

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,
Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Miss
Caprice," "Dr. Jack's Widow," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER V.
The Game Grows Warmer.
Out of the frying pan into the fire. Charlie had just taken leave of the professor's wife, and had not made two turns from the little parlor ere he ran directly up against the enemy. There stood the professor, glaring at him like a wild beast. "Will you again deny the truth, villain?" he said, endeavoring to calm himself lest he lose his voice. Charlie surveyed him with amusement.

"Yes; this time, I confess, it was your charming wife whom I have just left. Do you know that two women, your wife and her cousin, Hildegarde, have played a very neat little game upon you?"

"What? She and Hildegarde—upon me? Pray, with what object?"

"To arouse your jealousy; to make you realize how dear to your heart this same wife is; to take you out of your musty books and induce you to devote a fair part of your time to the woman who has given up her life to you."

The professor seemed stunned. "Man, can this be true?" he gasped.

"As heaven itself, she is in yonder. Go and learn for yourself. You will receive a warm welcome. Forgive as you wish to be forgiven, professor."

"Sir, a thousand pardons, I shall take your kind advice. Our duel, then, is off. Oh, what an ass I have been!"

And Charlie quite agreed with him. "So ends the scene in the drama. Now for another which may not have quite so pleasant a finish," muttered Stuart.

Again he bore down upon the functionary who kept watch and ward over the books. When he had cornered the clerk he made his request known, and a messenger was sent to find the countess and request her presence in a nearby bignon parlor.

Minutes passed. Still no one came to summon him.

Tired of waiting he walked directly to the door of the little parlor and stepped inside.

Involuntarily a groan welled up from his heart. He had entered this room to meet the countess, that charmer of men, who played with ambassadors and princes as though they were pawns upon a chessboard, and now he had found—Arline Brand!

There she stood before him, more beautiful than even his ardent recollection had painted her, a smile of welcome dimpling her cheeks, the azure eyes glowing with pleasure.

Yes, it was Arline Brand.

"Ye gods! if she and the countess were indeed one, he could readily comprehend how men were ready to give up honor and fortune for the hope of her love and favor."

Almost a minute they stood thus, each evidently busy with a train of thought.

Arline was the first to recover. She dropped the curtains and advanced toward him. "Ah! you have come, Mr. Stuart," she said.

He took her hand and pressed it. Boldness was returning it seemed.

"Yes, I promised, you know; and, though I daresay I have legends of faults, at least my word is as good as my bond. Pray, be seated," offering her a chair.

He was quite himself now, and that meant a wide-awake, ingenious young man, ready to meet and wrestle with difficulties as they arose.

Just opposite to her he sat down.

It was, at least, a rare pleasure to be so near her in this confidential mood. The delicate, violet odor that permeated her rustling garments was like a breath of spring, and the magnetism of her presence almost intoxicated him.

"You have been wondering what astonishing chain of circumstances brought a girl like me into such a miserable place as that underground dungeon?" turning toward the door with a glance that did not escape the eye of Charlie Stuart.

"Well, yes, to some extent; but it was not alone the desire to hear your promised story that brought me here, in spite of warnings from the baron."

He watched, but by no telltale pailor or start did she betray the fact that she knew to whom he referred by "the baron."

"What other reason could influence you?" she asked, a little eagerly.

"The natural desire to meet you again. That wasn't wrong—you don't blame me, do you?"

"Perhaps I should not—you have already been so good a friend; but if acquaintance with me is to bring disaster or even danger to you, it might be better if you forgot me."

He detected a plaintive little note in this, and his chivalrous spirit was up in arms at once.

"I am not in the habit of deserting any one who is my friend because, perhaps, it may mean trouble or even danger to me to continue my acquaintance."

She seemed deeply affected by his words.

"You overwhelm me with kindness, Mr. Stuart."

"Nonsense. The favor is just the other way. It is a rare pleasure for me to serve you."

"And yet I can hardly refuse, for, heaven knows, I am in great trouble,

and need a friend, if ever a young woman did."

"Compose yourself, I beg; and begin, please."

Charlie believed he was about to hear some news of more than ordinary importance. In imagination he could picture the remarkable young widow who created such a furor all over Europe. She might resemble Arline in many ways, but surely such a charmer of men could not possibly assume the air of innocence which this young woman carried with her.

