

A Modern Mercenary.

BY E. & H. HERON.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Maassau is a little duchy in Europe which has thus far maintained its independence because of the jealousies of the large surrounding countries. Lately, however, the situation has become critical, and the little state seems about to be swallowed up. Germany is represented at Revoade, and Baron von Elmur, England's influence is felt to be great, and the presence of Major Count Sagan, a man of high rank, and the fact that John Rallywood, a fellow countryman, had served seven years in the Maassau frontier cavalry. Rallywood is about to resign his commission when Selpdorf, the chancellor and "man of the hour," sends for him and makes him a gentleman of the Guard. During the visit to the palace Rallywood meets Von Elmur and Valerie Selpdorf, the chancellor's daughter. The gentleman of the Guard objects to the appointment of Rallywood and tries to get the leaders and a supporter for Valerie's hand, insists on settling the affair of her inheritance. Rallywood is given the opportunity at the palace ball, wins the toss, but gives first shot to Elmur. This Rallywood is not prepared to give to an engagement with Valerie for the last dance. Wallenpou, the commander of the guard, the major of the guard, and the palace guests overwhelmed the young Englishman with congratulations.

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CHAPTER VII.

One Woman's Diplomacy.

There are men who, though conspicuously in the world, are never of it. Counselor was one of these. He gave the impression of being a spectator, and though he took part in the play of common ambitions and intrigues with an amused and impersonal interest. He was drawn into no quarrels. Those who hated him most continued to shake hands with him, and none could accuse him of being a partisan. Yet he was a man of lent than most, and he was ready to give his opinion, often with a surprising frankness, but maintaining throughout the complex relations of his life a superb reserve that formed a defense behind which neither favor nor enmity could penetrate.

He stayed on at Revoade, though the tea continued to blow relentlessly. Affairs were yet in a chaotic condition and he lingered grumbling at the club, declaring it was too cold to travel, and apparently finding his chief relaxation in privately deriding Rallywood for the favors which Revoade society was heaping so lavishly upon him.

In the untrifling whirl and tangle of court life and gaily Rallywood lived and moved with a growing enjoyment that half surprised himself, and for which he accounted on the score of change from the dull drudgery of the frontier. The fact that the guard had been thorough; even the colonel-in-chief, Count Sagan, whose strongest point was not courtesy, had given him a pronounced recognition. The pretty countess demanded a good deal of his attention and attendance, and this fact brought down upon him some of Counselor's most scathing jabs.

"Gallantries are in vogue, my boy, and you are qualifying for a high place among the Maassaus," he said. "She is a deuced pretty woman. I offer you my compliments."

"She is pretty," replied Rallywood, "but there are a good many people in Maassau who think her handsome than I do."

"Yet you tell me that you are again on your way to her house this evening. Can't you get through the day without a glimpse of her?"

"Does it seem so bad as all that?" asked Rallywood reflectively. "I suppose I like going there; yet, as I have said before, there are a good many people who appreciate her more than I do."

"Then what in the world takes you there?"

"Because of the other people, I suppose," he repeated dreamily.

"As for instance?"

Rallywood woke up from his thoughts and shook himself.

"Unzair," he returned with a grin.

Counselor opened the stove and threw in the remnant of his cigar.

"Ah!" he commented, significantly, "and I presume Unzair goes there to meet you. I begin to see."

Rallywood laughed.

"I'm hanged if I do! By the way, the countess wants to see you. She says she is reliable. But you are such an old bear the women can't get at you."

"So much the better for me," was the grim reply. Also I am sorry I can't reciprocate the countess's opinion of me. There are very few reliable women. If I have ever found one I might have married her."

"That is a hard saying, major. You've been unlucky. That's where it hurts you!"

"No, I've no personal feeling in the matter. I share the opinion in common with many wise men. Let your son to Sole, the countess, the whose harem warrants us in believing that what he didn't know about women wasn't worth knowing. Yet he records as his experience, 'One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all these have I not found.' I bet he doesn't! You can't sample a delicate quality in the bulk," retorted Rallywood, and was already at the door when an idea stopped him. "Look here, major; come with me and revise your verdict."

To his surprise Counselor stood up and asked one more question.

"Countess Isoldie invited me?"

"Any number of times, as you know."

