A WARRIOR BOLD.

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Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Widow'," "Miss Caprice," #a

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CHAPTER X.

The Game of Fox and Geese. Events were crowding upon each other's heels.

Charlie, while abroad, had seen something that gave him quite a start. This was nothing more nor less than a lovely woman with golden hair and

blue eyes in a carriage, taking an airing, while at her side, stiff and sternlooking, the baron sat.

Charlie bowed politely. The countess gave him a look of curiosity and one of her ravishing smiles.

So she passed out of his life-lucky man.

The sight of Charlie recalled to the baron's mind the promise he had made with regard to Capt. Brand.

Accordingly he took advantage of his first hour off to set the wires in motion, and learn certain facts regarding the worthy captain.

Charlie, relying on the baron to corral the captain, had made arrangements for sailing upon the next trans-Atlantic steamer.

He had engaged passage for Arline, her companion, Artemus and himself. The captain, having paid a man to keep upon Stuart's track, found out what was in the wind.

He learned that the crisis had arrived. Whatever he proposed doing taust be put through with all possible speed, since, ere many hours elapsed, those against whom his schemes were directed would be upon the sea, and, mayhap, beyond his reach.

Artemus had heard enough to know the three schemers were planning to do his friend an evil turn, but, strain his ears as he would, he had not been able to catch the particulars of the game, owing to certain sounds in the hotel that muffled even the bold voices of Captain Brand's champagne-bibbing friends.

All he could do was to warn Stuart on general principles, and it can be set down as an assured fact that he carried out this dramatic little episode quite to the queen's taste.

It would not have been Artemus otherwise.

Charlie promised to keep his weather eye open for squalls.

He hoped his early departure from Antwerp would serve to entirely disconcert the beggarly plans of his enemies, and leave the fellow in the lurch.

About this time there was considerable hustling being done among the various forces circling around Arline Brand, just as the planets whirl about

time to catch the steamer.

Perhaps this might have been carried out had circumstances not united to arrange events in the captain's favor.

Charlie had his fun. He dragged his persistent pursuer over a good part of Antwerp-now they were on foot and anon chasing in the sleeper whirled over on his side. vehicles at a pace to set the staid old burghers agog with surprise and con-

sternation. Outside a desire to have a little sport with his friend, the captain, his sole purpose in leading Brand this wild-goose chase was to keep his attention upon himself, while Lady Arline and Artemus left the hotel; for somehow Charlie had a vague fear lest | fore? the resourceful ex-sailor might use force to prevent his supposed daughter from departing, advancing some daring plea that her mind was affected grizzled old Captain Brand was a mysand having hired experts, who would | tery that almost paralyzed the seeker perhaps decree that she should be incarcerated in an asylum.

These things might appear ridiculous, but such happenings have come to pass ere now, and he chanced to | ly closed the door. have personal knowledge of at least one similar case.

Whether or not Charlie were foolish in thus conjuring up phantoms that could not exist, was a question that should not be decided hastily.

He believed Brand to be a desperate man, against whom he could as yet hardly appeal to the law, since Arline would not give her consent.

He was convinced that Brand did not desire the heiress to get beyond his reach, and would hardly hesitate at any end in order to hold her until his sinister plans could be worked out.

Hence it was, after all, in a spirit of self-sacrifice that Charlie undertook to have a little fun with Capt. Brand, and led him this fine chase up and down the crooked streets of Antwerp.

All would have been well but for two cronies of Brand. They chanced to be standing at a dark corner where the other had agreed to meet them, and, hearing his signals, sprang upon Charlie ere he comprehended his dan-

As a result he was struck senseless by a blow from some blunt weapon.

When Capt. Brand arrived on the scene his first act was to sprinkle a powdery white pigment in the young man's hair, to give him the appearance of age, and to smear his face with a little street dirt in order to disguise his features.

Then, for the benefit of the man whom he knew hovered near by, a little one-act drama was carried out, the two men chasing Brand hither and yon-then, as the baron's spy came in sight, two men running away, while a form lay on the street.