At the same time he felt impelled to relate the adventure he had experienced with the professor, and even mention that he had been solemnly warned by the baron.

When she heard that Peterhoff believed her to be the celebrated adventuress, she hung her head.

Charlie was overcome with confusion.

"I have distressed you; and yet I beg you to believe I meant it all kindly. It was a silly thing for Peterhoff to do, but even the shrewdest of men of his stamp make absurd blunders sometimes. His last famous one cost Russia her Czar. Remember, I never for once took any stock in his ridiculous idea. It was all a mistake."

Then the maid looked up.

Her eyes were sparkling with real tears, but Charlie's haste to assure her of his positive belief in her innocence of the charge had brought a smile to her face.

"It is dreadful, even to be taken for such a notorious woman, don't you think? But perhaps I should look at it reasonably, and believe the baron has made an excusable blunder. Really, some of the gossamer here in the hotel have addressed me as countess, and I have been puzzled to account for it until now, so we must look alike—I a demure little English lassie, and she a clever, designing Russian diplomat."

Charlie nodded, eagerly.

What she said seemed so very reasonable, and she took it much better than he expected.

But he could easily discover that Arline was not wholly at her ease.

Frequently she cast quick glances in the direction of the door.

This fact had come to his attention some time back; but Charlie did not find the least reason to suspect that the baron had ought to do with it.

She seemed to hesitate, perhaps hardly knowing just how to begin her story.

"Allow me to remark, in the beginning," said Charlie, "that while I am ready and anxious to serve you, and stand ready to do all that may become a man—if there is any reason why you should wish to keep these things secret, I will try to help you, even while groping in complete ignorance."

"Oh, no," she answered quickly; "it is not that. You are entitled to the fullest confidence. I was only endeavoring to collect my thoughts so that I might know just how to begin. And, besides, I have a natural feeling of shame, because the person who has, I sadly fear, been plotting in secret against me, is one who should be my best friend upon earth—my father!"

Young though she was, this beautiful girl had known what it was to sup with poverty, to be left alone and friendless in the world and to meet with the most unexpected and glorious fortune.

Her story, even when briefly told, was a series of dramatic surprises, such as are well fitted for the stage, yet occur so seldom in real life.

She barely mentioned her earlier years, save to tell how her father, a sea captain, had been lost as it was believed, at sea; and with her mother she had fought the grim wolf in London, sewing, as such people of refinement reduced to poverty must do in order to earn bread.

Then came her mother's death, followed by her bitter fight against the world, and especially the persecution of a dashing gentleman, who seemed determined that she should marry him, no matter if dislike and disgust took the part of love in her breast.

Then the wonderful freak of fortune that brought Arline in contact with an eccentric old aunt who was exceedingly wealthy.

It was the old story—Arline's mother had married beneath her, and from that hour had been as dead to her relatives; but when a kind Providence threw the forlorn young girl under the high-stepping carriage horses of the dowager Lady Wallis, and she later on discovered that this lovely creature was her own flesh and blood, a sudden love for the girl sprang up in her withered old heart, which resulted in her adopting this niece as her sole heiress.

Two years later Arline was bereft of her eccentric, but kind relative, and found herself once more alone in the world, this time possessed of a most bountiful fortune.

Then it was, with the abruptness of a cannon shot, Captain Brand appeared upon the scene.

He had a thrilling story to tell of his vessel's foundering in a gale off the African coast, his narrow escape from drowning, of being cast ashore, found by wandering Arabs, taken into captivity, sold some years later to a

tribe of the Great Sahara, so that he finally drifted to Dahomey where, through the assistance of the faithful woman he had been forced to marry, he eventually made a bold and successful escape, though his companion gave up her life in throwing herself in front of a spear that was meant for him.

Arline accepted it all as gospel truth, and would have at the time believed even a much more miraculous series of adventures could such have been by any means invented by this modern Munchausen.

This was before she knew Captain Brand so well.

She spent money with a liberal hand. He was enabled to indulge his love for fine clothes to its full bent. He smoked the finest cigars, drank the most expensive liquors, and she feared he frequently indulged in gaming.

Thus a year went by.