"The more fool she," growled Counselor. "I'll go."

The cotillon, danced with its hundred vagaries, was in full swing at Revoade as the countess, by chance or by choice Counselor found himself with the countess on a raised dais at one end of the room, while Mile. Selpdorf and Rallywood formed the corresponding couple at the other end. Between the dance proceeded, thus leaving the respective couples virtually isolated for a few minutes.

"It was delightful of you to come to our little party tonight," the countess was saying to her companion. "Now that you have come to see me here, can I not induce you to come also to Sagan next week? We are going out there for a few days. Do think of it."

"You are too kind, my dear madame, and an old man like myself may be out of place."

The countess sighed a little.

"Of course you are not at all old," she said, shaking her head at him, "though you are fond of playing the part. But if you want to be old you can be old in good company at the castle, for the duke will be there—you know he is a cousin of ours."

Counselor looked back into the blue, smiling eyes. Most men would have succumbed to their innocent flattery. To her, however, they only suggested an infinite capacity for foolishness.

"Don't you think we could exchange our duke for another, a more interesting one?" she added, mislaid perhaps by his look.

"Duke Gustave is so wrapped up in his

stupid gambling, and altogether there are many things," her speech trailed off inconsequently into a confused silence.

"Wanting? Certainly! For example, we have no duchess," said Counselor, gallantly. "We need a pretty duchess. But is it not possible that Maassau may yet boast the most adorable duchess in Europe?"

Countess Isoldie started, and flushed like a pleased child, and her eyes lit up as she laid her fan on Counselor's stout knee with a confidential, impulsive gesture.

"But England does not like the idea of pretty duchesses," she ventured, reproachfully. "And you are only a flatterer, after all!"

The major raised his bushy white eyebrows.

"Have I that reputation?"

"No, they say you are terribly frank," then a design to sound this difficult and usually unapproachable diplomat came into her irrational head. Older men than he had been vanquished by her beauty are now, "England does not yet recognize my husband's claim as next heir," she whispered. "Major Counselor, do you think your nation could ever be brought to recognize me as duchess?"

"If the occasion arose," answered the wily old soldier, softly, "I do not see how you could be refused. But I cannot answer for my nation. Still, if the occasion arose—" he hesitated as if searching for words, but in reality waiting for his companion to take up the unfinished sentence.

The countess trembled with excitement. This was indeed a triumph. She, "Mlle. Isoldie," as old Sagan was ever ready to call her, had gained a little bit of information they would give their ears to possess, but she would keep it and use it at her leisure. Meanwhile she must strike while the iron of old Counselor's nature was yet hot.

"Has the occasion yet arisen, my dear? Perhaps soon at Sagan?" As she spoke she started violently, and her face turned white as Count Sagan stood before them.

"Do you feel inclined for a hand at whist, Counselor?" he asked, abruptly, with a wrathful, questioning glance at his wife. "Has my wife been boring you with her chatter?"

"On the contrary, Major Counselor has promised to join us at the castle next week," exclaimed his wife.

Sagan's bloodshot eyes darkened. He had the guilt of a plotter, but lacked something of the self-control. Counselor, who appeared to be watching the dancers, turned upon this and said:

"And I have been thanking Mme. de Sagan for the invitation."

"Ah, I knew you wouldn't come! Well, you will lose nothing."

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"This is a deadly! Quick! What is it you have to tell me!" said Counselor's voice.

Rallywood answered in a few rapid sentences.

"Yes, I fancied something of the kind was due. What an incredible blessing it is that such women as the Countess Sagan exist to satisfy diplomatic curiosity. We must find out the precise limits of the German game at the castle of Sagan. It is lucky for you, John, my son, that your duty as a Maassau soldier to the Maassau nation and as an Englishman to your own run in this instance on the same lines."

"They always will."

"Don't be too sure of that! There may come a day when your public and your private honor will stand face to face, hopelessly irreconcilable. What then?"

"When anything so extremely awkward comes to pass I suppose I shall have to make up my mind on the subject," replied Rallywood with a lazy yawn. "In the meantime it is too much trouble. Just at present my part is simple and I look for the same to turn in our favor."

Counselor stood still, as if in consideration, for a minute.