It worked like a charm. The emistheir central sun. The baron tried to drive from his mind the startling phantoms that had been conjured into being by the mys-

full worth of his money, and then, by failed to note its generous proportions a fluke, dropping him in some section as contrasted with the neat footgear of old Antwerp, while he himself took | which Charlie Stuart affected-such a fly and drove to the landing stage in trifles do not impress themselves upon the mind when weightier things are demanding recognition.

Now for a certer shot.

He turned his attention to the lower berth, which was occupied by a hursan form.

Just then the nasal sounds came 30 a sudden stop with a savage snort, and

The act brought his face directly within range of the morning light that struggled through the small openings beyond.

No wonder Artemus crouched there as if frozen.

Talk about the magic touch of the geni! When had such a wonderful transformation ever taken place be-

For one to retire as Prince Charlie Stuart, gay, handsome and debonair, to awaken in the guise of grim and after sensations.

Artemus took one last fearsome look at the smooth and red physiognomy of the sleeper, passed out, and then soft-

Only when safe within his own room did he give vent to his over-wrought feelings in a whistle.

"Great Jupiter! That beats everything I ever saw. Instead of Charlie -the ogre! What does it mean? There is treachery afloat. I seem to detect it in the very air around. But the question arises, where is Charlie? And shall I have to take his place as her warrior bold, and will it be necessary for me to give up my liberty?"

Poor fellow!

He did not know whether to look on it as a huge joke or a grim reality. He thought of warning Arline; she ought to know her dear papa was on board, and that he had refused to break the paternal bonds that had be come so very strong since his return from exile.

Artemus buckled on his armor. If he was to be pitted against the old ogre, it would be a pretty fight. Capt. Brand might have succeeded in outwitting Charlie, who was too frank, for deep diplomacy, but he would find it quite another thing when he ran up against the new knight who had shied his castor into the ring.

Ah! A gentle tap at the door. Artemus almost fell over himself in his cagerness to open a satchel and clutch a little affair of steel and nickel which he carried there, and armed

with which he called: "Come!"

The door opened and a figure whisked in, immediately closing the same again.

Artemus gave a cry-the half-raised arm fell useless at his side.

There was more witchery. He had expected the old ogre, armed with a sary of Baron Peterhoff hastened up as shoe, and bent upon turning the tables

> oned it his ghost! Charlie, with a finger pressed mystericusly on his lips, a la Artemus' favorite style of communicating a secret, and his face wreathed in what appeared to be a broad grin.

THERMOMETERS ARE NEVER SAFE Natives of Guatemaia Use Mercury as

Specific for Torpid Livers.

"If you want to keep a thermometer in Guatemala you have to set a guard over it," said a traveler who had just returned from a visit to Central America. "It's a fact, I assure you. Shortly before I started for home I made a trip from Port Barrios to Guatemala City.

when we got to Guatemala City, them out of their wits. which is about the largest town on one hanging on a porch of a residence. giving vent to the most hideous howls. enough to hold a young bear. It was the fences, and that was the way-the caution seemed all the more remarkable because petty household pilfering deld and investigate. is practically unknown in that country.

certain to be broken and drained. me that he had seen scores of natives up with the cows all night long. suffering from chronic rheumatism, brought on by swallowing raw mer-

Stockton Wrote Poor Poetry.

cury."

could write a successful poem. In til the cows were turned out for their right ever since .- New York Sun. this connection the novelist frequently told a good story on himself. In his youth, in conjunction with his brother John, he wrote many poems with which he afflicted the editors of various Canadian periodicals. The effusions always came back. The editor of one magazine was an especial target of the Stocktons, but as none of their poems was ever accepted the brothers came to the conclusion that the editor had no conception of good poetry.

ton used to say, "and gave up trying Deadwood and he was a winner from to write it."

Bret H r . E rly Days. An unfortunate incident of the early career of Bret Harte grew out of his acceptance of an invitation to deliver a Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard soon after he had published his poem

Fifteen fine Jersey cows on the morning drink, and almost dried up Whitney Point Stock Farm went on a the creek in the field, that the veteridisgraceful spree last Monday and al- naries got an inkling of what had been "The weather was broiling hot, and most frightened the men in charge of the matter.