Captain Brand had ceased to beg for money. He demanded it as his right, and in sums so large that Arline was growing alarmed.

He had tried to influence her to make her will leaving all her wealth to him; something might happen to her, though Heaven forbid, and she would not like to think of the great property going to strangers while her poor papa was left unprovided for.

Arline refused to do as he requested, something within warning her against it.

Some time after the dreadful suspicion had flashed into her brain that Captain Brand was having a will forged to suit his ideas governing the case.

Even then she had not realized what this might portend. How should an innocent trusting young girl desirous of bestowing all reasonable benefits upon the man she had come to believe was her father—how should she suspect that this ungrateful man could conspire with unprincipled confederates to actually take her life, yet by such means as would make it seem a cruel accident?

While in Antwerp he had professed a keen desire to visit the dungeons of the Steen, and yet always made it appear as though she were the one most interested in the abode of ghostly memories.

An expedition was accordingly planned.

Arline never could tell just how it came about. She remembered Captain Brand's enthusiasm in leading her deeper into the recesses, and how he suddenly disappeared while she was examining some object of interest; how she waited for him to reappear, until, growing alarmed by the diminishing size of her candle, she had endeavored to find her way back to the party; how she tripped and fell, losing her light. Then she cried out in terror as the awful darkness closed around her, but no answer came.

Then she realized that the others had gone; that this cruel-hearted man she called father, had deserted her, pretending to believe, no doubt, that she had gone above with a portion of the party upon whom the horrors of the dungeon soon paled.

He could also take it for granted she had gone away with her new-found friends, and not show any alarm for hours.

It was a cleverly concocted and diabolical scheme, which had for its ultimate outcome the dethronement of her reason.

Doubtless Captain Brand had arranged it so that in such a case he would be appointed the natural protector and guardian of his afflicted child, and thus, of course, have the handling of her fortune.

Charlie was aghast.

He had never heard so terrible a thing in all his life. He almost doubted his senses.

"I have made up my mind regarding one thing, Miss Brand," he said, positively, "which is to the effect that I do not believe this man to be your father!"

(To Be Continued.)

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DELIGHTED

Ladies Calling on President Thought He Had Reason to Be Pleased.

"Just send in your cards," said a well known army officer to two New York state women who were wondering how they could arrange "just to shake hands with the president."

The advice was followed next day, and much to their surprise and delight they were at once shown into the reception room, where the president was busily engaged in refusing the request of a prominent senator who had called on the ever-present and everlasting topic of offices.

"Very sorry, senator, but this is impossible; I cannot do it," the president was heard to say.

"Please think it over, Mr. President," said the senator, "and I shall call again to-morrow."

"Absolutely final. I cannot do it. I cannot do it."

"My," said one lady to the other, "but wouldn't we better be going? That man is a senator and we don't know what may happen."

The next moment the president was shaking hands with both.

"I am delighted to see you, delighted," said he.

"Well, you ought to be," said one of the women, recovering from the whirlwind of cordiality.

The president looked embarrassed.

"We don't want anything, you know."

Cigarettes for Subscribers.

El Pais, which is a pushing paper of Buenos Ayres, offers to give every subscriber for three months an equal value in cigarettes, so that the customer gets \$5 worth of news and tobacco each for the one price.

Majestic Designs for Grant Memorial at Washington

Reproduced here are the six designs for the Grant statue at Washington which were thought worthy of mention by the Grant Statue Commission, out of the array submitted in competition, which have been shown in the form of models in the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington.

Under the terms binding the commission only six of all the models submitted could be distinguished by being mentioned. These six designs therefore represent in the minds of the members of the commission the half dozen best works offered by the sculptors entering the competition.

Mention by the commission carries

could then be judged, this model, which attracted a great deal of attention in the Corcoran Gallery, stood the best chance of being finally adopted for the memorial.

Mr. Niehaus' composition was also early pronounced one of the notable ones among the models sent in. It was likened, because of the general conception, to St. Gaudens' "Sherman," although not up to the height of that composition.

In this, Grant is on his horse and is attended by a soldier on either side heralding triumph and the coming of peace. Horse and men are in motion.