"The stake may seem to be a small one—just this useless scrap of country," he said at length, "but the issues are far-reaching."

but my daughter goes." Von Elmur shot a glance at his companion.

"To repeat my own words—we do not progress, my dear Selpdorf."

"So? Women finesse in these affairs. Valerie follows the custom of her sex, and perhaps she has become a little spoiled by overmuch admiration. Were she aware of your wishes, it would save many of the present doubts."

"It takes two to make that special kind of bargain," said Elmur, with a curious smile. "One to ask, the other to grant. I am prepared to ask when I am assured that my request will be favorably received. An ambassador is esteemed in just the same degree as the country he represents. If his country triumphs, he triumphs also."

"In this case I might point out that your personal success," the chancellor said airily, "would be the best, shall I say the only possible, preliminary to the success of the mission with which his imperial majesty has charged you."

Elmur drew in his lips slightly. Valerie, as the Baroness von Elmur, was to be his father's guaranty for the future! Although Elmur's desire lay in the same direction, Selpdorf's insistence was most unpalatable to the German minister.

"I am ready to lay myself at mademoiselle's feet," he said aloud, "but there is always the picturesque young captain of the guard."

"Unzair? I can positively reassure your excellency on that point."

would have been to alienate England at the convenient moment."

"All that might have been true"—Elmur shrugged his shoulders, "unluckily we must face things as they actually are."

"Even now Rallywood has his uses. The guard is composed of the flower of our nobility—they are not to be tempted. At least that is my opinion, although I believe Count Sagan holds differently. But this Rallywood is a soldier of fortune, a mercenary. You perceive?"

Elmur stroked his chin doubtfully.

"I am very much afraid he belongs to the wrong breed. However, I would wish to point out that it will be essential to carry through this matter quickly. If the duke can be persuaded to accept the scheme of reversion, the whole arrangement would be completed before the world was the wiser."

"It is the simplest plan, and therefore the best. But what will England say? Counselor is here, that in itself speaks."

"Neither England nor the good Counselor can touch an accomplished fact. As they say in their own idiom: 'Possession is nine parts of the law.' It remains with us to make the fact."

Selpdorf rose.

"Your excellency will excuse me. It is time to start for the palace. Today his highness, the duke, holds a review of the guard. I will if possible sound him on the subject which interests us both. Should that fall,

peculiar to Maassau. Revoade, in the sunshine, shone in the colors of a moss-grown stone, gray and green, the twin ridges on which it stood fretted and embossed to their summits with the palaces and pinnacles, the spires and towers and gardens of the spreading city. The grand duke, as they rounded the mounting road to the parade ground, looked back upon Revoade with a lingering glance. Selpdorf, who was seated opposite to him, had been replying to his grumbling questions as to the condition of the royal exchequer with a depressing account of the hopelessness of the situation.

"Revoade is a jewel after all!" said the duke suddenly. "A jewel can always be mortgaged, Selpdorf."

Selpdorf admitted that this was true and also hinted that the jewel had been used in one way or another pretty freely to raise the revenues for a good many years, without giving much in the way of a quid pro quo, beyond the vague hopes and airy promises which pledged the Maassau government to little or nothing. But now, he explained, the powers were growing weary of an unprofitable speculation and were inclined to expect some definite return for their assistance.

The duke listened moodily, lying back on his cushions, a thin-legged, paunchy figure, whose features had lost their shapely mold under the touch of dissipation. The nose hung long and fleshy between the puffed skin of the checkbones, the eyes showed a tell-tale blackness in the under eyelid, where it merged into the loose wrinkles below. The lower part of the face was covered by a long but sparse mustache, through which at times could be discerned that terrible protrusion of the upper lip that seems the herald of senility.

Gustave, grand duke of Maassau, was only that day celebrating the completion of his 57th year.

When the carriage attained the level of the plateau the main road curved away into the distance, where, upon the left bank, under the wall of encircling brown cliffs, a small brigade of all arms was assembled to do honor to their ruler. Through a cut in the hills, far away, but seemingly nearer on a windy morning, could be seen a blue open bay, blown into the "innumerable laughter of the sea." The air, the whole scene, was inspiring, but the duke looked heavily on as the troops deployed and turned, their arms glittering in the sunlight.

