chair he did not have to do is to say so." offer to the young lady-in fact, he did not offer her a chair at all, but sank down on the tiger's skin himself, placed the tips of his fingers together and glared at her through his glittering

"Now, young woman," he said me? Don't begin to chatter now, for my time is valuable. Show me what all about it, and most likely a very simple thing it is.'

Jennie, interested in so rude a man, smiled, drew up the least decrepit chair she could find and sat down, in spite of the angry mutterings of her irritated host. Then she opened her satchel, took out the small bottle of gold and handed forbidding grin. it to him without a word. The old man took it somewhat contemptuously, shook and the material it contained is dissiit backward and forward without taking pated. Not a trace of it is left." out the cork, adjusted his glasses, then suddenly seemed to take a nervous interest in the material presented to him. He rose and went nearer the light. Drawing out the cork with trembling hands, he poured some of the contents into his open palm. The result was startling enough. The old man flung up | self to his feet. his hands, letting the vial crash into a thousand pieces on the floor. He staggered forward, shricking, "Ah, mein them!" Gott-mein Gott!"

Then, to the consternation of Jennie, who had already risen in terror from her chair, the old man plunged forward on his face. Jennie had difficulty in repressing a shrick. She looked round hurriedly for a bell to ring, but there the door and cry for help, but in her excitement could find neither handle ment. nor latch. It seemed to be locked, and the key, doubtless, was in the professor's pocket. She thought at first that he had her. dropped dead, but the continuing moans as he lay on the floor convinced her of her error. She bent over him anxiously and cried, "What can I do to help

With a struggle he muttered, "The bottle-the bottle-in the cupboard behind you."

She hurriedly flung open the doors of the cupboard indicated and found a bottle of brandy and a glass, which she partly filled. The old man had with an his pallid lips. He gulped down the excited." brandy and gasped: "I feel better now. Help me to my chair."

Assisting him to his feet, she supported him to his armchair, when he shook himself free, crying angrily: "Let me alone! Don't you see I am all right

The girl stood aside, and the professor dropped into his chair, his nervous ands vibrating on his knees. For a long interval nothing was said by either, and the girl at last seated herself in the chair she had formerly occupied. The first words the old man spoke were, Who sent you here?"

"No one. I came of my own accord. I wished to meet some one who had a large knowledge of explosives, and Herr Feltz, the chemist, gave me your address."

"Herr Feltz! Herr Feltz!" he repeat ed. "So he sent you here?" "No one sent me here," insisted the

girl. "It is as I tell you. Herr Feltz merely gave me your address." "Where did you get that powdered

gold ?" "It came from the debris of an ex-

plosion." "I know; you said that before. Where was the explosion? Who caused

"That I don't know." "Don't you know where the explosion

"Yee, I know where the explosion was, but I don't know who caused it. "Who sent you here?" "I tell you no one sent me here."

"That is not true. The man who caused the explosion sent you here. You



He staggered forward, shricking, "Ah, mein Gott-mein Gott! are his minion. What do you expect to

"I expect to learn what explosive was used to produce the result that seemed

ed. The place was lined with shelving effect on me. My heart is weak. I am city a terrific explosion"-

them off with brandy. Some day they will kill me. Then you won't learn any secrets from a dead man, will you?"

"I hope, Professor Seigfried, that you bave many years yet to live, and I must There was hardly a decent chair in the further add that I did not expect such a reception as I have received from a man of science, as I was told you were. professor evidently took his case while If you have no information to give to me-very well, that ends it; all you

"Who sent you here?"

"No one, as I have repeated once or twice. If any one had, I would give quavering voice. him my opinion of him when I got back. You refuse to tell me anything about tions quite independently of the governthe explosive that powdered that gold?"

"Refuse? Of course I refuse! What sharply, "what have you brought for did you expect? I suppose the man who I don't understand." sent you here thought, because you were an engaging young woman and I you have brought, and I will tell you an old dotard, I would gabble to you the results of a life's work. Oh, no, no, no! But I am not an old dotard. I have why you are here. If you are not in the many years to live yet."