For a long time no one knew just Binghamton. "I do believe them there the road, I thought I'd see what the what was the matter with the cows. cows was drunk last night. What did temperature really was. So I strolled They went reeling across the fields out of the hotel to locate a thermom- like a lot of drunken soldiers, rolling eter, and after a long search I found their eyes, and every once in a while To my astonishment it was surround- When they got tired they either ed by a cage of wire netting, heavy leaned against one another or against a cheap thermometer, and such a pre- men found them when they screwed up enough courage to go out in the

A hurry call was sent to Binghamton for a veterinary, because there "I found out during my stay that was such unmistakable signs of sufthe reason for this protection is that fering on the part of the cows that the the people suffer from torpid livers, men thought they were poisoned. and regard mercury as a specific. How When the veterinary took a look at the belief became current goodness the cows he was puzzled. They were only knows," he went on, "but it is glassy-eyed and tired. Those that had universal all through the interior, fallen asleep were sleeping so soundly and if an outside thermometer is left that they couldn't be waked up even unprotected overnight it is morally with a pitchfork. The local veterinaries were called in to assist the man "An English surgeon at Zacopa told from Binghamton, and the three sat

The next morning the cows appeared to be all right. True, most of them looked a trifle ashamed, but on the whole they seemed in fair shape they agreed as to the cause of the jag. and quite ready to go back to eating Undoubtedly this explanation is the The late Frank Stockton never grass and making milk. It wasn't un- correct one, as the cows have been all

"Well, I swan," said the man from ver give them to eat?'

"They couldn't be drunk, Doc," said the boss keeper, "'cuz there ain't anythin' in this here stockfarm ter make man nor beast drunk. All them cows has had out of the usual feed this week is a wagon-load of apples that was dumped in the field on Sunday."

"Well, I'm clear dinged," said the Binghamton man. "I hearn tell on a thing like this happenin' once afore, but I never see it myself. Say, d'yer know what was the matter of them cows? Well, they was drunk from them apples.

"Now, see here. Them cows has two stomachs, and when you gave 'em them apples they just loaded up the second stomach, where they stores things, like all ruminants does, with apples. They kept them there till they fermented and then they all got drunk. That's just what was the matter of them cows."

The logic of this explanation appealed to the local veterinaries, and



"There may be citizens in Deadwood | ed out as square as a dot, depending who remember Buck Joseph," said the on luck alone, and I had lost \$500 beman with the taper fingers as he per- fore I made a change. Then I went To prove their belief they hunted mitted a smile to lurk around the cor- in for nothing less than flushes, and up and dispatched to him an ode little ners of his mouth. "Buck was a full- inside of an hour I got my money known, from Milton. Within two fledged Sioux Indian, but he had back. Buck knew I was beating him days they received a check and a let- learned a thing or two in his time. at his own game, and he laid for me. ter of thanks. "I came to the con- One of 'em was how to play poker, On one of his deals he got four aces clusion that that editor knew poetry and another was how to hold the best and I knew it. I got king, queen and when he saw it after all," Mr. Stock- hand. He was early on the ground at jack of diamonds, and it was \$20 to come in.

"I drew a long breath and chipped and drew two cards to his one. My heart thumped as I found a ten and days. They believed a good deal in nine of diamonds in my hand-a luck, but a good deal more in fingering straight flush. Of course, Buck knew there was only one hand higher than Joseph's sleight-of-hand, however. his, and he came for me with bets of They tried him on time and again, and \$50. He had friends to borrow from concerning Truthful James. He came they worked all the arts known to the and so had I, and when he finally to Cambridge and supplemented a profession, but he was still ahead of called me we had \$4,000 in cash on the learned address from one of the philo- the game. As a last resort they sent table, and he had three ponies two sophers of the time with a wishy- over to Abilene, Kan. for me. I'm squaws and five papooses up against ready to yell when I showed my hand. His yell died away, and he sat there like a stone man for five long minutes. Then he slowly rose up, gathered his blanket around him, and as he walked

Cows With a "Jag."