First in order came a couple of squadrons of the frontier cavalry, with their black sheepskins hanging behind them; then infantry, followed by two batteries of artillery equipped by some more cavalry, and, after a distinct interval, the guard.

The little army was perfect in equipment and finish, and their uniforms were brilliant and picturesque, but the duke started out upon the amphitheater of the parade ground with dissatisfaction and annoyance. Money, he wanted, money, and the chancellor could encourage him to hope for it the more he desired to have it, by hook or by crook.

The grand marshal of Maassau having been dismissed from the side of the royal carriage with a few curt words, the duke spoke again to a low soldier, Selpdorf.

"Then you wish me to understand that there is no more to be got out of anybody. I know better than that. England, Germany and Russia are waiting to outbid each other."

"That is true, sir; but they will not deal on the old terms."

The guard, with scattered pennons flying, were drawn up at the lower end of the parade ground. The chief effect of the day was about to take place—the charge of the guard.

"I am now of an age," remarked the duke peevishly, "when my birthdays have ceased to be a cause for congratulation. This review is an anomalous. In my father's time I rode at the head of the guard, and led a charge on the day I was 18. Pish! I have grown wiser, and know how to enjoy life after a more rational fashion. To return to our other subject—What do they want?"

Selpdorf smiled, and passed his fingers upwards over the erect corners of his moustache.

"For example, there is a power that might pay a heavy annual sum if your highness would consent to disband your guard!" he said, with a tentative smile.

The slack fallen lines of the duke's visage grew suddenly tense. His eyes brightened as he turned to Selpdorf.

"Selpdorf followed the German minister's glance. Standing there, in the frolic of the guard room, was the tall figure of Anthony Unzair, waiting with haughty stiffness for the appearance of the duke.

"His highness, gentlemen, the Maassau guard," went on Elmur with a bitter sneer, "the impersonation of an arrogant militarism!"

"Seven—to be counted with?" corrected Selpdorf gently. "The other, the eighth—"

"Has the initial force of nationality. However, he goes to Sagan."

The mist cleared as the sun rose higher, until by noon the sky was of a pale radiance, blue, laced with a delicate broidery of white wind-scattered clouds. Looking westward the dark river wound away to the sea, bridged here and there by the highly decorated ranges of light-toned granite

later! He hankers after Maassau, but reclaims his cousin in England. He has claims which cannot be overriden."

Selpdorf remained respectfully silent for a short time, revolving the extremely important admission with regard to the second claimant to the heritage of the duchy, which the duke in his excitement had made.

The first and simpler plan of persuading the duke to enter into an understanding with Germany, to the effect that she should enjoy the reversion of Maassau in exchange for the payment of a secured annuity, was plainly hopeless. It now remained to put in train the second scheme, which contained elements of infinitely greater danger.

Human nature is a complex thing, yet each man's attitude of mind toward himself is often only an extension of his attitude of mind toward his neighbor.

What the chancellor said to himself to whitewash his conduct in his own eyes, who can tell? The duke, old vice-count, reproached as he was, had that remnant of method left, a determination to face the last and most absolute contingency of life rather than sell his country.

Perhaps Selpdorf said that most guilty of all excuses—I do not put my hand to this thing—some one else will. Maassau must fall sooner or later to some larger power. May not I profit by it as well as another? Did he set his house of excuse upon the sand of a certain bitter writing? "I will persuade them," said Satan—"I will make them two idols, which they shall call honor and fidelity, and a lass which shall be called passive obedience. And they shall worship these idols!" If honor, fidelity and obedience is idols, where, then, are the true gods? (To be Continued.)

