

A WARRIOR BOLD.

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

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CHAPTER XII.

Waylaid By the Ogre.

This spirited way of doing things struck Charlie as just about right.

It suited his own aggressive nature, always bent upon carrying the war into the enemy's country and striking quick blows.

"That's kind of you, Artemus," he said, immediately, "and I shall be only too pleased to meet the captain."

Fate decreed that they should meet Capt. Brand as they sauntered toward the exit.

Both gave him a cold bow. It was no more nor less than he was accustomed to from these friends of Arline, and yet he looked after them suspiciously.

Ah! had he but dreamed of whither they were bound, and for what purpose, the ogre would have considered that the case called for something beyond suspicion.

"Keep an eye on him, Artemus," said Charlie.

"Well, rather. It would precipitate matters if he chanced to see us meet the original ghost, of we may so meet Capt. Brand."

But apparently the ogre had awakened to the fact that he was assailed by a thirst which would not be denied, for the last they saw of him he was heading in a bee line for the barroom.

Once clear of the hotel, the two friends turned along the avenue.

Artemus knew where he was going; this was his old stamping ground, over which he had ranged for years, always searching for that will-o'-the-wisp which until now had eluded his grasp—a sensation that would take the theater-going public by storm, and make his reputation at a bound.

So he led Charlie at length into a public house, where many men came and went, where silver and cut glass gleamed upon the buffet back of the bar, and tables invited a social chat.

Before they reached a distant table, Charlie had located his man; it was easy enough after he had points given to him.

Nor was Artemus an iota out of the way in his rough-and-ready diagnosis of the man's character.

Charlie saw he had been a bluff, genial sailor, and these years of wild life on the Sahara, with the wandering tribes of nomads into whose hands he had fallen, had not eradicated these predominant traits.

Warmly he shook the hand of the wanderer.

Eye looked into eye and read there the nature of the man back of it.

And Capt. Brand was thanking heaven mentally that his child had been beloved by one whom he recognized in his soul to be nature's nobleman.

Long they sat there and conversed.

The hours passed unheeded.

Charlie was enthralled by what he heard.

There was no braggadocio about this man, as in the case of the ogre, and yet he had evidently passed through adventures beside which even the imaginary ones of the other paled into insignificance.

He asked eager questions about his child, and it could be seen how anxious the father was to unfold her in his arms.

Taken in all, they passed a most pleasant time of it, and were finally astonished when one of the waiters came with the information that midnight had arrived—it was time to close the house, and would the gentlemen have the kindness to vacate?

Which, of course, they did.

Arrangements were made for another meeting.

Capt. Brand also yielded to embrace his wayward boy, whom he felt sure he could easily lead into the right path.

Charlie walked on air as he returned alone to the hotel, Artemus pleading private business elsewhere.

Possibly his study of dramatic art included also the stars of the stage, and he thought it his duty to see some divinè Casino girl to her home.

There were many reflections to keep Charlie's poor mind in trouble, and ward off sleep.

This appearance of the real Brand on the scene was a remarkable event—so opportune that he could not but look upon it as providential. Indeed, had the affair been left entirely in his hands, the chances were he would never have conceived so brilliant a climax as to raise Brand from the grave as he was supposed to occupy in Africa, and bring him upon the scene to confound the ogre.

Little did this latter individual dream of what was in store for him, or that he stood upon a volcano that was ready to explode.

It was a man very well satisfied with the way the world treated him, who sauntered into the Windsor late that night, and ran upon his bete noir at the very first turn.

Charlie believed Brand had been waiting for him; his manner seemed to declare it.

What could he want?

There was something so exceeding audacious about the fellow's game that Charlie was forced to admire his nerve, even though he felt angry with him at the same time because he had deceived Arline.

Capt. Brand—as we may still call the old rogue, through courtesy,

though well aware that this was not his right name—Capt. Brand had evidently made up his mind that the time had come for a plain understanding with this young fellow who courted Arline.

He had fortified himself for the interview with various potatoes calculated, according to his way of thinking, to put courage into a man.