The objection at once made to this

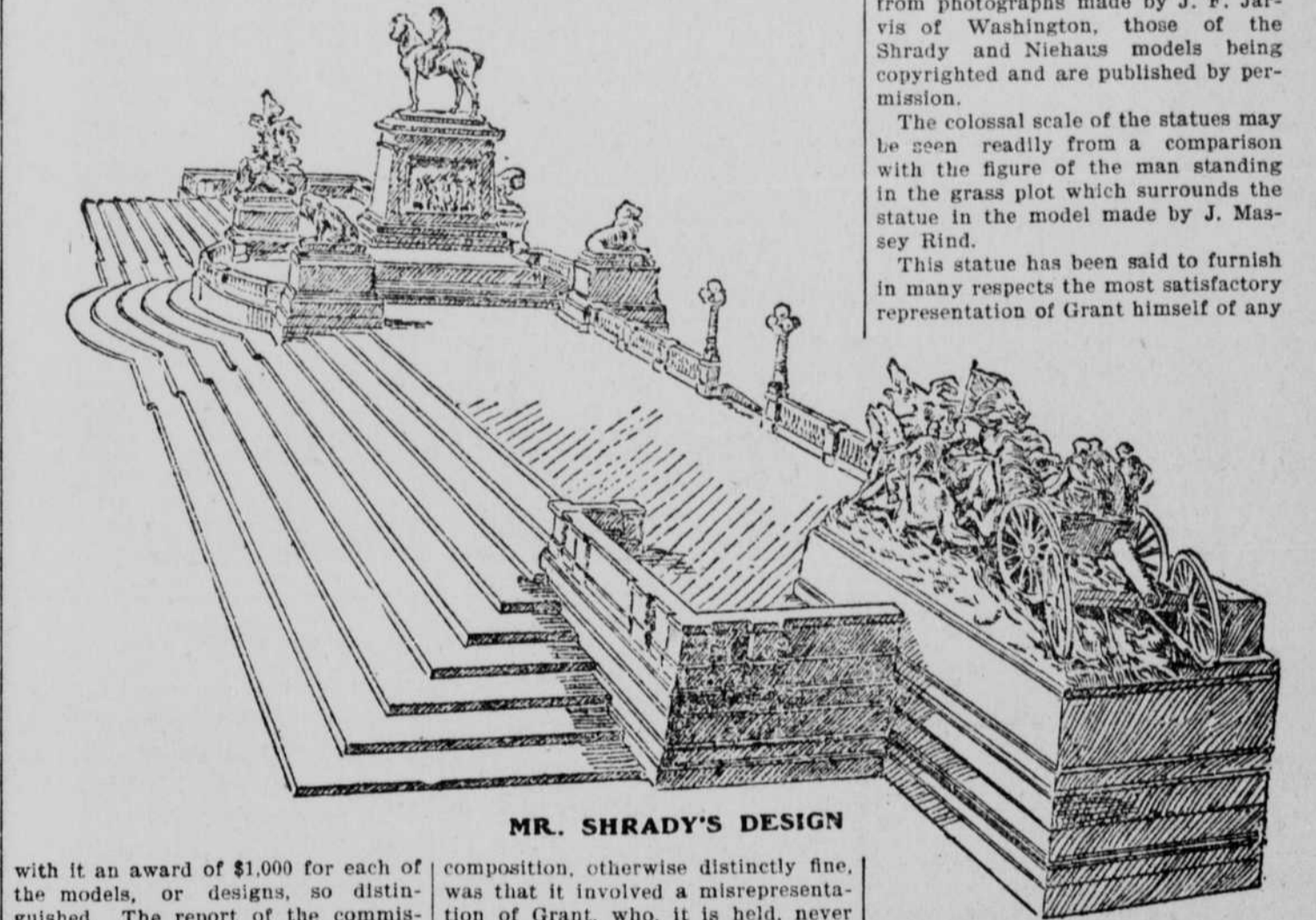
park commission, and also in view of the possibility of this equestrian figure of Grant's becoming the central feature of this portion of the plan of the park commission, the committee begs to suggest that before finally making the award Messrs. Shady and Niehaus be requested to execute another model of about four feet in height for the equestrian group of Gen. Grant.

"As this enlarged model would involve a very serious expense to the sculptors, the committee suggests, that an appropriate sum of money be offered in remuneration to the unsuccessful competitor."