For Bad Complexions.
redness, due to coarseness of the skin, yellow, oily, mothy skin, red, rough, scabs and shapeless nails dry, thin falling hair, dandruff and irritated scalps and simple blemishes, Catuara's Cream is the best remedy. Because of its delicate emollient properties derived from Catuara, the great skin cure and purest emollient, it is the most soothing, cooling and purifying application. It removes pimples, tan, sunburn, chafings, inflammations undue or offensive perspiration and many other sanative uses, as well as the most delicate and sweetest of toilet bath and nursery soaps.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.
Police cost New York \$11,787,696 a year. Uncle Sam has 400,000,000 acres of forest. It produces 2,833,228 gallons of beer in 1898. More herrings are eaten than any other kind of fish. The new stables of the emperor of Germany are to cost about \$2,000,000. Till recently the employment of electricity in any shape or form in Constantinople was strictly forbidden. Incredible as it may appear, the Sultan has now ruled that a dynamo must have something to do with the manufacture of dynamite. It has been found in New York that for every 1,000 births children bear the common names in this state: Mary, Elizabeth, John, William, James, Charles, George, Thomas, Anne, Sarah, Elizabeth, Henry, Alice, Joseph, Samuel, John, Helen, etc. The horsehair used in making violins and other similar bows is imported from Germany. A hank of the best white hair can be bought for 20 cents. It might cost 20 cents more to have it put into a bow. To repair a bass viol bow costs more, the bulk of hair required being greater. Few of the million passengers or more who make their daily journey in a London bus or street car know that the horses which draw them are nearly always American or Canadian. Great Britain is the greatest country in the world, buys more than 20,000 horses from the United States every year. The New York Druggists' League for Shorter Hours is distributing cards containing a list of "sanitary drug stores" in Manhattan and Brooklyn, and also the league's definition of a "drug store southwest." It describes sanitary drug stores as selling liquor to their customers, opiates to drug fiends, poison to would-be suicides, disguised intoxicants to the unwary, cigarettes to boys or adulterated candy to children. The first interment in the new dog cemetery recently opened in Paris has just taken place to the delight and financial betterment of all the snuff writers on the Paris papers. The corpse was laid out on a sofa in a coffin at the house of its mistress and all its living comrades gathered around it. The mourning was opened somewhat suddenly by little terrier which set up a doleful howl in which the remaining pets joined. Then the line of march was taken up to the cemetery. The crowds of people who are visiting the stranded steamship Paris—some of them coming from distant points in England and France—are so great that the sailors and fishermen of the Cornwall coast are getting rich. Bicyclists to the number of 1,000 reached St. Martin on a recent Sunday and hotel keepers and restaurant proprietors are also reaping a harvest. One fisherman made \$29 in a single day by taking passengers around the wreck at 62 cents a head. Eugene Bruze of Geneva, N. Y., who was struck on the side of the head by a falling timber last April and appeared to be dead, has escaped serious injury, has been long, his memory ever since until he had finally forgotten his name and the commonest words. Then he lost the power of speech and his right side became paralyzed. All this has now been remedied by an operation on the skull. The patient's memory and power of speech have returned to him and he is making rapid progress to a complete recovery.

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Rallywood laughed.

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"So much the better for me," was the grim reply. Also I am sorry I can't reciprocate the countess's opinion of me. There are very few reliable women. If I have ever found one I might have married her."

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"The stake may seem to be a small one—just this useless scrap of country," he said at length, "but the issues are far-reaching."

but my daughter goes." Von Elmur shot a glance at his companion.

"To repeat my own words—we do not progress, my dear Selpdorf."

"So? Women finesse in these affairs. Valerie follows the custom of her sex, and perhaps she has become a little spoiled by overmuch admiration. Were she aware of your wishes, it would save many of the present doubts."

"It takes two to make that special kind of bargain," said Elmur, with a curious smile. "One to ask, the other to grant. I am prepared to ask when I am assured that my request will be favorably received. An ambassador is esteemed in just the same degree as the country he represents. If his country triumphs, he triumphs also."

"In this case I might point out that your personal success," the chancellor said airily, "would be the best, shall I say the only possible, preliminary to the success of the mission with which his imperial majesty has charged you."

Elmur drew in his lips slightly. Valerie, as the Baroness von Elmur, was to be his father's guaranty for the future! Although Elmur's desire lay in the same direction, Selpdorf's insistence was most unpalatable to the German minister.

"I am ready to lay myself at mademoiselle's feet," he said aloud, "but there is always the picturesque young captain of the guard."

"Unzair? I can positively reassure your excellency on that point."

would have been to alienate England at the convenient moment."

"All that might have been true"—Elmur shrugged his shoulders, "unluckily we must face things as they actually are."

"Even now Rallywood has his uses. The guard is composed of the flower of our nobility—they are not to be tempted. At least that is my opinion, although I believe Count Sagan holds differently. But this Rallywood is a soldier of fortune, a mercenary. You perceive?"