So he had kept watch, waiting for Stuart to appear.

And doubtless his particular thirst needed attention at frequent intervals.

Charlie saw at a glance the man was hardly himself, as usual, when the liquor was in the wit went out.

He might have preferred avoiding the interview if given his choice, since no good could come of it save to let this man understand they were deadly foes; but Brand intercepted him, and appeared to be decidedly in earnest.

Charlie knew no reason why he should run away. He believed he could give the fellow as good as he sent, a Roland for an Oliver, and perhaps find a chance to pick up some information.

It occurred to Charlie at that moment how much of truth there might be in the old saying to the effect that "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Capt. Brand exhibited a fair sample of it; he was not only mad, but slightly inebriated; not enough to interfere with his utterance, but to muddle his wits a bit, and render him incautious.

Of a truth, whisky has ere this, played the deuce with the most wonderful plans that were ever conceived in the minds of men.

Charlie could not refuse the horny palm offered to him. It had served its owner many a good turn, and also brought him into much trouble.

"I want to see you, Stuart—very important—couldn't wait till morning. Come this way, if you please. Know it's late, but won't detain you long. Must get it off my mind."

So Charlie, obliging always, went with him.

Brand had his eye on a couple of chairs in a corner where they would be isolated.

What he had to say was of a private nature, and admitted of no eavesdropper, nor would it have been safe for any curious person to have loitered near while he was in this chaotic condition of mind.

Prudence does not ally itself with the indulgence in strong drink.

"Ah," said the other, dropping into a seat, with the air of a weary man, fairly well loaded, "this is something like comfort, Stuart. I've learned, in my long and wearisome exile, the value of taking it easy while you may. Trouble flies fast enough as it is. By the way, excuse me, but I quite neglected to ask you to join me in having something."

"Thanks. I should have declined anyway."

"Then no harm done. Now, of course, you wonder what I've buttonholed you for."

"Naturally so."

"Can't you guess?"

"Too tired to make the effort tonight; besides, I'm not good at conundrums."

"Ha! ha! this is a conundrum sure enough—I consider all girls' puzzles."

"Then it is about—h'm—your daughter?"

"About sweet Arline, sure enough. As a fond parent I am, of course, solicitous concerning her future, and especially since she will in due time wish to give up the obedience she has so willingly shown toward my authority, and assume the sacred relation of wife toward some bright young man. That solicitude, my dear Stuart, brings me to a critical moment in my career—brings me in contact with you."

Charlie pretended to be dense; he even assumed surprise and perplexity.

"How can your future concern me, Capt. Brand?" he asked.

"Ah, you are disposed to be humorous, my lad. Or perhaps you wish to conceal your confusion under a brave exterior. Very good; every man to his taste, and I am ready to meet you fairly. Now let us reach an understanding."

"I am quite agreeable," cheerfully.

The returned exile rubbed his hands together, and new hope forced a smile upon his face.

"I will say this, Stuart, that of all the beaux who have come courting my sweet girl I don't know of anyone I would rather have for a son-in-law than yourself," remarked the astute captain, soberly.

"Ah, thanks, awfully."

"Of course, I'm concerned about her welfare, her future happiness. What fond papa would not be interested? I have been studying you, young man, when you little dreamed your fate was being decided, held in the hollow of my hand, so to speak."

"What conclusions did you reach?" asked Charlie, calmly lighting a fresh weed from the old cigar.

"I made up my mind that you were a very clever, clear-sighted, reasonable fellow; that my child could be safe in your hands, and would never regret having transferred her liberty."

"That was very good of you," smiling.

"And I finally concluded that the time had arrived, subject to a condition, when I might give over my charge forever—when Arline would no longer be subject to my parental authority, for you know she has been a very dutiful daughter."

"You mention a condition, sir?"

"Yes, only one."

"May I ask what it concerns?"

Capt. Brand smiled broadly.

"Myself and my future support," he said.

The cat was out of the bag.

Capt. Brand desired to make terms with the man whom destiny had appointed to be his successor.

Charlie felt the deepest disgust for so base a wretch, and determined to bait him as the toreador does the maddened bull.