Fermented Apples Work Demoralization on Fine Herd of Jersey Cattle. *************

been conjured into being by the mys-Brabant, and, as this could only be done by means of work, he gave himself up to the mission of the hour with redoubled zeal.

It was really a question what the scramble would result in-whether Charlie or the redoubtable captain would come out of it in creditable shape, and how Artemus might fare in the shuffle.

Lady Arline had an interview with her alleged papa, during which she announced her determination of crossing shores of America. the Atlantic on business, and that she had provided liberally for him "during her absence, as he would find upon applying in person to her banker in London.

The interview was possibly not devoid of dramatic features. Artemus was on guard near by, and heard the old sea dog blustering more or less in his usual way.

But he had evidently lost much of the power he formerly possessed over Lady Arline. He came forth from the the Belgians, and clear sailing seemed rooms looking like an enraged hyena, because diplomacy had forced him to bottle up his wrath.

To Artemus Charlie delegated the task of seeing Lady Arline and her maid aboard the ccean greyhound, where he would join them later. It was night again.

Time and tide wait for no man, and ocean steamers have to put out very frequently at unreasonable hours, in order to cross the bar on the flood.

The baron and Captain Brand played a game of cross-purposes, as it were, for, while the ex-sailor shadowed Charlie with intentions that were both dark and desperate, he was, at the same time, under the surveillance of Peterhoff's emissary-the baron himself being too busily employed catering to the comfort of his fair prisoner-in reality his captor-to personally inject his individuality into the game.

Captain Brand knew he was followed, and perhaps could give a rough guess as to the why and wherefore.

But it was not his nature to be despondent.

He believed in utlizing whatever came in his way as one of the forces that might bring success.

When a man can thus twist threatening disasters into favoring factors ae is indeed hard to beat in the game | den shout, or by the advent of a con- | Lapps, to whom he preaches the gosof life.

Charlie was feeling unusually bold and light-hearted on this night, which grown his college days, when he it is remembered that King Oscar is he supposed would be his last on European soil.

Presently he expected to be on board a stanch German liner, viewing the low shores of the old world with complacency-for at his side would be Lady Arline; and left behind as a memory of the dead past, such persons as the professor and his wife, Baron Peterhoff, Isolde, Countess Brabant, and Captain Brand of the Hespasia. He intended giving Capt. Brand the

terious power of Isolde, Countess of appeared to be the old fellow he had been set to watch.

The man called a vehicle, placed the limp figure in its interior, entered himself, and then started to report the astonishing result of his empionage to Baron Peterhoff himself.

While Capt. Brand, rejoining his confreres down the shady street, set off in hot haste to get aboard the steamer, which, in another hour or so. would be moving down the River Sheldt, bound for the far-off distant

Artemus stood on the hurricane deck of the great Red D ocean liner and looked back in the morning sunlight to the distant and fast-receding coast of Belgium.

Homeward bound!

There is always a pleasure in this thought and Artemus experienced it with enthusiasm.

So far as he knew, Charlie's plans had progressed all right, the ogre was left behind, lamenting in the land of ahead.

Then his thoughts ran back to the events of the previous night. He chuckled to remember the adroitness with which he had seen Lady Arline, her companion and their luggage on hoard the waiting steamer, while Charlie was leading the ogre a wild-goose chase around Antwerp, partly to amuse himself and at the same time cance. King Oscar is noted as being keep Brand occupied up to near the sailing time.

was strange that he failed to show courtly of men. Nearly, if not quite, up in time to see the last of Belgium's six feet six inches tall, finely built and shores.

Lady Arline and her companion were walking the deck with jersey and golf cape to keep off the stinging chill.

"I'll go and arouse the sluggard," out-not the first case of its kind, I rather guess," with a sinister lear at his wit.

So he went below.

The door of Charlie's stateroom was just opposite his own-a single step thropy and religious zeal. He is the across the little passage.