Elmur stroked his chin doubtfully.

"I am very much afraid he belongs to the wrong breed. However, I would wish to point out that it will be essential to carry through this matter quickly. If the duke can be persuaded to accept the scheme of reversion, the whole arrangement would be completed before the world was the wiser."

"It is the simplest plan, and therefore the best. But what will England say? Counselor is here, that in itself speaks."

"Neither England nor the good Counselor can touch an accomplished fact. As they say in their own idiom: 'Possession is nine parts of the law.' It remains with us to make the fact."

Selpdorf rose.

"Your excellency will excuse me. It is time to start for the palace. Today his highness, the duke, holds a review of the guard. I will if possible sound him on the subject which interests us both. Should that fall,

peculiar to Maassau. Revoade, in the sunshine, shone in the colors of a moss-grown stone, gray and green, the twin ridges on which it stood fretted and embossed to their summits with the palaces and pinnacles, the spires and towers and gardens of the spreading city. The grand duke, as they rounded the mounting road to the parade ground, looked back upon Revoade with a lingering glance. Selpdorf, who was seated opposite to him, had been replying to his grumbling questions as to the condition of the royal exchequer with a depressing account of the hopelessness of the situation.

"Revoade is a jewel after all!" said the duke suddenly. "A jewel can always be mortgaged, Selpdorf."

Selpdorf admitted that this was true and also hinted that the jewel had been used in one way or another pretty freely to raise the revenues for a good many years, without giving much in the way of a quid pro quo, beyond the vague hopes and airy promises which pledged the Maassau government to little or nothing. But now, he explained, the powers were growing weary of an unprofitable speculation and were inclined to expect some definite return for their assistance.

The duke listened moodily, lying back on his cushions, a thin-legged, paunchy figure, whose features had lost their shapely mold under the touch of dissipation. The nose hung long and fleshy between the puffed skin of the checkbones, the eyes showed a tell-tale blackness in the under eyelid, where it merged into the loose wrinkles below. The lower part of the face was covered by a long but sparse mustache, through which at times could be discerned that terrible protrusion of the upper lip that seems the herald of senility.

Gustave, grand duke of Maassau, was only that day celebrating the completion of his 57th year.

When the carriage attained the level of the plateau the main road curved away into the distance, where, upon the left bank, under the wall of encircling brown cliffs, a small brigade of all arms was assembled to do honor to their ruler. Through a cut in the hills, far away, but seemingly nearer on a windy morning, could be seen a blue open bay, blown into the "innumerable laughter of the sea." The air, the whole scene, was inspiring, but the duke looked heavily on as the troops deployed and turned, their arms glittering in the sunlight.

First in order came a couple of squadrons of the frontier cavalry, with their black sheepskins hanging behind them; then infantry, followed by two batteries of artillery equipped by some more cavalry, and, after a distinct interval, the guard.

The little army was perfect in equipment and finish, and their uniforms were brilliant and picturesque, but the duke started out upon the amphitheater of the parade ground with dissatisfaction and annoyance. Money, he wanted, money, and the chancellor could encourage him to hope for it the more he desired to have it, by hook or by crook.

The grand marshal of Maassau having been dismissed from the side of the royal carriage with a few curt words, the duke spoke again to a low soldier, Selpdorf.

"Then you wish me to understand that there is no more to be got out of anybody. I know better than that. England, Germany and Russia are waiting to outbid each other."

"That is true, sir; but they will not deal on the old terms."

The guard, with scattered pennons flying, were drawn up at the lower end of the parade ground. The chief effect of the day was about to take place—the charge of the guard.

"I am now of an age," remarked the duke peevishly, "when my birthdays have ceased to be a cause for congratulation. This review is an anomalous. In my father's time I rode at the head of the guard, and led a charge on the day I was 18. Pish! I have grown wiser, and know how to enjoy life after a more rational fashion. To return to our other subject—What do they want?"

Selpdorf smiled, and passed his fingers upwards over the erect corners of his moustache.

"For example, there is a power that might pay a heavy annual sum if your highness would consent to disband your guard!" he said, with a tentative smile.

The slack fallen lines of the duke's visage grew suddenly tense. His eyes brightened as he turned to Selpdorf.