"Let me see, do I understand just what you mean? You now receive a certain allowance from your daughter, which she has willingly given you as a pledge of her affection. This you fear may be stopped should she marry?"

"Yes, yes; you have it down very pat."

"And believing that I have at least a fair chance to secure her consent to be my wife, you are desirous of entering into some specific arrangement with me whereby this allowance may be continued during your lifetime."

"That is it, exactly; you could not have hit it better had you thought the whole thing out."

Charlie's manner gave him great hopes that he had found a ready dupe.

"Now, be perfectly frank, captain—are you fully satisfied with the amount?"

"Well, there's a point I wanted to put before you. There are times when, truth to tell, I have thought the dear child, of course, unconsciously, was treating me shabbily. Twice the amount would put me on Easy street, and I'm sure she wouldn't miss it at all."

The glow of avarice was in his face—his eyes snapped eagerly, and Charlie could see his fingers working as though in imagination they already clutched the golden prize.

"Ah! twice the amount would satisfy you, then, captain?" Charlie queried, softly.

"I am sure of it. And on my part, I would agree to use all the influence I possess in order to make her yours forever. Think of it, my dear friend—there are men, doubtless, who would quadruple the annuity if they could secure so rich a prize; but, sir, my conscientious scruples stand in the way. Above all things, I must see her happy."

Charlie was secretly amused—it was as good as a play to him.

"A laudable ambition for a fond parent, I am sure. And the curiosity I entertained regarding the limit of your desires has been most amply satisfied."

"Curiosity! Do I understand you aright, sir? Do you mean to—er—imply that you had no other motive in making such rigid and searching inquiries into the sacred feelings of a parent's heart? Curiosity, the devil!" he snorted.

"It is a cool word, but—it covers the case, so let it pass."

"Perhaps—my terms have been a little bit too high, and it might be possible for us to affect a compromise."

"Oh, no—not a bit too high! Indeed, five times as much would not be considered excessive if you could deliver the goods."

"You doubt my ability?" eagerly.

"I know it for an actual certainty," as he looked squarely into the captain's bold eyes, that now fell before his gaze.

"I can prove my power over the girl. I will influence her to turn coldly from you; when next we talk terms, my price will be double what I ask now. There are others, Mr. Charlie Stuart, who aspire to secure what you have spurned."

"What of the fine sense of honor that compels you to consider your daughter's happiness?" tauntingly.

"Bah! mere words, and you know it!"

"What of that wonderful sense of intuition which warned you I was the mate appointed by Destiny to watch over your daughter's future—and yours?"

(To be continued.)

MACHINE MADE TORCHON LACE.

Austrian Invention Imitates Hand-Made Product.

Some fair imitations of hand-made lace are already manufactured by machinery. A recent invention by an Austrian named Matitsch renders it possible to reproduce one more variety, known as torchon lace. The real article is moderately coarse but pretty lace and is used on garments which it is desirable to put through a laundry.

Herr Matitsch, after being associated with the lace industry in Vienna and inventing a machine which did not give satisfactory results, went to Nottingham, England, where he perfected the model in 1899. It was then necessary to make the jacquards for each pattern that it was desirable to produce. This part of the work was performed upon the inventor's return to Vienna. Hitherto it has been necessary to have a separate machine for each design. With the Matitsch machine it is only necessary to substitute one jacquard for another, as in weaving cloth.

The inventor does not intend to organize a company to make lace, says the New York Tribune, or even the production of more machines. He has already put nearly \$100,000 into his experiments and is now looking for a company to buy his rights. The Nottingham lace manufacturers profess not to be disturbed by the prospect of competition and says that the Matitsch machine will injure French manufacturers chiefly. In Vienna the papers think that a new era in lace making is ahead.

In seasonable weather the season's offering often comes high.

ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN FOR BEAUTIFUL HOME



The love of the beautiful is inherent in every person born into civilization. The height to which it finds expression in the individual is governed by conditions of development. And for this very reason the general tone of the home should be characterized by a distinct flavor of the artistic. The influence of refined beauty is universal in its bearings; it is irresistible. Half the world has sung the praises of a good woman; all the world admires a beautiful woman.