As he approached he heard the sounds of loud snoring from within.

On the spur of the moment he devenient shoe tossed across the little room. Artemus had never wholly outgained the reputation of being the was conveniently unlocked.

Through the bull's-eye windows enough of the morning light crept to the religious character of this royal allow a fair survey of the miniature apartment.

One of the first things Artemus saw was a shoe that had been tossed aside.

As he seized upon it eagerly, he people.

At any rate, Barnaby was delighted to see him in the flesh, and as soon as he could get his wits into thinking order he dropped the weapon and held out an eager hand.

"This is a treat, my dear boy-after seeing that grim old Trojan in your bunk. What have you done? Brought him aboard a prisoner, I reckon? Ah! I didn't give you enough credit, I fear. You see, my first impression was he had outwitted you and turned the tables on you."

Artemus was boiling over with curiosity regarding what had taken place ashore, especially when his friend declared, with a wry face, that Capt. Brand had indeed come near proving too much for him.

The story was soon told. (To be continued.)

KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY. Oscar One of the Best Rulers Who Ever Sat Upon a Throne.

If all earthly rulers and potentates were of the character and temper of King Oscar of Sweden, the line about the uneasy heads that wear crowns would lose a good part of its signifinot only one of the best monarchs who ever sat upon a throne, but as one of By the way, where was Charlie? It the handsomest, most urbane and stately, like King Saul, he towers "head and shoulders" above most of his subjects. Now nearly seventy years old, for thirty years he has been the beloved ruler of the sturdy said Artemus to himself. "His little northmen. The king is a deeply rejaunt about town must have worn him ligious man, but his consort, the queen, is even more devout. She is intensely religious, sympathizing with every good effort, while his second son, Prince Bernadotte, is noted throughout Europe for his philanpresident of the Young Men's Christian Association of Stockholm, the chairman of a missionary society, and of many like institutions. He has cided to arouse his friend with a sud- himself organized a mission to the pel, as he frequently does to others when he has an opportunity. When the grandson of Bernadotte, a weilchampion practical joker of his class. known marshal of the first Napoleon, So he quietly opened the door, which and the great grandson of the Empress Josephine, whose daughter by her first husband married Bernadotte, family may seem the more remarkable. King Oscar has great literary gifts; he has published more than one volume of verse, and he is never happier than when surrounded by literary

washy poem that any amateur poel might have addressed to his mistress's eyebrows. It fell very flat on the distinguished audience, and no one appreciated this fact better than Bret Harte. After the literary exercises were over the hosts looked around for the poet, but he was nowhere to be found. He had escaped through the back door without waiting to make his formal adjeux .- New York Post.

Chinese Minister Wide Awake.

Minister Wu Ting-fang recently attended a reception following a dinner at the Washington home of Senator Hanna. He had hardly arrived when a senator congratulated him on emerging from a rumor that he was about a glass of wine on it." The Chinese diplomat was much gratified, but be never forget the gay appearance it gan to smell a mouse when half a presented," said Capt. John A. Hassell dozen more public men approached of New York yesterday at the St. him in the same way. "They were James Hotel. "The women of St. evidently trying to put me under the Pierre dressed more gayly than in any table," says Wu, "but by keeping cool other part of the world I ever visited. and spilling a few glasses I managed They wore many colors, and, strangely to maintain my equilibrium.

An Exciting Time Due,

Passengers on an elevated railway train this morning who happened to be looking out of the car windows saw a strange thing. A district messenger boy was leaning against a stoop reading a paper covered novel, utterly oblivious to all that was going on around him. At his heels some one had thrown a lighted match, and his trousers were just breaking out into a blaze as the train rolled on. What had been removed. Part of the milk happened afterward could be only imagined by the people on the train. It ought to have been to the boy almost as exciting as the novel.-Nev York Post.

Defeated Both Belmonts.