"Selpdorf followed the German minister's glance. Standing there, in the frolic of the guard room, was the tall figure of Anthony Unzair, waiting with haughty stiffness for the appearance of the duke.

"His highness, gentlemen, the Maassau guard," went on Elmur with a bitter sneer, "the impersonation of an arrogant militarism!"

"Seven—to be counted with?" corrected Selpdorf gently. "The other, the eighth—"

"Has the initial force of nationality. However, he goes to Sagan."

The mist cleared as the sun rose higher, until by noon the sky was of a pale radiance, blue, laced with a delicate broidery of white wind-scattered clouds. Looking westward the dark river wound away to the sea, bridged here and there by the highly decorated ranges of light-toned granite

later! He hankers after Maassau, but reclaims his cousin in England. He has claims which cannot be overriden."

Selpdorf remained respectfully silent for a short time, revolving the extremely important admission with regard to the second claimant to the heritage of the duchy, which the duke in his excitement had made.

The first and simpler plan of persuading the duke to enter into an understanding with Germany, to the effect that she should enjoy the reversion of Maassau in exchange for the payment of a secured annuity, was plainly hopeless. It now remained to put in train the second scheme, which contained elements of infinitely greater danger.

Human nature is a complex thing, yet each man's attitude of mind toward himself is often only an extension of his attitude of mind toward his neighbor.

What the chancellor said to himself to whitewash his conduct in his own eyes, who can tell? The duke, old vice-count, reproached as he was, had that remnant of method left, a determination to face the last and most absolute contingency of life rather than sell his country.

Perhaps Selpdorf said that most guilty of all excuses—I do not put my hand to this thing—some one else will. Maassau must fall sooner or later to some larger power. May not I profit by it as well as another? Did he set his house of excuse upon the sand of a certain bitter writing? "I will persuade them," said Satan—"I will make them two idols, which they shall call honor and fidelity, and a lass which shall be called passive obedience. And they shall worship these idols!" If honor, fidelity and obedience is idols, where, then, are the true gods? (To be Continued.)

For Bad Complexions.
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OUT OF THE ORDINARY.
Police cost New York \$11,787,696 a year. Uncle Sam has 400,000,000 acres of forest. It produces 2,833,228 gallons of beer in 1898. More herrings are eaten than any other kind of fish. The new stables of the emperor of Germany are to cost about \$2,000,000. Till recently the employment of electricity in any shape or form in Constantinople was strictly forbidden. Incredible as it may appear, the Sultan has now ruled that a dynamo must have something to do with the manufacture of dynamite. It has been found in New York that for every 1,000 births children bear the common names in this state: Mary, Elizabeth, John, William, James, Charles, George, Thomas, Anne, Sarah, Elizabeth, Henry, Alice, Joseph, Samuel, John, Helen, etc. The horsehair used in making violins and other similar bows is imported from Germany. A hank of the best white hair can be bought for 20 cents. It might cost 20 cents more to have it put into a bow. To repair a bass viol bow costs more, the bulk of hair required being greater. Few of the million passengers or more who make their daily journey in a London bus or street car know that the horses which draw them are nearly always American or Canadian. Great Britain is the greatest country in the world, buys more than 20,000 horses from the United States every year. The New York Druggists' League for Shorter Hours is distributing cards containing a list of "sanitary drug stores" in Manhattan and Brooklyn, and also the league's definition of a "drug store southwest." It describes sanitary drug stores as selling liquor to their customers, opiates to drug fiends, poison to would-be suicides, disguised intoxicants to the unwary, cigarettes to boys or adulterated candy to children. The first interment in the new dog cemetery recently opened in Paris has just taken place to the delight and financial betterment of all the snuff writers on the Paris papers. The corpse was laid out on a sofa in a coffin at the house of its mistress and all its living comrades gathered around it. The mourning was opened somewhat suddenly by little terrier which set up a doleful howl in which the remaining pets joined. Then the line of march was taken up to the cemetery. The crowds of people who are visiting the stranded steamship Paris—some of them coming from distant points in England and France—are so great that the sailors and fishermen of the Cornwall coast are getting rich. Bicyclists to the number of 1,000 reached St. Martin on a recent Sunday and hotel keepers and restaurant proprietors are also reaping a harvest. One fisherman made \$29 in a single day by taking passengers around the wreck at 62