Surroundings mold the character and develop the tastes of children. Their mental caliber is soft and flexible. They are easily impressed by their surroundings, or what they see. They are quick to detect differences. The beautiful, the tasteful, the chaste and classic in dwellings convey to the happy possessor the feeling of pleasure derived from the realization that you have a beautiful home. To feel

that your home is artistic, a pleasure to yourself, your children and friends, is to have your hand on the throttle of triumphant bliss.

No cottage is too small for the exercise of this fundamental feature. Smaller houses need the redeeming feature of design to as great a degree as the larger mansions. There can be a depth of warmth and home-like coziness in the "little cottage" that will at once redeem it from any tendency towards inhospitality or stiffness, not by way of crowding, but rather by way of judicious, appropriate selection.

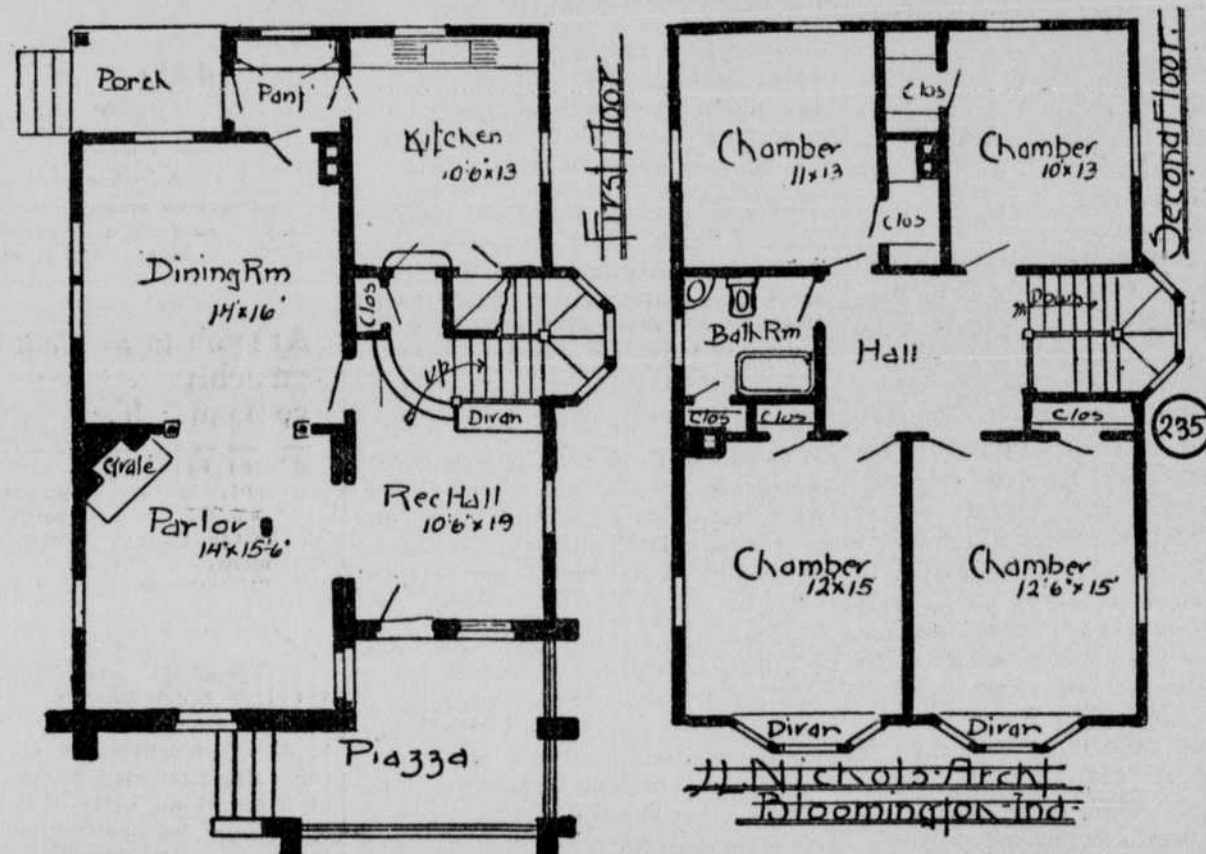
And we wish right here to disabuse the reader's mind of the idea that making a beautiful home is necessarily a matter of lavish expenditure of money. Before what is known as imitative art had any fixed principles governing production, and before the wonderful wood-working machinery of the nineteenth century was a fact, the expen-