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The colossal scale of the statues may be seen readily from a comparison with the figure of the man standing in the grass plot which surrounds the statue in the model made by J. Massey Rhind.

This statue has been said to furnish in many respects the most satisfactory representation of Grant himself of any



with it an award of \$1,000 for each of the models, or designs, so distinguished. The report of the commission was in a way a conditional one.

The commission, instead of selecting finally one design, found two of the number before it to be the most meritorious of those submitted, and called upon the authors of these two to submit each another model, made on a larger scale, and therefore better fitted to prove the sculptor's efficiency for the task of making a great national monument of a great national hero.

The statue is to occupy one of the

composition, otherwise distinctly fine, was that it involved a misrepresentation of Grant, who, it is held, never permitted himself to occupy the position of a conqueror. Mr. Niehaus in preparing his model was associated with Henry Bacon as architect.

Here is what the special advisory committee, on whose report the commission acted in reaching its decision, said of the models by Mr. Shady and Mr. Niehaus:

"The committee thinks it desirable, notwithstanding the brilliant character of Mr. Shady's composition, to be

of the models in the competition. Reposeful, but uncompromising as Cromwell, as has been said, Grant sits on the great horse, which is such a one as appeals to sculptors. Mr. Rhind, in submitting this model, was associated with Bright & Bacon, architects.

Mr. Story's model at once suggested when it was exhibited what is by some called the greatest of equestrian statues, that of Bartolommeo Colleoni at Venice. But it is ornate and fanciful in contrast to the dignity, power and representative character of some of the others.

The model submitted by Charles A. Lopez, who is Mexican born, and F. G. R. Roth, in association with the architect, Henry Hornbostel, aims at securing its effect of grandeur through the towering height of the columns, representing the north and south, before which Grant sits on horseback.

The peristyle surmounted by an equestrian statue of Grant flanked by emblematic figures is the work of Burr Churchill Miller, who is a son of former United States Senator Warren Miller of New York state.

The conditions of the competition called for the erection of the statue either in the rear of the White House or on the south axis of the state, war and navy building.

The special advisory committee, in reporting to the statue commission,



most conspicuous sites at the capital, and is to cost \$240,000.

The two best models, are those of Henry Merwin Shady and Charles Henry Niehaus, both of New York. In fact all of the six mentioned models are by New York sculptors except one, that sent from Rome by Waldo Story, son of the poet-sculptor, the late W. W. Story.

Gen. Dodge, Senator Wetmore and Secretary Root selected an advisory committee of generals, sculptors and architects to assist them in determining the merits of the models submitted, and there was a special advisory committee composed of Gen. J. M. Schofield and Augustus St. Gaudens.

Several of the sculptors sought the aid of architects in formulating their ideas of what the Grant statue should be, and the models submitted by these artists were made in conjunction with the architects.

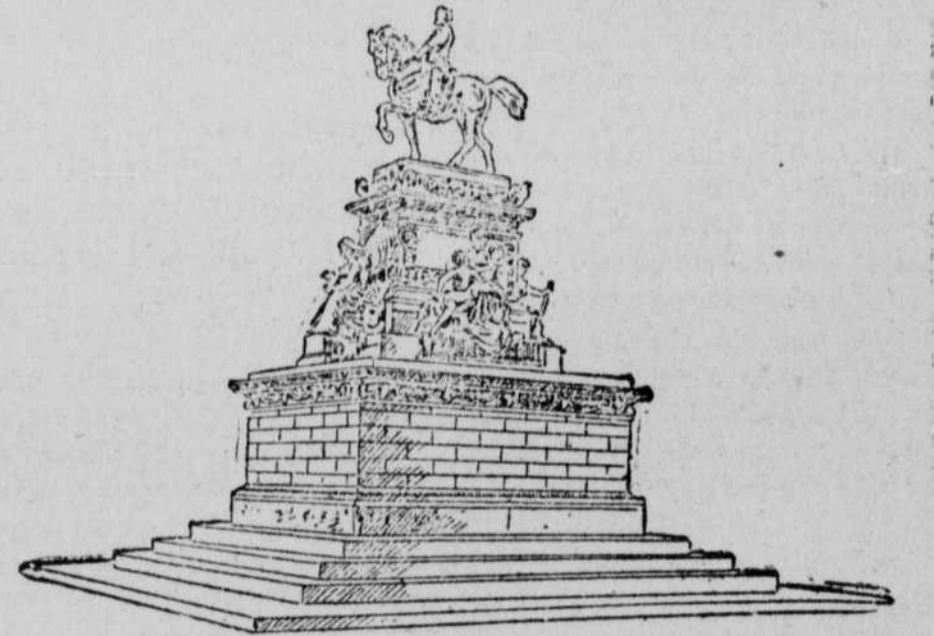
Mr. Shady's composition is one of fierce movement and eager, straining activity, presided over by the calm, unflinched Grant. It comprises three groups.

