

# A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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

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## CHAPTER VII.

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 those friends of Arline, and yet he looked after them suspiciously.

Ah! had he but dreamed of whether 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 term 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 wild-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 yearned 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 divine 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 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 was 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 potations 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 that that might 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—him—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 girlie 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 you the 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 torador 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 hearty—that sweet girl is worth any sacrifice. 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 Mattisch 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 Mattisch, 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 Mattisch 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 say that the Mattisch machine will injure French manufacturers chiefly. In Vienna the papers think that a new era in lace making is ahead.

In seasonable weather the seasoning often comes high.

# KING IS NOW OUT OF DANGER

## Physicians Are Confident That the Crisis Is Passed—City of London Practically Deserted on Procession Day.

"The king has made substantial improvement."

Such is the latest word from the sick room of King Edward. The bulletin breathes the spirit of encouragement and hope. There is a definite comparison made. Instead of being told that his majesty's condition is satisfactory or that he has rested well, the unqualified announcement is made that no matter what his condition was in the morning, he was better at night.

This is something tangible. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the serious nature of the king's ailment and the gravity of the operation forbids the wisdom of taking too optimistic a view. Some days yet must elapse before the success of the operation can be assured.

There is, however, not the slightest reason for anything like alarm.

A great deal of importance is attached to the return of pain in the wound, but, according to medical opinion, such symptoms are the ordinary result of the process of healing, which tends to contract the tissues to a certain extent. This would naturally cause a certain amount of discomfort, the seat of the operation

excellent health, had intended coming to London. Queen Alexandra had wired back that there was no necessity for his undertaking the journey, as Edward was making excellent progress. The crown prince, Waldemar, telegraphed an equally assuring message to King Christian.

As to the critical period it is significant that some foreign princes, near relatives of his majesty, purpose to remain in London for some days.

The medical men are satisfied with the king's progress, which, though slow, is reassuring, after the alarm caused by the recent relapse, when it was generally understood in palace circles that it was almost a case of life or death. His majesty throughout has exhibited remarkable fortitude, to which his physicians attribute his present favorable condition.

It is said that after the issue of the last bulletin Lord Marcus Beresford asked Lord Lister how the king was progressing and that Lord Lister replied: "His majesty is practically out of danger."

Despite circumstantial reports to the effect that the king was allowed to sit at a little table, to sit up for a

far as can be seen, the crisis may be regarded as at an end.

The crowds in the streets are much smaller. The work of tearing down the decorations is proceeding apace.

What was to have gone down to history as procession day, when it was expected there would be the greatest crush ever witnessed in the streets of London, found the city practically deserted. The bank holiday proclaimed paralyzed business. The masses, apparently, surfeited with their eventless wanderings in the streets, either cleared out to the country, tempted by the perfect weather, or else staid at home. Certainly the main thoroughfares could not have been more deserted on any Sunday in the year. The big hotels, however, were scenes of activity amid the otherwise general stagnation. Many Americans are preparing to start for the continent and others already have gone there or to the country, while numbers took advantage of the fine day to visit the great fleet assembled off Spithead. Sir Thomas Lipton is entertaining a distinguished party on board his steam yacht Erin.

The fashionable cafes and restaurants were the scenes of numerous smart luncheons, while extensive but quiet preparations were made for week end house parties at the surrounding country places, whose owners seem to think the situation warrants at least some subdued gaiety in honor of the many prominent visitors.

The people are taking the greatest pride in the king's fortitude. It has been learned that his majesty facilitated the preparations for the operation and that when the surgeons were ready he stretched himself upon the operating table, declining assistance.

King Edward's calmness, cheerfulness and pluck are considered most favorable auguries for a speedy recovery, and the messages from Queen Alexandra and Sir Francis Knollys, the king's private secretary, in reply to expressions of solicitude, and the statements of persons most familiar with the situation, all bear out the confident hopefulness which prevails to-day.

Queen Alexandra has received a message from the Sultan of Turkey expressing his joy at the improvement in the king's condition.

## PERSONAL TRAITS OF THE KING.

Incidents in His Life Favorably Commented Upon.

A writer in the London Outlook, who has long been personally acquainted with King Edward, instances how he is essentially and above all human. He recalls, as though it occurred yesterday, King Edward's beaming face and tear stained eyes thirteen years ago as a friend raised him on the garden wall of Buckingham palace as he threw an old shoe after the carriage of his first married daughter, the duchess of Fife, on her wedding morning.

This man also recalls his majesty's shock and surprise when at a race meeting he opened a telegram and exclaimed: "Little Albany is dead!" and without an instant's hesitation hurried into his brougham and never staid his journey by land or sea until he reaches Cannes, returned to Portsmouth, and consigned his brother's remains to the tomb of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

The Spectator, in an article computing King Edward's standing in the county, says:

"The people forgive him that hunger for distraction of which he was accused and which probably was bred in him by those long years of waiting on the step of the throne with nothing serious to do, through which the king grew to late manhood."