Now that he has been appointed a member of the naval committee, Congressman Lessler of New York enjoys the distinction of having defeated both the Belmont brothers. Perry Belmont was the democratic candidate for congress whom Col. Lessler vanquished at a special election and Ollie Belmont, now a member of the house and a graduate of the naval academy at Annapolis, was one of the foremost candidates for the vacancy on the naval committee.

Located.

Col. Malthy tells of a neighbor, says the Philadelphia Times, of his, at St. David's, who went home at a rather unusual hour of the day and said to

the family servant: "Can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?" Bridget hesitated for a moment, and

ters of the congregation. then replied: "Faith, to tell ye the truth, I really

believe they are in the wash!"

not going to say what I was doing over there, but the boys who knew me best were ready to bet 2 to 1 that I downed Buck at his own game.

the start.

ously.

"When I reached Deadwood," continued the narrator, "I had \$800 in cash with me. Old Lo came up smil- out of the place he said: ing with an equal amount and we sat down for an all-day tea party. I start- | Heap ass Injun!'

short distance out at sea. As soon as

our vessel came within hailing dis-

boats would set out from shore. They

which they offered to the passengers.

n that way are quite delicious and in

Not Rockefeller's Church.

Among the older members of the

Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New

York, there is a strong feeling that

altogether too much stress is being

aid on the fact that Rockefeller and

sis son are members. Last Sunday a

stranger entered the building and

asked an elderly man at the door, "Is

his Mr. Rockefeller's church?" "No,"

was the emphatic reply, "this is the

Fifth Avenue Baptist Church." "Well,

does young Mr. Rockefeller's Sunday

school meet here?" "No." the man

who was being questioned answered

vigorously, "the Sunday school of

which young Mr. Rockefeller is leader

meets here." The members do not

hesitate to express the opinion that

Mr. Rockefeller's great wealth should

not be permitted to overshadow the

work that is being done by other mem-

Water will not extinguish the spark

great demand with travelers.

"There were some pretty slick

gamblers hanging out there in the old

the cards. None of them had Buck

"'Humph! Heap smart white man!

境境境境境境境境境境境。 **Beautiful St. Pierre** SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AN OBSERVING VISITOR MADE BEFORE THE RECENT CATACLYSM. -******

"St. Pierre was one of the most pic- | were originally in the island, the Mato be recalled, and added: "Let's take turesque little cities in the world. I lays who were brought there to serve spent a few hours there once and shall as slaves, and the French and other white people who located there, intermarried so freely that most of the inhabitants showed only a trace of the negro blood. The women were quite dark, but had good features, and many of them were quite handsome. Their clothing was very unusual. On their enough, combined them quite harmonheads they wore scarfs of bright colors and their gowns were very fantastic. All through the city there seemed "There was practically no harbor at St. Pierre, and the ships anchored a to be an air of gayety and abandon.

"St. Pierre was located in a small indenture in the shore line and its tance of St. Pierre a number of small houses were queer affairs which seemed like a lot of fancy blocks piled were filled with women dressed in up against the side of the mountain. gaudy colors and carrying fruits, Many of the houses were whitewashed or painted some very light color. They remember that many of the women were all short buildings of quaint had cocoanuts from which the ends French architecture. Nobody worked in St. Pierre any more than was neceshad been poured from the fruit and sary. There were music and dancing replaced by rum. Cocoanuts prepared everywhere, and the immorality of the city will probably lead many people to suggest that judgment has been "Few of the people in St. Pierre brought down upon the ill-fated city." were pure black. The negroes who -Washington Post.

Secretary Moody Is Economical. Some consternation has been aroused in the navy department by an apparent determination on the part of Secretary Moody to run the place with some regard to economy. Some days ago an appeal was made to him for more clerks, it being declared that only by the most diligent industry could the work be kept up with the present force. Mr. Moody astounded the applicant for more help by saying that the condition described was exactly as it should be. The clerks, he said, had easy hours and should employ every moment of their time in the department in doing government work. As they were able to keep the business up to date, even with difficulty, this was what was required of them.

Marriage is often a failure because neither of the interested parties has sense enough to take an occasional valove -and it takes something cation.