At one side there is a dash of cavalry and at the other a battery of artillery is rushing into action. Both are done in the round. Between these two intense groups, with their fervid movement, and towering above them, Gen. Grant sits firm and quiet astride a spirited and alert horse, the figure of the general the only quiet one in the stirring scene.

The broad and simple platform on which the groups making up the composition are mounted is designed to serve the functions of a reviewing stand. It was said in advance of the commission's report that so far as

assured of his powers to execute a fine figure of Grant with the nobility and reserve power that it should possess.

"On the other hand, the qualities of Mr. Niehaus' work were of such high order and were so close in merit to those of Mr. Shady's that the committee feels that it would be unfair to Mr.



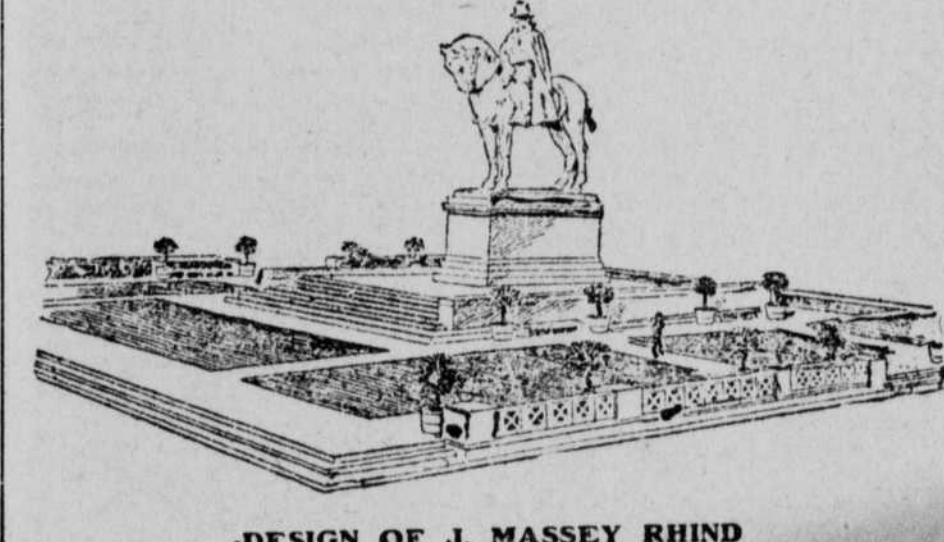
Niehaus to reject his work without another trial.

"Furthermore, in view of the fact that since the competition for the Grant Monument was instituted the proposition to place three equestrian statues together at the head of the Mall, in the center of Union Square, has been urged in the plan of the

went beyond its instruction in order to have a word to say as to sites. The committee said on this point:

"The committee begs leave to suggest that while the central site—namely the White Lot—is well adapted for the purpose of a monument to Gen. Grant, the placing of any kind of a monument in the White Lot circle is extremely objectionable from an artistic standpoint and is an encroachment upon historic ground. The four corners of the White Lot square are deemed highly appropriate places for subordinate military monuments, but neither one is suited in dignity for a site for a monument to Gen. Grant."

It is understood that the park commission's plan, which was broached after the competition was instituted, is most likely to be carried out. The Shady composition, it was announced from Washington, was not only the first of the models in intrinsic merit, but also best adapted to this site. The Niehaus model was pronounced second in intrinsic merit and adapted to either site, although not so desirable for the White Lot site.—New York Sun.



DESIGN OF J. MASSEY RHIND