sive feature was more or less allied to beauty. But beauty is in the perception. It is recognized by fixed principles of design and architecture. As these are now more or less a matter of reproduction, you do not have to pay for originality in its broader sense.

Yet you secure the same results. The sublime purity of the design, the lack of any attempt at undignified ornamentation, the fascinating repose of the simple outline, have a quiet, restful, home-like feeling that at once enraptures us in admiration of the taste and appreciation of the beautiful.

This unique design, clean-cut outline, broad, dignified roof, first-story front stone veneered, rest of exterior shingles stained, stone porch piers, compact and handy plan, polished floors, hardwood finish, complete in every detail. Cost, \$1,700.

He is rich who owns nothing.

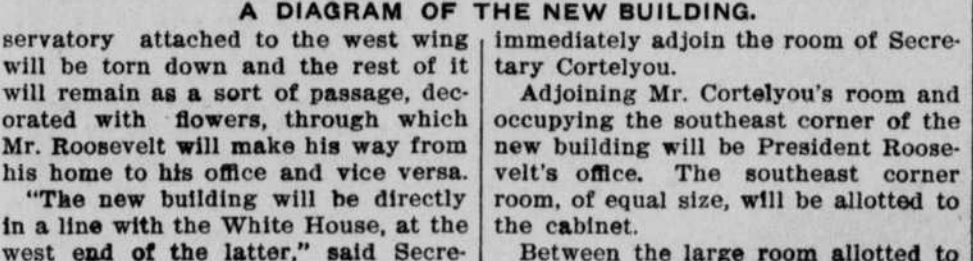


New Business Quarters for the President

The "Little White House" at Washington, as the new building for the President's business quarters will probably be known, is to be in effect a part of the executive mansion proper. One-half of the present large con-

tary Cortelyou yesterday, "and will be constructed in such a style as to harmonize with the ancient edifice."

The front door of the Little White House will open directly into a large reception room for visitors. This will



servatory attached to the west wing will be torn down and the rest of it will remain as a sort of passage, decorated with flowers, through which Mr. Roosevelt will make his way from his home to his office and vice versa.

"The new building will be directly in a line with the White House, at the west end of the latter," said Secre-

immediately adjoin the room of Secretary Cortelyou.

Adjoining Mr. Cortelyou's room and occupying the southeast corner of the new building will be President Roosevelt's office. The southeast corner room, of equal size, will be allotted to the cabinet.

Between the large room allotted to

the clerks, which occupies the whole of the west end of the building, and Mr. Cortelyou's office will be the telegraph room, through which the President will be in communication with all the world. Not only the wires of the great telegraph companies will run into it, but also those of the oceanic cables.

The contemplated building being so simple its construction will not require more than ninety days, so that it will be ready for occupancy in the fall. Meanwhile the business of remodeling the old White House will go on, one of the most important features of this work consisting in the strengthening of the edifice, which is decidedly weak, structurally speaking.

Satisfied to Be Publisher.

They are telling in New York of a man who after putting a large sum into a publishing business decided that the word "publisher" was much overworked. So he decided that, inasmuch as it was his business to make books, he was a bookmaker. A few days later he met a politician from the state who inquired as to his business. "I am a bookmaker," said the New Yorker, proud of the opportunity to say it. "Just the man I'm looking for," said the politician. "I always like to take a flyer at the track when down here. What will you lay against King Hanover?" The reformer considered deeply for a moment and then said slowly: "I am not a bookmaker any more, only a plain, everyday publisher."