"The king often is accused in popular talk of being too gracious to nouveau riches. We are not in the least disposed to deny that many millionaires want much snubbing, but we can, as reasonable politicians, understand the king thinking that the accumulation of new wealth is, in a country which enlarges its population yearly, a benefit to the people, and that to draw new millionaires within the ancient system is to give that system new stability."

The production of aluminum in the United States during 1901 amounted to 7,150,000 pounds.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.



Heir Apparent to the Throne of Great Britain.

being, of course, affected by the patient's breathing.

What is far more important is that his majesty is taking ever increasing interest in what is going on in the world outside. That his appetite is improving and that there are no feverish symptoms are signs of greatest promise and form sufficient grounds for the statement made by his medical advisers that the king is showing recuperative power of the most wonderful order.

The queen is cheerful and hopeful and continues to display most devoted solicitude. The king is able to take plenty of nourishment. His diet already includes soup, fish and baked apples. His majesty is also allowed to smoke occasionally. He still opens and reads many of his personal telegrams and letters, and even dictates some replies.

All the functions of the distinguished patient are working admirably. While the drainage pipes have not yet of course been removed, his general progress has been very sure and steady.

Of course any remaining danger lies in the possibility of pus reappearing and reforming in the wound, but of this there is as yet no trace, nor is there any trace of organic disease of any kind.

So confident are all now of the king's complete and early recovery that it has been informally settled that when the time arrives the royal patient will be carefully removed to Cowes and placed on board the royal yacht.

Sir Henry Thompson said the king's condition was hopeful for recovery. It was, however, too early to say that his majesty was out of danger, but if the present improvement continues for a week or ten days he thought preparations for the coronation might be resumed.

The only danger to be feared, in his opinion, was the possibility of cellular or other tissues in the region of the wound becoming affected, but from what other medical men said, the steady improvement in his majesty's condition was attributable to the fact that he had been able to maintain his strength. If the king continues to hold his own in this respect his recovery was assured.

Perhaps more significant than the official news given out is a short telegram from the Daily Mail's correspondent in Copenhagen, which says that, while King Christian, who is in

while, to smoke, and to read the newspapers and telegrams, the stories are discredited by all the medical fraternity, except possibly that the king was allowed a single cigaret, as he is such an habitual smoker.

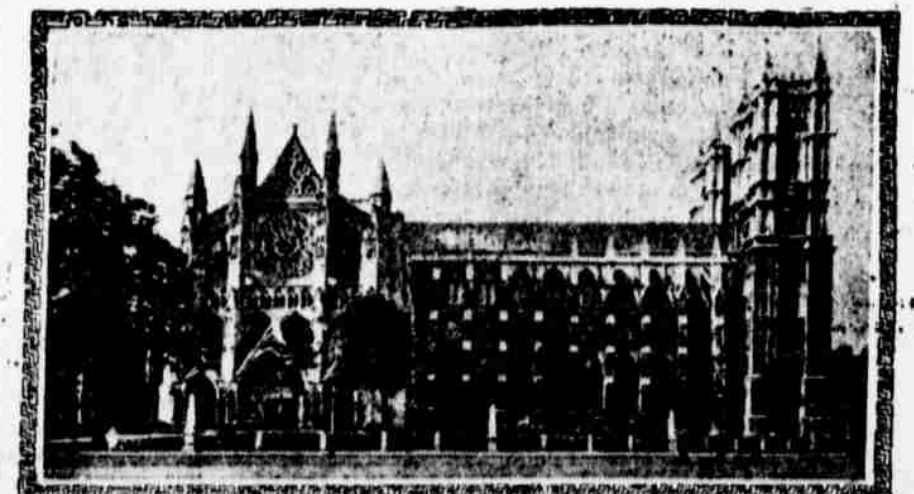
The doctors say it is impossible to believe that the physicians were grossly neglectful enough to allow him to take food in the ordinary acceptance of the term. He takes nourishment, but it is probably milk and other food of that kind. It is impossible to believe that he has been sitting up. He must be lying on his back. The slightest nervous agitation has to be avoided, which precludes the idea of his reading. Outside of the surgeons nobody has seen the king except the queen and his own children.

The operating table, bandages and other appliances connected with surgical operations have been removed from the palace.

Only small crowds now gather about Buckingham palace. The bulletins create the greatest satisfaction. Subsequently a member of the government said:

"Really, everything is going on wonderfully well, and we all now think the king will recover, though, of course, we are afraid of being premature or unduly optimistic. The king is proving himself a gallant chap."

The latest bulletins created the most favorable impression in parliamentary circles. Many of the medical experts now believe that all danger of any septic process has passed and that, so



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Where the Coronation Ceremonies Were to Have Taken Place.