"I hope so. Well, I must bid you good morning. I shall go to some one

The old man showed his teeth in a "It is useless. Your bottle is broken,

He waved his thin, emaciated hand

in the air as he spoke. "Oh, that doesn't matter in the lesst," said Jennie. "I have several other bottles here in my satchel."

The professor placed his hands on the arms of his chair and slowly raised him-"You have others," he cried, "other

bottles? Let me see them-let me see

"No," replied Jennie, "I won't." With a speed which, after his recent collapse, Jennie had not expected, the professor ambled round to the door and placed his back against it. The glasses over his eyes seemed to sparkle as if with fire. His talonlike fingers crooked evidently was none. She tried to open rigidly. He breathed rapidly and was evidently laboring under tense excite-

> "Who knows you came up to see me?" he whispered hoarsely, glaring at

Jennie, having arisen, stood there, smoothing down her perfectly fitting glove and answered with a calmness sk 3 was far from feeling.

"Who knows I am here? No one but the director of police."

"Oh, the director of police!" echoed the professor, quite evidently abashed by the information. The rigidity of his attitude relaxed, and he became once more the old man he had appeared as apolis, Duluth, Snperior, Ashland and he sat in a heap in his chair. "You effort struggled into a sitting posture, will excuse me," he muttered, edging and she held the glass of flery liquid to round toward his chair again, "I was

"I noticed that you were, professor. But before you sit down again please unlock that door."

"Why?" he asked, pausing on his way to the chair.

"Because I wish it open."

"And I," he said in a higher tone, you go out now, but I shall permit you to go unmolested as soon as you have made some explanation to me."

"If you do not unlock the door imout on the street. The crashing glass on the pavement will soon bring some one to my rescue, professor, and, as I have a voice of my own and small hesitation about shouting I shall have little difficulty in directing the strangers where to come.

As Jennie spoke she moved swiftly toward the table on which stood the strange aggregation of reflectors and bent glass tubing.

"No, no, no!" screamed the professor, springing between her and the table. "Touch anything but that-anything but that! Do not disturb it an inch-there is danger-death not only to you and me, but perhaps to the whole city. Keep away from it!"

"Very well, then," said Jennie, stepping back in spite of her endeavor to sustain her self control, "open the door. Open both doors and leave them so After that, if you remain seated in your chair, I shall not touch the machine, nor shall I leave until I make the explanations you require and you have stair in case you should become ex- Mountain Tea. Ask your druggist. cited again.'

"I'll unlock the doors. I'll unlock lously, fumbling about his pockets for swift destruction on us all."

With an eagerness that retarded his speed the professor, constantly looking over his shoulder at his visitor, unlocked the first door; then hastily he flung open the second and tottered back to his skin, trembling and exhausted.

"We may be overheard," he whined. "One can never tell who may sneak quietly up the stair. I am surrounded by spies trying to find out what I am "Wait a moment," said Jennie.

She went quickly to the outer door, found that it closed with a spring latch, opened and shut it two or three times until she was perfectly familiar with its inner door nearly shut and sat down. "There," she said, "we are quite safe from interruption, Professor Seigfried, but I must request you not to

move from your chair. "I have no intention of doing so," murmured the old man. "Who sent you? You said you would tell me. 1

think you owe me an explanation." "I think you owe me one," replied the girl. "As I told you before, no one sent me. I came here entirely of my make clear to you exactly why I came. "Why do you say that? It had no Some time ago there occurred in this

"Where! When!" exclaimed the old man, placing his hands on the arms of his chair, as if he would rise to his feet. "Sit where you are," said Jennie firmly, "and I shall tell you all I can about it. The government, for reasons of its own, desires to keep the fact of this explosion a secret, and so very few people outside of official circles know anything about it. I am trying to dis-

cover the cause of that disaster. "Are you-are you working on be half of the government?" asked the old man eagerly, a tremor of fear in his

"No: I am conducting my investiga-

ment. "But why? But why? That is what

"I would very much rather not answer that question." "But that question-everything is involved in that question. I must know

employ are you?" "If I tell you," said Jennie, with some hesitation, "will you keep what I say a secret?"

employ of the government, in whose

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried the scientist impatiently. "Well, I am in the service of a Lon-

don daily newspaper." "I see, I see, and they have sent you here to publish broadcast over the world all you can find out of my doings. I knew you were a spy the moment I saw

you. I should never have let you in." "My dear sir, the London paper is not aware of your existence even. They have not sent me to you at all. They have sent me to learn, if possible, the cause of the explosion I spoke of. I took some of the debris to Herr Feltz to analyze it, and he said he had never seen gold, iron, feldspar, and all that, reduced to such fine impalpable grains as was the case with the sample I left

with him. I then asked him who in Vienna knew most about explosives, and he gave me your address. That is why I am here.'

(To be continued next Thursday.) Railway Farm Lands For Sale.

In northern Wisconsin the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railway has for sale, at low rates and easy terms of payment, about 400,000 acres of choice farm lands. Early buyers will secure the advantage of locations on the many beautiful streams and lakes, which abound with fish and furnish a never ending and most excellent water supply, both for family use and for stock.

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A. G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn. Robbed The Grave. A startling incident is narrated by

was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue sides, no appetite, growing weaker day mediately, I shall take this machine by day. Three physicians had given me Green's Prize Almanac. Kiesau Drug and fling it through the front window up. Then I was advised to use Electric Co. Bitters; to my great joy the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim." No one tive or cure for headache, but nothing should fail to try them. Only 50c., guaranteed, at the Kiesau Drug Co.

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Ladies desiring a transparent com answered some questions that I shall plexion, free from blotches, blemishes ask. But I must have a clear way to the and blackheads, should use Rocky

A new remedy for biliousness is now both doors," replied the old man tremu on sale at the Kiesau Drug Co. It is called Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver his keys. "But keep away from that Tablets. It gives quick relief and will

A Thousand Tongues

workings; then she closed it, drew the of the throat, chest or lungs. Price 50c Drug Co. and \$1. Trial bottles free at the Kiesau

It Happened In a Drug Store. my drug store and asked for a brand of pared in two minutes. No baking! add cough medicine that I did not, have in hot water and set to cool. Flavorsstock," says Mr. C. R. Grandin the pop- L-mon, orange, raspherry and strawular druggist of Ontario, N. Y. "She berry. At your grocers. 10 cents. was disappointed and wanted to know what cough preparation I could recommend. I said to her that I could freely relish your food and feel dull after eatrecommend Chamberlain's Cough Rem- ing you need a dose of Chamberlain's edy and that she could take a bottle of Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price 25c. the remedy and after giving it a fair Samples free at the Kiesau Drug Co.

trial if she did not find it worth the money to bring back the bottle and I would refund the price paid. In the course of a day or two the lady came back in company with a friend in need of a cough medicine and advised her to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I consider that a very good recommendation for the remedy." It is for sale by the Kiesau Drug Co.

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they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. Only 25 cents at the Kieseu Drug Question Answered.

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Heller's Testimony. Albert Heller, living at 1114 Farnham St. Omaha, says: "I have tried most everything that is used as a preventadid me so much good as Krause's Headache Capsules. Others who have used them say the same thing." Price 25c. Sold by Geo. B. Christoph.

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A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something machine unless you want to bring prevent the attack if given as soon as that will relieve and cure the more the first indication of the desease ap- severe and dangerous results of throat pears. Price 25 cents per box. Samples and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible Could not express the rapture of Annie for you, then in either case take the chair, where he collapsed on the tiger E. Springer of Philadelphia, when Dr. only remedy that has been introduced in King's New Discovery cured her of a all civilized countries with success in hacking cough that for many years had severe throat and lung troubles, made life a burden. She says: "After "Boschee's German Syrup." It not all other remedies and doctors failed it only heals and stimulates the tissues to soon removed the pain in my chest and destroy the germ disease, but allays in-I can now sleep soundly, something I flammation, causes easy expectoration, can scarcely remember doing before. I gives a good night's rest and cures the feel like sounding its praises throughout patient. Try one bottle. Recommended the universe." Dr. King's New Dis- many years by all druggists in the world. covery is guaranteed to cure all troubles Get Green's Prize Almanac. Kiesau

> What shall We Have for Dessert? This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it today. "One day last, winter a lady came to Try Jell-O, a delicious dessert. Pre-

> > When you have no appetite, do not